

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY

25 CENTS



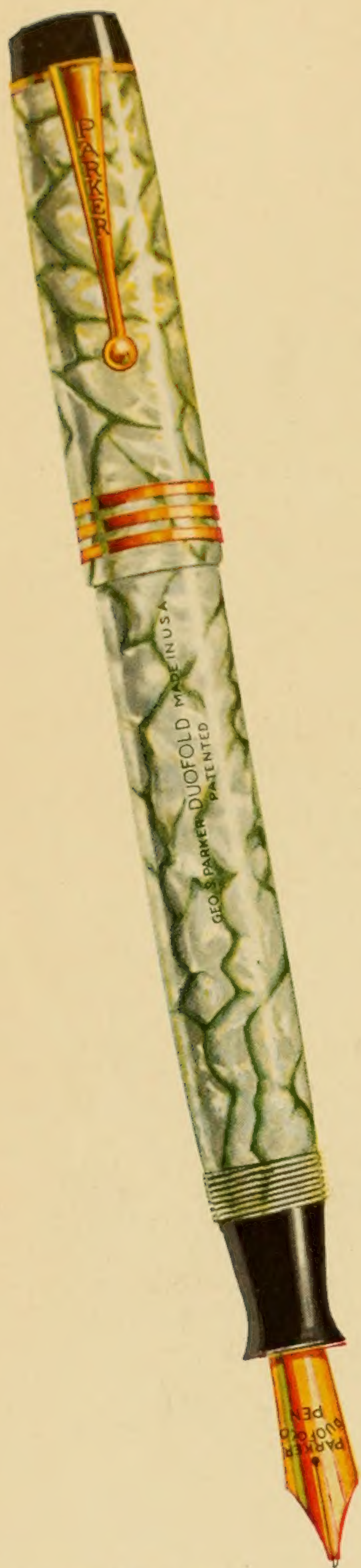
DOROTHY  
MACKAIL

*Earl Christy*

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GENIUS**  
in  
Hollywood





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**Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence  
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*Ernest Torrence and  
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ful old reprobates.*

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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 3

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

February, 1931

Leonard Hall, Managing Editor



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

|                  |                     |              |
|------------------|---------------------|--------------|
| 1920             | 1923                | 1926         |
| "HUMOR-ESQUE"    | "The COVERED WAGON" | "BEAU GESTE" |
| 1921             | 1924                | 1927         |
| "TOL'ABLE DAVID" | "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"   | "7th HEAVEN" |
| 1922             | 1925                | 1928         |
| "ROBIN HOOD"     | "THE BIG PARADE"    | "FOUR SONS"  |
| 1929             |                     |              |
| "DISRAELI"       |                     |              |



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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# The Girl on the Cover

**T**HE way that Dorothy Mackaill has fought her way through life she might have been Irish, instead of North Country English.

She has been to war with the smallest and the greatest—with everybody from her father's housekeeper to studio executives. Never once has she been afraid to speak her piece, when she thought it necessary, and to take the consequences.

She got fighting angry because Ziegfeld took her specialty number away from her after she had left the "Follies" and gone back again. So she'd just show Mr. Ziegfeld. She'd show him by making a success in pictures.

She got fighting angry when First National Pictures put her in a rôle she knew she couldn't do. She felt it was a sappy rôle. The heroine had to stand at a gate and pray that her lover would come back to her. Dorothy wouldn't do that sort of thing, either in real life or on the screen. She said so.

The studio wanted to break her contract. She sued the studio and went to England. The studio cabled her that they had written a new contract.

That isn't what happens to most little girls who go to war with big business (as witness Janet Gaynor). But it happens to girls like Dorothy. For she was born with pluck and courage.

**T**HE fight began when she was eleven years old. It was a difficult situation for a child. Her mother and father were divorced. Dorothy fell into the custody of her father. And the long succession of housekeepers were just so many thorns in Dorothy's side. At the ninth, she revolted, and refused to remain at home any longer. (Strangely enough, her father married this very housekeeper and, when Dorothy went to England recently, she found a wealth of companionship and understanding from this woman.)

There was very little money in the family, but Dorothy was sent to an expensive school in London. Picture her as she was then. A yellow-haired little girl with a North Country accent you could serve with a spoon, among the carefully protected, well dressed little British snobs. Those children were there because it was the place to be. Dorothy wanted something else. Her young mind hungered for the knowledge stored up in the books upon which the others wasted but a cursory glance.

Every time she stood up to recite the others tittered discreetly at her "frightfully amusing" accent. She wouldn't let them know how she felt, but nights, alone in her bed, she wept bitterly. Yet, that staunch spirit that was eventually to carry her over the seas of success was at work within her then.

**S**HE found a place as a dancer at the London Hippodrome, and then went with a group of English girls to Paris to work in a show with Maurice Chevalier. Her father followed her there, to bring her back to Hull. Dorothy wouldn't go. She had fought too hard for her freedom, and it was sweet.

It was by the merest chance that she came to America. She became one of the glamorous group of beauties known as "the Follies girls." Ironically enough, Ziegfeld picked her as



"If you don't get what you want, fight for it!" That's been Dotty Mackaill's slogan ever since she was a little girl. Here she is, in her fighting togs!

"the typical American girl." That decided her. They should not laugh at her accent any longer. She would be an American. So she worked—and worked hard—to overcome her thick speech. She took out citizenship papers and sent for her mother, who is still with her.

And it was right after this that Marshall Neilan offered her a part in a picture, which led to her being signed by a comedy company for eleven two-reelers. Ziegfeld was none too pleased. His girls couldn't walk out on him like that, so when the comedy company failed, as it did with one brief gasp, and Dorothy went back to show-girling, her specialty number was taken away from her.

**T**HE blood of the trouper had begun to sing in Dorothy's veins and she didn't stop to hurl vituperatives at a fate which had played her a mean trick. Instead, she decided to "show 'em." She would make a success in pictures!

She had a long talk with herself one morning. Her hair was long and golden, and they had been putting her in Gish-esque rôles. She knew that wasn't her type. It was the beauty of her hair and not her ability as an actress that was keeping her in pictures. And, if that were the case, the offending member must be done away with.

A few simple snips of the scissors—and Dorothy emerged a shorn, but sophisticated looking young woman. On the strength of it she got the name rôle in "Chickie."

But the fight wasn't over, although it seemed simple enough. There was a long-term starring contract with First National. There was her marriage to Lothar Mendes, a famous director. There was an enormous weekly salary coming in. And there

was, later, her divorce from Mendes.

She made "Office Wife," and immediately afterwards was put in "River's End."

She knew she couldn't play that rôle.

And a couple of days' work on it showed her even more clearly that it was not hers.

**E**VERYBODY called her foolish. She was, they said, at a critical time in her career, as was every other screen star just then.

But Dorothy wasn't to be downed, then nor ever. The studio tried to break her contract.

She sued, and went to England to await the outcome. And when she sailed she had no idea what the future would hold for her.

It might mean the finish of her career.

"Office Wife" was released. It was an instantaneous hit and Dorothy was called back, with a new contract, to the home team.

There are big plans for her now at First National.

She has been loaned to Fox for two pictures and, at the moment, is doing what is known as "riding on top of the world."

And if a game spirit will do it, she'll stay there.





# MARRIED LOVE



*Which—*  
**DOES THE MODERN  
 GIRL PREFER?**

**S**AFETY in marriage or daring adventures in stolen love? What is the real truth about this modern generation's attitude toward the once sacred convention of marriage? "ILLCIT" tells, frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of *experimenting* with love.



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 CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • JAMES  
 RENNIE • RICARDO CORTEZ • JOAN  
 BLONDELL • NATALIE MOOREHEAD  
 CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

*Based on the play by*

Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin

**DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO**

## A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

**ADIOS**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

**ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

**ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

**ARE YOU THERE?** — Fox. — Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

**BACK PAY**—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

**BAD MAN, THE**—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (Jan.)

**BIG BOY**—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

**BIG MONEY**—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (Jan.)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

**BORDER ROMANCE**—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

**BROTHERS**—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (Jan.)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

**CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

**COMMON CLAY**—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

**CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (Jan.)

**CONSPIRACY**—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

**COSTELLO CASE**—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (Jan.)

**DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

**DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

**DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A** — Fox — (Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

**DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)**—AAFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (Jan.)

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

**DIXIANA**—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

**DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

**DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

**DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

**DUMB BELLS IN ERMINE**—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

**ESCAPE**—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (Jan.)

**EX-FLAME**—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (Jan.)

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## Famous PHOTOPLAY Features

The Shadow Stage

Hollywood Menus

Advice on Girls' Problems

Addresses of the Stars

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Casts of Current Pictures

Questions and Answers

A remarkable presentation of information and service every month.

March Issue on Sale Feb. 15.

**CHARLEY'S AUNT**—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (Jan.)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis am entertainment! (Dec.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE**—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (Jan.)

**COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)



**WILL ROGERS**

in HENRY KING'S production

**LIGHTNIN'**

WITH

**LOUISE DRESSER**JOEL McCREA HELEN COHAN

SHARON LYNN

WILL ROGERS, wizard of wise-cracks . . . as the lazy, lovable landlord of a divorce hotel—in a far west Paradise of scenic beauty. Will Rogers—host to a houseful of love-loose, man-wise, marvelous divorcées. Will Rogers—helping a handsome six-foot hero fight clear to the most wonderful girl in the world. Will Rogers—after his success in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London"—in his role of roles—LIGHTNIN'.

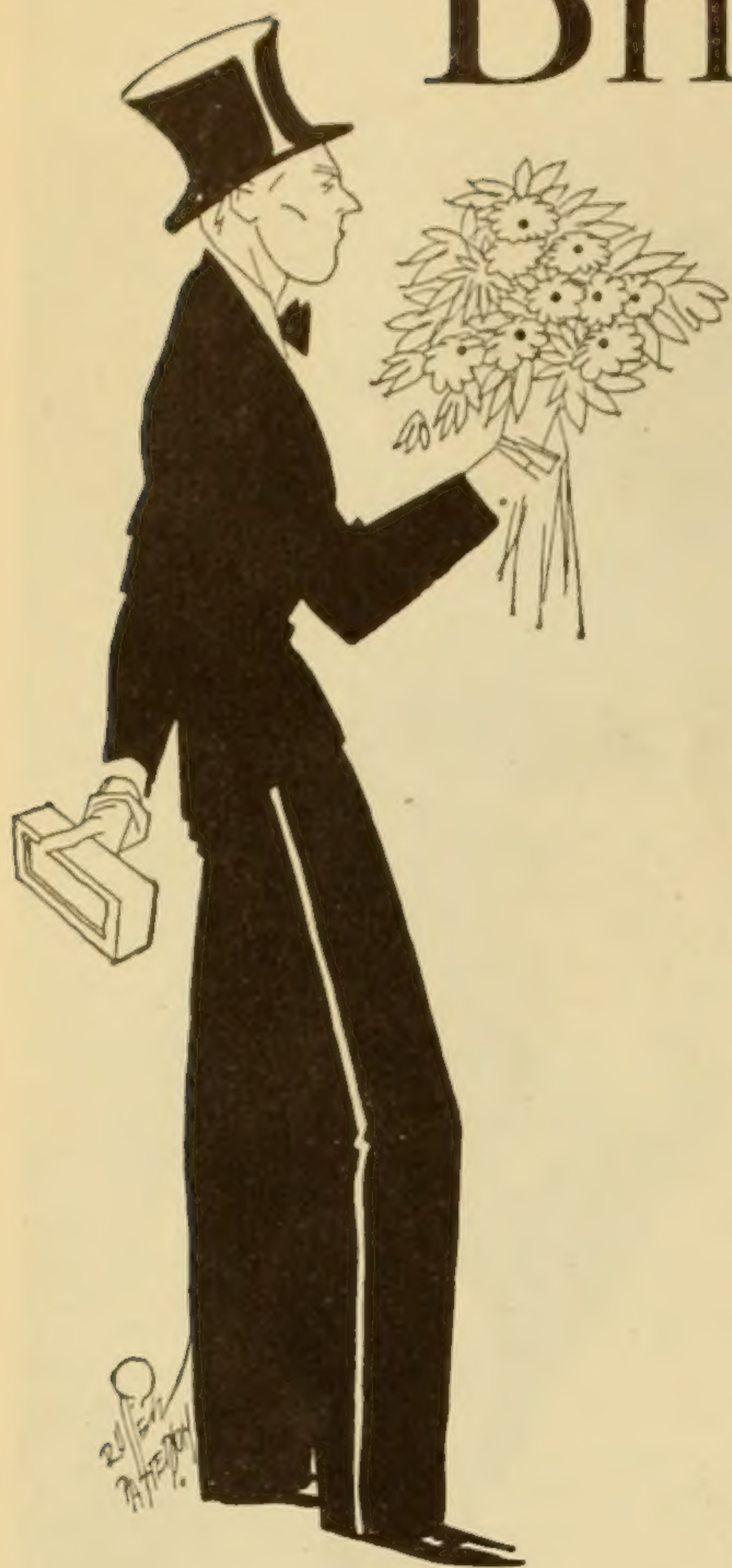


A FOX MOVIE TONE adapted from the stage success  
produced by **JOHN GOLDEN**

**FOX**



# Brickbats & Bouquets



## You Fans Are the Real Critics

**PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters**

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

### The \$25 Letter

Monrovia, Calif.

**WHY:**

Do critics rave about Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes?

Don't they re-issue some Valentino films?

Doesn't Greta Garbo make more pictures?

Doesn't someone tell Jeanette MacDonald that simplicity is the keynote to *chic*?

Did they let Charles Farrell play "Liliom"?

Don't we see more of Leila Hyams and less of Anita Page?

Do they always make Gary Cooper appear sheepish and diffident in his love scenes?

Doesn't Clara Bow quit using so much makeup and frizzing her hair?

Doesn't everyone rave about Claudette Colbert?

Don't the critics run out of superlatives when they talk about Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow"?

ALICE SIMPSON

### The \$10 Letter

Richmond, Va.

**I** AM one of the truest motion picture fans that ever lived, but there is one thing I certainly wish producers would attend to.

While a picture is being made they give it a certain title with a good amount of publicity. I get my heart all set on going to see it only to find that it has been here and gone, but under another name.

Couldn't they make up their minds and let them stay made?

ANN WINFIELD

### The \$5 Letter

New York City, N. Y.

**L**URID and sensational advertising in the daily papers and the exploitation outside theaters, together with the "spicy" titles tacked onto the pictures these days in an effort to stimulate public interest is having just the opposite effect.

It is, in most cases, an unfair representation of the very film they are trying to "put over" and keeps a large percentage of the public out of the theaters.

It is undoubtedly responsible for the drop in attendance of the children.

Why cheapen an otherwise great industry by this suggestive advertising and foolish exploitation?

VESTA STEVENS

### A Good Word for Trailers

Milwaukee, Wis.

**D**ESPITE all opinions to the contrary I firmly contend that a "trailer" is the greatest drawing card a picture can have. It arouses my interest, piques my curiosity and

**G**ARBOMANIA is raging throughout the country this month and cries of "One Garbo—all the rest are imitation!" deluge the fan mail. Marlene Dietrich catches numerous bouquets for her good work in "Morocco" and the picture is well liked, but, you win, Greta, on this month's mail. Now, bring on "Inspiration!"

Raoul Walsh can take bows for giving "The Big Trail" to a public weary of drawing room dramas, and the fans want to see more of John Wayne, the stalwart hero.

No one can sing a theme song like Ramon Novarro. He is the screen's Prince Charming. But, say the fans, he deserves more beautiful leading women.

The "It" girl has been wronged, according to countless correspondents. She should be taken out of the Navy and given better stories and less publicity. As if they could stop publicity on Clara!

William Haines is a runner-up with Novarro for popularity this month and Marie Dressler gets honorable mention for her fine characterization in "Min and Bill." Everybody likes Mitzi Green in "Tom Sawyer," Fredric March in "Laughter," Kay Francis in "The Virtuous Sin," Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee" and Ann Harding in anything, and there are loud wails for more pictures for the children.

Give 'em some Westerns!

convinces me that my seeing the picture is an absolute necessity.

MISS FLORENCE M. L. DURNIN

### In Re Mr. Tully

Louisville, Ky.

**I**F M-G-M had to put Mr. Tully in pictures because of the publicity he caused by flooring Mr. Gilbert in a scrap some time ago, why didn't they start him out in a "short" or still better, let him make up part of a newsreel?

FRED YOUNG

### Fie! for Shame!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

**M**ISS DIETRICH has come too late. We worship only one idol and she is Garbo.

We resent the intrusion of this Marlene Dietrich.

There is no place for her in our hearts. We do not want her.

M. HARRINGTON

### Cheers for Marlene

New York City, N. Y.

**M**Y highest praise goes to Marlene Dietrich for her superb handling of the part in "Morocco." She is Greta Garbo, but with greater vigor; she is Jeanne Eagels, but with more warmth and emotion.

Her ability must have acted in some mysterious way upon Gary Cooper. For once he really acted, not just posed in his customary strong and silent he-man fashion.

FLORENCE LIPKIN

### More Talkies for Tots

Coleman, Texas

**W**HY can't we have more moving pictures for the children? "Tom Sawyer" is the first "kids" picture that has been made in a long time.

What with drawing room dramas dripping with English accents and epigrams, musical comedies with undressed chorines and murder mysteries, I should imagine the kids have a poor time of it.

LEAH BODINE DRAKE

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



# RICHARD BARTHELMESS

## OUR DICK!

—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol*.

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!



## The LASH

MARY ASTOR  
MARIAN NIXON  
FRED KOHLER  
JAMES RENNIE

Based upon the story "Adios"  
by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia  
Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version  
by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD  
PRODUCTION



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

**A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE**



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

**FAIR WARNING**—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (Jan.)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

**FLAME OF LOVE, THE**—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (Jan.)

**FLIRTING WIDOW, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

**FOLLOW THRU**—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (Sept.)

**FOR THE DEFENSE**—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

**GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GOLDEN DAWN**—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

**GOOD INTENTIONS**—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

**GOOD NEWS**—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

**HEADIN' NORTH**—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (Jan.)

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (Dec.)

**HELL'S ANGELS**—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

**HELL'S ISLAND**—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring Johnnie further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

**HOT CURVES**—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

**HOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

★ **ILLCIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (Jan.)

**INSIDE THE LINES**—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

**LADIES IN LOVE**—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

**LADY WHO DARED, THE**—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

**LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (Jan.)

**LAST OF THE DUANES**—Fox.—Even if you're not a Western fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

**LAST OF THE LONE WOLF**—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical Saxonia. (Jan.)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

**LAWFUL LARCENY**—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

**LEATHERNECKING**—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

**L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES**—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

**LET US BE GAY**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

**LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE**—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (Jan.)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (Jan.)

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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**He thought:**  
 "You're pretty—but 'B.O.'  
 spoils your charm for me."  
**Yet to be polite,**  
**He said:**  
 "I've had a very pleasant  
 evening."

# How a second meeting ruined their romance

*'B.O.' lost her many an admirer until—*  
 (Body Odor)

"I—I hope you'll come again," she said. *But she knew he wouldn't.* She could feel he had lost interest in her, just as other men had.

Yet last night, when they met for the first time, he had seemed instantly attracted—eager to call. Why had *this* evening been a failure? Why had he turned so cool and distant?

Now she knows the reason. Knows why she couldn't hold admirers—had no intimate girl friends. Let her tell you how she ended her fault—won popularity.

• • •

"It was a terrible shock to learn that *I* was guilty of 'B.O.'—*body odor*. But it's so easy to offend—and not know it! Pores are continually giving off odor-causing waste—

as much as a quart daily. Our senses become deadened to an ever-present odor. We don't notice 'B.O.' in *ourselves*—only in others.

"Yet no one need ever offend. Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. You'll feel so gloriously clean—so fresh—so *safe*. For Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores—ends all trace of 'B.O.'"

*Want a good complexion?*

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy is the best of beauty treatments. Its gentle, yet searching lather frees tiny pores of clogged impurities—brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull, sallow skins. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor—*



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

**LION AND THE LAMB, THE**—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (Jan.)

**LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE**—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

**LONE RIDER, THE**—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

**LONESOME TRAIL, THE**—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

**LOOSE ENDS**—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (Jan.)

**LOTTERY BRIDE, THE**—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

**LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (Sept.)

**LOVE IN THE RING**—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

**LOVE IN THE ROUGH**—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

**LOVE RACKET, THE**—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

**MAN FROM WYOMING, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

**MAN TROUBLE**—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

**MAYBE IT'S LOVE**—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

**MEDICINE MAN, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

**MEN OF THE NORTH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

**MIDNIGHT MYSTERY**—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

**MISBEHAVING LADIES**—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

**MURDER**—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE**—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Columbia Pictures . . . Page 109  
Educational Pictures . . . Page 107  
First National Pictures . . . Page 11  
Fox Film . . . . . Page 9  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 105  
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Warner Brothers . . . . . Page 7

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music drama of the first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (Jan.)

**NIGHT WORK**—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

**NUMBERED MEN**—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

**OH, FOR A MAN!**—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (Jan.)

**OH SAILOR BEHAVE**—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (Sept.)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

**ONE MAD KISS**—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

**ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S**—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

**OTHER TOMORROW, THE**—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

**OUTSIDE THE LAW**—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (Jan.)

**PARADISE ISLAND**—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

**PARDON MY GUN**—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

**PART TIME WIFE**—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (Jan.)

**PASSION FLOWER**—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (Jan.)

**PAY OFF, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

**PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE**—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (Jan.)

**PLAYBOY OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

**QUEEN HIGH**—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

**RAIN OR SHINE**—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie debut. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

**RECAPTURED LOVE**—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

**RENO**—Sono Art—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

**RIGHT OF WAY, THE**—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO PARADISE**—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]





Women with  
PERFECT TEETH  
*entrust them  
only to this gentle  
dentifrice*

Buy gloves with  
that \$3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.\* Gloves are merely a suggestion.

There is a very definite reason why those with perfect teeth rely only on Listerine Tooth Paste for cleaning.

This modern thrift dentifrice contains remarkable cleansing and polishing agents—noted for their gentle action. We searched for years before discovering them. They are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious tooth enamel and are therefore harmless to it.

So, teeth cleansed by Listerine Tooth Paste retain their natural hardness and brilliance.

If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.



More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

And they welcome that wonderful

feeling of freshness it leaves in the mouth—a sensation associated with Listerine itself.

Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend  
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE.. 25¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





The screen players have learned the value of correct skin care. Here, Virginia Bruce demonstrates some of the steps to guard the complexion against winter winds

# Your *Mid-Winter* Complexion

**H**AVE you ever shunned your mirror because you didn't want to know the things it told you about your complexion? That method is all right to keep up your vanity, but it doesn't solve anything.

I know. I've tried it, too. And it made me think of the famous jingle that goes something like this:

"As a beauty I am not a star,  
There are others more handsome by far.  
But, my face, I don't mind it  
For I keep behind it—  
The people in front get the jar!"

Too many of us go around jarring "the people in front" in mid-winter. We're busy, and we let cold winds do their worst. When chapped lips, reddened hands and "sandpaper" complexions make us too uncomfortable, we begin our feeble attempts to undo the mischief. How much better it would be to prevent it!

Some of us try to, but we don't know the right way.

For instance, Phyllis writes that there isn't enough cold cream in the world to keep her skin from drying out at the first breath of winter. But then she adds this telltale paragraph:

"I have been dieting for a year, leaving out butter and other fats almost entirely. Do you think that could have anything to do with the excessive dryness of my skin?" (Do I!)

MRS. H. M. says: "I can't use creams of any kind on my face because the grease comes right out again, through the powder. I wash with soap and warm water night and morning, but my face is chapped and sore from the beginning of winter until the end. Is there anything you can suggest to help me?"

Joan Betty's greatest problem is that skating brings the roses to her cheeks and she doesn't like that at all—they "spoil her pale type"! Essie complains because no amount of outdoor exercise gives her lasting color, and she thinks a girl as healthy as she is shouldn't have to get all her rouge out of boxes and jars.

Marcella writes: "I thought I had complexion troubles last summer, but that was nothing compared to this winter roughness. I can't keep my face smooth and

soft for more than a day at a time. And I do try. Perhaps my method is wrong."

Winter winds stimulate the circulation and are tonic to the healthy skin. But excessive cold and the lowered humidity are drying and sometimes irritating to a sensitive complexion. So some extra precautionary measures must be taken.

**T**HAT doesn't necessarily mean that you have to use a quantity of preparations or give yourself elaborate, time-taking beauty treatments.

Yours may be the type of skin that requires only the simplest care to keep it in splendid condition, even in the most trying climate.

Most of us are willing to stay up an extra few minutes at night, doing healing things to repair the day's ravages. We have learned their value. And even five minutes in the morning will give your skin the protective care it needs.

The first thing to look to, of course, is your general health.

Exercise, some of it outdoors in the sunshine, balanced by enough rest and sleep; lightweight clothing that is warm enough to keep the body from chilling; normal diet; plenty of fluids—these have an enormous effect on the condition of the skin. Add to them scrupulous external cleanliness.

**I**F you are dieting over-strenuously and, like Phyllis, are leaving out greases and fats, your skin is bound to suffer from a lack of lubrication and to become dry and wrinkled. All the lubricants can't go from the outside in, and no amount of creaming will help you.

Neither is it necessary to wash an already chapped face with soap and water twice a day, as Mrs. H. M. does. She will get better results by leaving the soap and water cleansing for a just-before-bedtime ritual, following it with a moderately greasy cream or face lotion, wiping off the surplus and leaving a thin film to soften the skin. In the morning she can remove the remaining cream with a mild astringent or tonic lotion, or plain, tepid water, followed by a cold rinse.

Each complexion constitutes an individual problem. Your skin may need stimulation to restore its fineness. In your zeal to acquire a lovely complexion you may be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

**A**RE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Every Screen Star in Hollywood

# Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of MAKE-UP In COLOR Harmony

*You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.*

DO you want new beauty . . . new magnetism of personality . . . new fascination . . . quickly, almost instantly . . . then listen to this message from Hollywood . . . learn about the one make-up that's used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have entranced you with their loveliness . . . discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.



JOAN CRAWFORD  
M-G-M Star of "Within the Law", ap-  
proves her correct color harmony line in  
make-up, created by Max Factor,  
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

\*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen  
Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

Sixty Famous Stars write  
about make-up in this book.

Then came the revolutionary idea . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites . . . all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type . . . to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.

Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you . . . and now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood . . . it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up charted for you by Max Factor . . . who will analyze your complexion, and tell you personally how to make the most of your own natural beauty; how to reveal the alluring charm and fascination you have admired and longed for. Accept this priceless beauty gift from Max Factor . . . and copy of this book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon below

**MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP**  
"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

© M F Studios, 1930

## MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I-2-30  
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

|         |      |            |      |                        |       |        |       |
|---------|------|------------|------|------------------------|-------|--------|-------|
| NAME    |      | COMPLEXION |      | COLOR EYES             |       | HAIR   |       |
| First   | Last | Light      | Dark | Blue                   | Brown | Blonde | Black |
| Address |      | Ruddy      |      | COLOR HAIR             |       | Lips   |       |
| City    |      | Dark       |      | Pink                   |       | Lips   |       |
| State   |      | Tanned     |      | Pink                   |       | Lips   |       |
| Zip     |      | Other      |      | Answer with Check Mark |       |        |       |



# Noted Doctors hold NATION-WIDE Beauty Clinic

*Bring Thrilling Proof  
of simple way to skin  
loveliness in 30-day test*

Last September, 612 women...of all ages...with all types of complexions...accepted an invitation from 15 of America's most distinguished skin specialists.

Every day, for thirty consecutive days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

Daily, each patient's complexion was examined by the physician or his assistant. At the end of thirty days, all "case histories" were reviewed by one of New York's most eminent dermatologists. His final report gives dramatic proof of the marked superiority of Woodbury's...for cleansing and beautifying the skin.

In 271 cases of faulty complexion, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Acne was benefitted in 106 cases. Excessively oily conditions were improved in 115 cases. Dry, scaly skin in 81 cases. Blackhead conditions, in 103 cases.

For your complexion's sake, try Woodbury's. Con-



New York Group Making "Half-Face" Test — 72 New York girls took test under supervision of a N. Y. dermatologist. Among these were 40 girls from U. S. Rubber Co.



**CASE NO. 425.** Hollywood. Outdoor Girl. Age 22. Complexion dry. After test, Woodbury-treated side showed normal.



**CASE NO. 217.** Baltimore. Clubwoman. Age 30. Oily skin. At the end of test, Woodbury side was greatly improved.

"PATCH TEST" reveals gentle action of Woodbury's. A thick paste of the soap applied to skin for 24 hours showed Woodbury's non-irritating.

tinue your usual cleansing method on one side of your face, if you wish. But every night for a month use warm water and Woodbury's on the other. And, as the days go by, watch the Woodbury side improve, with clearer color, finer pores, smoother texture.

Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or send coupon for generous sample.

A STATEMENT from W. J. HIGHMAN, M. D.  
(Former Chairman of American Society of Dermatologists)

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of the fifteen dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests... These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional reputations, and as outstanding physicians in their chosen fields."

(Signed) *Walter J. Highman, M.D.*



MAY WE SEND YOU DAINY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.  
802 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Face Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

|                                    |                                       |                                      |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Oily skin <input type="checkbox"/> | Flabby skin <input type="checkbox"/>  | Sallow skin <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dry skin <input type="checkbox"/>  | Coarse pores <input type="checkbox"/> | Pimples <input type="checkbox"/>     |
| Wrinkles <input type="checkbox"/>  | Blackheads <input type="checkbox"/>   |                                      |

Name

Address





Loretta Young, real name Gretchen, born in Salt Lake City, and is just eighteen. She's 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 100, has light brown hair and blue eyes

**Y**OUTH and happiness incarnate—one of First National's particular prides and joys—the little woman who meets Grant Withers at the garden gate when he comes home all hot and bothered from the studio—that's lovely little Loretta Young!





Grace Moore was born in Tennessee. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first stage hit was scored in "The Music Box Revue." She is unmarried

A BLONDE meteor—that's Grace Moore. From singing in a choir in a Tennessee town to the New York musical comedy stage as her course, she rose to the heights of the Metropolitan Opera. Now her gorgeous voice is heard in M-G-M pictures





**T**HERE'S a new sparkle to this familiar jewel of a girl. Now that Janet Gaynor's busy on the Fox lot again, she's happier than she's been in a long time. And why not? She has one of the greatest parts of her career in "The Man Who Came Back"!

Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1906. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 95, has wavy hair, brown eyes. She married Lyell Fick in the fall of 1929.





Ann Harding was born at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 106, has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Harry Banner, actor

**T**HE movies' quest for the Golden Girl ended when Ann Harding was captured from the stage. A sensational success since "Holiday," with a good husband, a beautiful little daughter and a happy home in the hills above Hollywood—what a woman!





**H**E'S come fast and far, this young Phillips Holmes, since Paramount signed him two years ago. Beginning his brilliant work opposite Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday," Phil has moved from hit to hit. In "Stolen Heaven" with Nancy

Phillips Holmes, anti-Taylor Holmes, was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1900. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Phil is one of those eligible bachelors.





Carole Lombard was born in Ft. Wayne, Ind., about 23 years ago. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; has golden hair and blue eyes. In "Fast and Loose" and "Ladies' Man"

JANE PETERS came to Hollywood in 1925, seeking fame and fortune in pictures. Her path led through Sennett comedies to bigger parts in features. Today, as Carole Lombard, she's doing mighty well in Paramount talkies, and well on her way!



# HOWARD GREER *designs* His Original Models over Gossard Foundations



"I prefer to design my frocks over Gossard foundations because, when the figure is at its best, I am inspired to create my best gowns," says Howard Greer, one of the foremost designers in America.

Howard Greer, formerly associated with Paul Poiret and Captain Molyneux in Paris, started his own shop in Hollywood in 1927. Mr. Greer designs gowns for famous movie stars...as well as the socially prominent women of California and society celebrities spending their playtime at California resorts.

## GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

Just as the famous designer, Howard Greer, creates his best designs over Gossard foundations, fashionable women appear at their smartest when they wear a Gossard moulding foundation under their frocks. The photograph shows a Greer gown of pale blue crepe and one of Gossard's "MisSimplicity" combinations of peach satin and lace. The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps that button in back, mould the figure to fashionable lines.

Model 6058



# CATTY but True



*"They were mean to say it . . . but I knew they were right"*

"I *was* ashamed of my hands, but I had hoped no one else noticed them. Then I chanced to overhear that comment. From the woman I admired most in our club, too.

" 'Careless,' she had called me.

"Then I realized how my red, roughened hands **SPOILED** the effect I wanted to make. But how *could* I have pretty, white hands—with dishes to do three times a day?

#### *A Friend's Advice*

"It was a little friend of mine, who works in a fashionable beauty shop, who helped me out.

" 'We use LUX suds in our manicure bowls,' she told me—'because they

leave the hands very soft and lovely. If I were washing dishes I'd use Lux in the dishpan—for my hands' sake!'

"I tried it, and now my hands are as white and smooth as before I was married! I never saw such a *magical* improvement. I'm *proud* of them now, thanks to Lux."



#### **Costs less than 1¢ a day**

So many soaps dry the natural oils of the skin. Bland, gentle Lux protects these skin oils. That's why it keeps your hands lovely. Buy the big package—it does six weeks' dishes!

#### *Wives Everywhere*

So many wives are now using Lux in the dishpan! It keeps their hands lovely as those of the woman with maids. 305 famous beauty shops say:

"We can't tell the difference between the hands of the wife who uses Lux in the dishpan and the hands of the woman with maids."



*Beauty Treatment for Hands . . LUX in the Dishpan*



February, 1931

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures  
[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



STRICKEN by this calamity and that, since the invasion of the talkies, the stage seems to have given itself up to gloomy forebodings. Now a new shadow is descending upon Broadway—or at least, so they think. Censorship.

Frank Gilmore, President of the Actors' Equity Association, believes the danger so imminent as to remark: "We may confidently expect a political censorship by Easter, engineered by religious and law enforcement groups."

Maybe so, but that's taking the boys out of the trenches mighty quick.

I HAVE my own guess as to the cause of most of this. It sounds to me more like the rumblings of a guilty conscience. A good deal of dirt has been shoved over the footlights the present theatrical season. Some of the lines players are called upon to speak are enough to revolt any self-respecting man or woman.

Decent actors and actresses can't see how this sort of thing can go on indefinitely. Perhaps they are right.

But to those standing on the side lines any movement for reform—if indeed it really exists—appears to be from within the ranks of the performers themselves.

If stage censorship should come we shall know where to place the blame.

THEATRICAL producers are like the Bourbons and the Romanoffs—they never learn. "Lightnin'" taught them nothing.

Yet that play was an outstanding demonstration for years that appeal to the heart is the one secret of universal popularity.

Check up most motion picture phenomenal successes and you'll get the same answer.

EUROPE has, at last, acknowledged a debt to America. Says the *Sunday Express* (London):

"If one were to write a history of cinematography one would almost have to begin by acknowledging the world's enormous debt of laughter to America.

"Hollywood's unfailing stream of fun and high spirits has kept the lamp of optimism

burning in Europe.

"While German films were steeped in menacing morbidity and Russia wallowed in psychopathic horrors; while Swedish producers turned to Calvinistic frigidities, and Britain floundered in apologetic ineptitude, America's inexhaustible comedy resources kept the spirit of gaiety alive in our cinema theaters, until Europe decided to smile again."

That's more than all the peace conferences have ever been able to accomplish.

FREDRIC MARCH has been told to give up cigars. Paramount is making him a romantic star. Cigar smoking is not only unromantic, it is definitely offensive to the women.

Cigarettes they approve. They're "cute." Pipes they tolerate. They're manly. But cigars are horrors. And any movie actor who is repeatedly seen with a large black perfecto between his lips seriously impairs his romantic appeal.

The psychologists who delve into such obscurities as ladies' whims don't know why cigars are antipathetic to the romantic mood.

It may be that a dead cigar is the least appealing relic on any ash-tray. But they do know that women hate cigars and dream no tender dreams about cigar-smokers.

If Freddy March must have his after-dinner corona, he'll have to smoke it where the women used to sneak their cigarettes—in the bathroom.



THE hereafter has been slightly tincturing pictures, lately. "Liliom" showed us how a bad man travels, *a la* spirit train. A few trains like that in our own land might reduce the profits of bus and aeroplane service. And the creepy "Outward Bound" made us look for a gas leak in the kitchen range.

But this delving into the more or less occult can hardly be called a tendency. Rather, it seems, two successful stage plays were available and so were purchased and used.

A picture like "Just Imagine," with its glimpse into the future—even if a far-fetched one—of our own world, is as good a line for fantasy to follow. It gives imagination a chance to escape, without too great a strain upon our credulity.

Besides, "Just Imagine" made us laugh with its delicious absurdities. And perhaps that's the main thing.

HERE'S a gem:

Fire broke out in the projection room of a studio notorious for its red tape entanglements. Smelling smoke, the studio manager rushed in. "Why isn't the studio engine here?" he demanded.

"Why, we have put through the proper requisition!" some one answered. "We're waiting for an okay."

Then the executive grabbed a phone and the building was saved.

NEW YORK CITY can always be counted upon to do the right thing. It showered nearly as much attention on Prof. Einstein, world heavy-weight thinker, as on Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

THE American Federation of Musicians have got out their mops and are trying to shove back the ocean. Some 140,000 of them, under the leadership of President Joseph N. Weber, dug down in their pockets to put up cash for the most futile advertising campaign on record. In trying to stem the tide of sound pictures so far as they relate to music, they show an absence of good judgment.

It is difficult to say just what they hope to achieve. Their advertising appearing in some national publications is not explicit. It calls film music "canned," and says, "Manners mean nothing to this monstrous offspring of modern industrialism, as IT crowds Living Music out of the theater spotlight."

SOUNDS sort of reminiscent, doesn't it? Much the same thing was said about the phonograph and, more recently, the radio.

"Though the Robot can make no music, of himself," the Federation's advertising further asserts, "he can and does arrest the efforts of those who can." Of course, that is not true.

Studio orchestras are among the finest in the land. And the best paid.

The American Federation of Musicians are wasting their money.

SOME of the loveliest music to be heard on stage or screen in New York today isn't in a big flashing operetta hit, or musical comedy wow.

It's in a German-language musical picture called "Zwei Herzen im 3—4 Takt." In English, that's "Two Hearts in Waltz Time."

In a small theater up a side street that picture has been running, at this writing, for weeks to standing room only. It isn't the picture—which is pretty bad. It's the songs that have drawn thousands to that out of the way theater.

Music has a place on the screen, and a big place. The only trick is to use it intelligently. To deprive the screen of music, one of its greatest gifts, is simply to deprive chocolate ice cream of chocolate.

LOS ANGELES and Hollywood have been accused of a lot of low down things and many of the accusations are true, but the limit has been reached. The flaming cross should be re-lit and the klan should ride. Out there they have started a school for after dinner speakers and toast-masters. Help. Murder. Police.

A BLOW to Garbo fans who wear their hair like hers: She never wears it Garbo-fashion except on the screen.

EVEN California's vaunted sunshine is no antidote for hard work combined with a too strict reducing diet. One famous feminine star whose bathroom scale today registers 109 pounds, weighed 147 pounds when she first came to Hollywood. Sanitaria records show the dangers of such extreme reduction.

But martyrdom like that seems to be expected of public favorites.

SOME of the big picture houses that were wont to think no film could be shown without the accompaniment of "stage presentations" have turned thumbs down on the latter.

In these places, you no longer need to have your time wasted by being forced to see and hear performers who only too often appeared to be learning their dancing or singing trade at the expense of an audience's patience.

And in many of the smaller theaters that particular kind of "organ recital," which consisted in having the patrons chant jazz lines thrown on the screen, is being banished. And the public is happier because of that.

MANAGERS pursuing these policies realize that the picture's the thing that brings the crowds—not trappings and trimmings. But reform in some quarters is being over-done. Double features, cheap matinees and other artificial stimuli to theater attendance are not fair to motion pictures nor, in the long run, to motion picture patrons.

Such a program means, only too often, mediocre films and the omission of the generally enjoyable shorts and comics. An habitual bargain policy never stabilized any worth while business.



# Hairdressers! *Get Ready!*



Big news! Again Clara Bow makes the headlines. But, this time, it's just a sensational new bob, tucked behind her ears, with rows of sculptured curls at the back



The brown eyes have a mischievous glint that belies the dignified backward sweep of the orange-red locks. Soft waves encircle her head and end in these graceful ringlets



Even bigger news! Colleen Moore is doing away with her Dutch cut. Through a series of pictures in December PHOTOPLAY she asked her fans to decide on a new one. This "windblown" won



It's a hair-raising month! Garbo tosses out the ends of her famous long bob and curls them in a misty halo. This is how she'll look in "Inspiration." Watch the feminine half of the world go for this!



Mary Brian's new haircut is the last word in stylish bobs, from the flat, soft waves across the top to that ducky little curled tendril at the ear

The back of Mary's hair is as pretty a picture as you'll find. Lovely, smooth waves that end in two rows of cunning curls placed low on the neck





# GOOFY GENIUS

## *in* Hollywood

They've handed the movies  
many a laugh—but also  
many a revolutionary idea

*By*

*James M. Kahn*

**D**ON'T spoof at goofs. It's dangerous. Or at least unwise, and often embarrassing, for history abounds with stories of men dubbed "goofy" by skeptical and misunderstanding critics who were later hailed as geniuses.

Inside the shell of many a queer looking filbert has been found the meaty kernel of an idea that changed the course of the world.

The classic horrible example of a goofy genius who came back to torment his tormentors is Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. To his first audience he was an out and out nut, mad as a March hare, but at this late date it looks as though the steamboat has come to stay, and rowing to Europe is no longer fashionable.

There have been others. Only

### SOME FAMOUS GOOFS

Put away that strait-jacket, lay down your butterfly net, stop laughing and take another look, for the goof you've been chasing might be a genius, such as—

Robert Fulton, who invented the steamboat; and

Columbus, who only discovered America; and

Von Sternberg, who introduced a new realism to the screen and made 'em like it; and

Bob Florey, who used cigar boxes for backgrounds, and gets \$1,000 a week today; and

D. W. Griffith, who built settings in miniature; and

E. A. Lauste, who stuck to his idea of talking pictures.

last summer a Mr. G. A. I. M. Skyes bobbed up with a rain-making machine. He was so eloquent about it that the officials of the Westchester Racing Association hired him to keep the rain away from Belmont Park in New York at \$1,000 a day.

Mr. Skyes moved into Belmont Park with his mysterious machine and set up shop at keeping the rain away. It didn't rain for three days after he arrived. On the fourth day it rained.

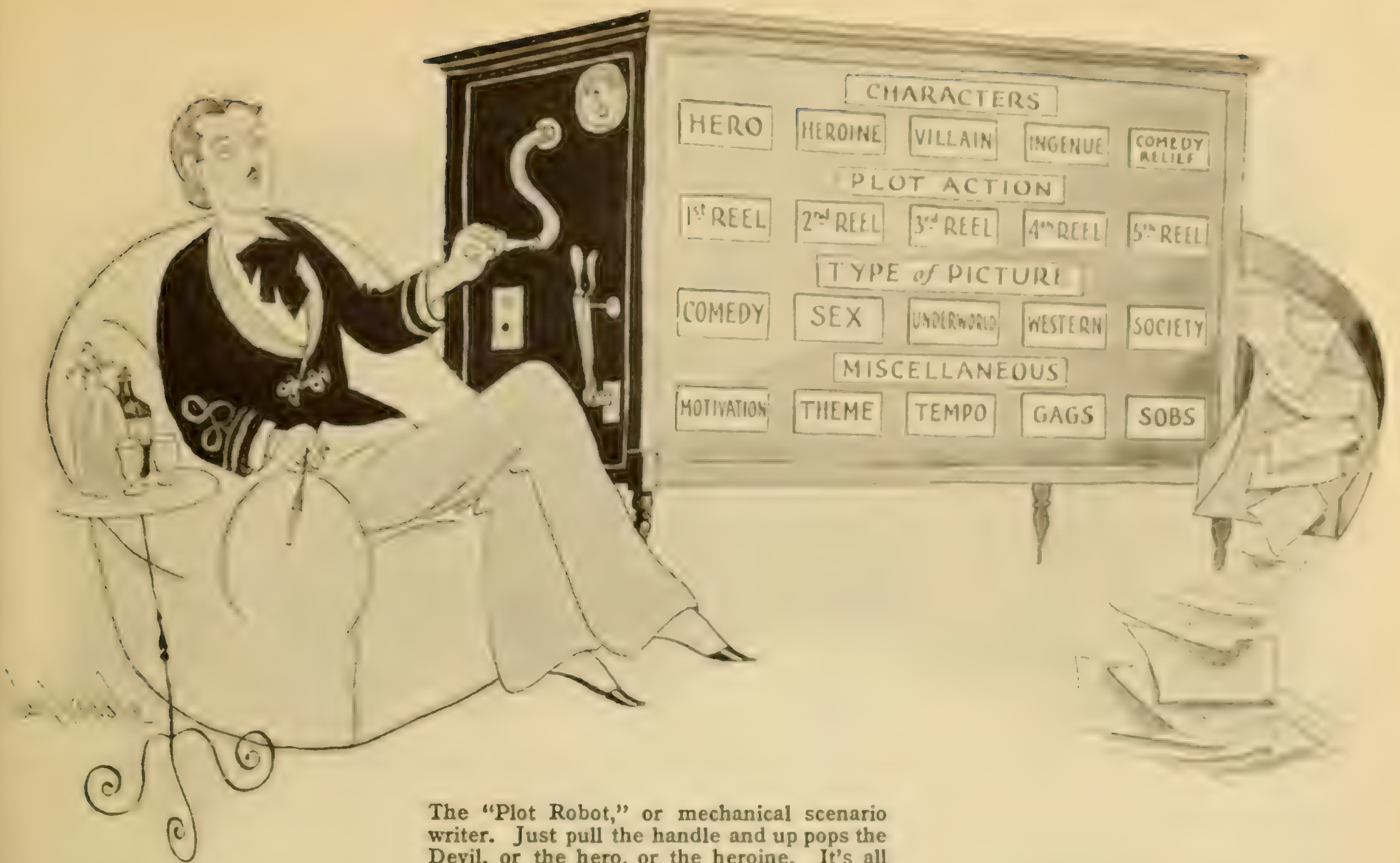
No, that's wrong. It poured.

The skeptical thousands who had anticipated just such a thing haw-hawed "I told you so's" in between fits of hysterics and called Mr. Skyes a nut. The officials of the Westchester Racing Association called Mr. Skyes something else and fired him. The thousands



It's a wise child that knows its own father, and poor little Sound, still in its crib, will have a tough time picking his real papa out of all those who claim to be





The "Plot Robot," or mechanical scenario writer. Just pull the handle and up pops the Devil, or the hero, or the heroine. It's all very simple, with the accent on the simple

are still laughing, and, one presumes, Mr. Skyes is still fired.

But look out! Like many a goof before him he may stage a come-back, this time as a genius. You never can tell.

Hollywood, of course, has had its full share of nuts. Many producers will readily admit *more* than its share. After all, the movies are something of a National Obsession. They're on—and in—everyone's mind. If Lil doesn't want to act in them, Cousin Fred wants to direct them, or Uncle Casper wants to reform them—or something.

Hollywood has had to listen to nuts who have wanted to improve them. Some of these "nuts" have turned out to be geniuses, authors of innovations that have revolutionized the industry, that have changed the movies from a glorified series of stereopticon slides to "the great common denominator of the arts."

On the other hand some have been just nuts, crazy as coots, goofy as tumble bugs. But how to distinguish between them? Yeh, *how!* You'd have to be a goofy genius yourself.

The West Coast movie colony is still chuckling over a couple of lads who have been offering a "Plot Robot," or mechanical scenario writer. Just pull the handle and out pops a sure-fire hit, duly embellished with all the necessary details, hero,

heroine, villain, complications, and, of course, the happy ending.

The movie moguls aren't interested in it, nor even in the suggestions of the "inventors" that it would prove a great publicity medium.

"Why, just think," they've explained, "think of the exploitation value of advertising a movie written by a machine."

"Yeah?" the magnates have come back, "we think the public thinks too many have been written by machine already."

Yet, daffy as the idea sounds and scorned as it is, a machine very similar to the one now offered was used by a woman scenarist on the staff of David Horsely, an independent producer, fifteen years ago!



Pre-sound experimenters tried to capture the illusion of the spoken word by printing it on the film, along with the action, in balloons, such as cartoonists use. This evoked the facetious question, "When does the balloon go up?"

**C**OLOR and sound, two great innovations that distinguish modern day movies from their predecessors, were long sought after before their realization was achieved. It doesn't require a very fanciful mind to imagine the goofy arrangements some of these early "inventions" were.

One fellow from Ohio, years ago, drove a huge truck up to the old Essanay studio in Chicago, and said he had a new idea in color photography. He was given permission to set up his machine and demonstrate it. He took about a week to assemble all of his trinkets, his lights, tin boxes, and heaven knows what. When it was ready it was twice the size of a piano packing case. On the day of the great test [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]





Ruth Harriet Louise

**H**ERE comes the bride—but she isn't nearly as stern-looking right now as she seems in this picture! Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd, Pathe's blond he-man star, became one not long ago, and the picture world's best wishes go to them. Bill was formerly married to Elinor Faire

Meet  
Mrs. Boyd!





Mr. Lowell Sherman going whimsical with Miss Mary Astor. A scene from his latest, "The Royal Bed"

# Does Wickedness Pay?

A PLUMP society matron from Philadelphia, married to three millions and a case of dyspepsia, came to Hollywood a short time ago simply perishing to meet—the words are hers—Lowell Sherman.

Through a friend of a friend of her grandmother's aunt, or someone of that sort, she finally managed to wedge her way into the studio. The harassed publicity man entrusted with the introduction ventured to give her what he believed was a word of assurance.

"What would you do," he asked, "if I told you Mr. Sherman is not at all like the—er—naughty characters he plays?"

Replied the lady, instantly: "I'd get on the first train and go back to Philadelphia!"

Somehow or other the notion has got abroad that actors are never the same on the screen as they are off. It may be good newspaper copy to say that all the "heavies" are mild lambs at home, all the juveniles grandfathers, all the gorgeous leading women plain and simple schoolgirls, but whether it is true is something else again. Several interviewers have said tenderly that Lowell Sherman is nothing like the Lowell we see in black-and-white on celluloid.

They haven't exactly said he was a simple country lad in blue jeans and bare feet, but that is the general impression. This means only one thing—because it amused him to do so, he fooled 'em! The only way Lowell Sherman could stay closer to his screen sophistication would be for him to carry the screen around with him.

His father was a theatrical producer. His mother was an actress. His grandmother, Kate Gray, was leading lady for Junius Booth, the father of the world-famed Edwin. About Lowell Sherman you get the feeling that, if he were digging ditches, an orchestra would suddenly burst into the overture and a curtain rise

"Ah yes—in boresome Americano money!" drawls Mr. Lowell Sherman, reaching for his monocle

He may be merely ordering rye bread and sliced tongue at the Embassy Club—one of his especial joys is to manufacture his own sandwiches at table—but every gesture of his hands, every expression of his face might be designed for an unseen audience out beyond the foot-lights.

Rye bread and cold tongue, paradoxically, become a sort of sin—something wicked, a bit daring, wholly sophisticated! When he is directing other actors in a scene, it can hardly be told whether the cameras are pointing at them or at him. He crosses his legs, in beautifully tailored and meticulously creased trousers, and his patent-leather toe points as gracefully as an adagio dancer's. He discusses camera-angles with his chief cinematographer, and his words are pitched just right for the microphones. Sitting on his canvas director's chair, he turns the pages of his script, unconsciously, with his up-stage hand.

HE slumps boredly, pointing here and there with his fingers as if he were so utterly exhausted that it is more than he can do to lift his hands from his lap. His eyebrows arch as if he had glued them up in an effort to keep his eyes open. He slurs his sentences, so that in giving a stage direction such as, say, "You come in here," it sounds like a tired whisper—"Ycmnr." In reality he is merely saving his energy.

The rehearsal over, the camera motors humming, anyone who watches closely will see the lax fingers tighten, and quiver slightly. His words, though still effortless, come now with a snap. His eyebrows drop into a frown of intense concentration; his black eyes sparkle. Then, the scene done, once more he slumps lazily on his chair, and looks four-fifths dead and one-fifth dying of boredom. "Art," it has been aptly said, "is the concealment of art."

A decade or so ago, with his first film appearance in "Way Down East," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

By Jack Jamison



# Seven Boys "On



**H**OLLYWOOD is truly a Bagdad of old.

Somewhere in its shady canyons and sunny side streets, the magic of *Aladdin's* lamp must linger. Startling and unbelievable transformations take place over night. People suddenly develop entirely new personalities with new thoughts, new ideas, new hopes.

Pert little flappers will arrive in town and go capering about kicking up their heels like frisky lambs. Hey! hey! Suddenly, without a word of warning, they emerge dignified, domesticated and serious-minded young women with a mission in life.

Comedians, during luncheon, will become bosom heaving heavies, and heavies will and do become nuisances. Bathing beauties become titled aristocrats and aristocrats become—well, why go into it? One never knows whether his own Aunt Em will, on the morrow, be making apple butter or whoopee.

But one of the greatest and strangest transformations that Hollywood has ever seen has come to a group of seven of Hollywood's finest young men. Even picture people who have become more or less used to the *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* act, look at one another and wonder.

Just a little over a year ago, seven young men from eighteen to twenty years of age, without a care or a thought beyond the good times of the next day, answered a call to arms and marched blithely away to location to make a picture. The boys of "All Quiet on the Western Front" had begun a lot of fun, they decided.

Six months later, a little band of weary youths trudged back to Hollywood. There were no boyish pranks, no wise-cracking among them now. Instead, there was a quietness, a calmness that was frightening to behold. Their eyes spoke of things their lips didn't—or couldn't. Somewhere, back there in a shell hole, or a bullet torn trench, each of those seven boys left behind him the boy who had marched so gaily away.

"It will wear off," Hollywood murmured. "It's bound to affect them this way. It will pass."

It hasn't.

A year has gone by and still that little group of boys cling together in a bond of strange companionship. Different. Set apart by one great experience. They are now, and one feels

The seven boys of "All Quiet on the Western Front" who grew up too fast in the film trenches. Left to right, Scott Kolk, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Lew Ayres, Owen Davis, Jr., Walter Brown Rogers and Ben Alexander

they always will be, the same sobered youths who trudged home in the mud-stained uniforms of German soldiers. No, it hasn't passed.

Young Ben Alexander, the *Kemmerich* of the picture, wasn't quite eighteen when the picture began. Ben was a

*Penrodish* sort of lad who still enjoyed the sports of a Y. M. C. A. camp in the hills.

"I'd just started at the University of California," Ben said, "when they asked me to do the part. I hesitated a long time. Finally I gave up college to do it. Am I glad? Why, I learned more in those six months than any ten years of college could have given me. It's—it's just too big to talk about."

They all say that. It leaves them groping for words.

"Occasionally we'd be near enough to come home nights," he said. "It was the first time mother hadn't been with me on a set and she'd ask me what we'd done that day. I couldn't tell her. Mother couldn't understand, but it was so big, there was so much, I just couldn't talk about it."

"Finally the opening night came. I hadn't seen the preview and mother and I just sat there stunned. That night mother came into my room. She was crying a little, I guess. 'I understand now, Ben,' she said. 'I know why you couldn't tell me.' It certainly has made a difference in me. Life just up and smacked us in the face."

Billy Bakewell was *Albert Kropp*. "From the very first, once we got out there on location, we never felt we were making a picture," Billy said. "We believed it thoroughly. We were seven German fellows huddled together in a trench, fighting the same fight, living together week after week, month after month."

"**W**E got so steamed up over it sometimes we—we—I don't know how to tell you," he finished lamely. "We'd stand around before a bombardment, waiting, nervous and excited. Our hands often shook until we could scarcely light our cigarettes. Our hearts raced. Then it would come. Bombs, dynamite, shells whined and we were in the midst of it. Fighting, sweating together. We were often frightened. We felt exactly as those boys must have felt."

"And so many little things kept cropping up all through the



# The Western Front''

What the grimness and terror of "All Quiet" did to seven cocky, wise-cracking Hollywood kids who marched away to the talkie trenches

*By Sara Hamilton*

picture. When we were making the schoolroom scene, remember the German soldiers who marched outside our window? One of those boys was a peach of a fellow. His name was George. One day we missed him. Someone told us he'd been injured going home the night before and we didn't see him again. Three months later we were making the hospital scene. 'I won't be a cripple,' I screamed. 'I'll kill myself first!'

"'Here buddy, you're all right,' someone said, handing me a mirror. 'Take a look at yourself.' Then I took the mirror and slanted it downward—remember?—so I could see my leg. Well, I slanted the mirror down and then I felt the flesh creep on my spine. My mirror showed an amputated leg. I dropped the glass with a crash. Then I saw. It was George. 'It's all right, Bill,' he said. 'I heard you were making this scene and I thought I might help a little. I could tell you how it felt, maybe.' I took his hand and just looked at him and I—I just lay there and cried like a baby. We both did.

"It was things like that," he said quietly, "that kept coming up to hit a fellow. But I wouldn't trade what it's done to me for a million dollars."

"I used to feel the weight of the world rested on my shoulders, before I went into that picture," Russell Gleason (*Muller*) said. "I was the most serious minded person you ever saw. I weighed every fact carefully. I learned differently," he grinned. "I soon found out it doesn't make a particle of difference to the world what I think about it."

"George Cukor, our dialogue director, was a wonderful fellow. 'Fascinating youth,' he jeered at us. He mimicked our ways and expressions. 'Such coy young things. So itty,' he'd say. He held up a mirror of ourselves and each one of us took a good long look. He was right. We forgot fascinating youth. 'It.' If we had any left, Louis Wolheim, who played *Kalczinsky*, kidded the rest of it out.

"'Pewkes,' he called us. 'Young pewkes.' He'd talk to us by the hour in the trenches. He spared nobody. Neither did Mr. Milestone, our director. And we learned. I spent my twenty-first birthday in a shell hole on the movie battlefield. I lay there and thought things over."

Scott Kolk (*Leer*) had been a musician. Scott was a bit shy with strangers. He couldn't seem to get the hang of fellows. But he learned. He learned the meaning of true companionship in those weary months. He gained something and he lost something. But Scott, too, found himself.

Walter Brown Rogers (*Behm*) had a terrific Barrymore complex. It was serious with Walter. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



The boy who was made by "All Quiet" and whose brilliant work as *Paul Baumer* did much to make "All Quiet" a great picture. Lew Ayres, who came to talkie prominence and fortune in the film



# A Story of Love and Too



1



2



3

**1** He was a cowboy and she appeared in his Western pictures—his leading woman. He lived at her mother's boarding house, and he thought the girl was the prettiest and sweetest thing he'd ever seen. And so it was that Tom Mix fell head over heels in love with Victoria Forde. A simple sort of fellow, he concentrated, from that day on, on one thing—making Victoria happy. So they were married, and Tom bought a little house over Carlton way. He called it his "lucky place." And in that little house Tom was utterly and completely happy.

**2** It wasn't very long before a nursery was built on to the "lucky place" over on Carlton. Little Thomasina had arrived, and Tom and Victoria were more than happy. There was lots of love and laughter in that little house. Tom was off to the studio every day, and Victoria played housewife and mother. It was the flush period of the "horse opera," and foremost of all Western stars was Tom Mix. His hard-riding, hard-fighting pictures sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and Tom grew more prosperous. Fox looked with favor on its popular star.

**3** These were golden days for Tom Mix. Still a simple, naïve cow-puncher at heart, he had everything he wanted. His beloved Victoria, his little daughter, his more than comfortable little home, and his work to do. What man could wish for more? After the studio day, he asked nothing better than a good dinner and a romp with the youngster. But Tom's salary was growing, and with it grew Victoria's ambition. Soon the studio pay check grew to the enormous sum of \$10,000 a week. Victoria wanted social position, a bigger house, jewels. Tom wanted home, "Vicky,"—and the baby.



# Much Money *told in* Pictures



4

4 And of course Victoria had her way. Could Tom refuse her anything? He loved her so devouringly that all she did was right. From the little "lucky place" they went to a great new house—dozens of spectacular rooms, swimming pool with gold-leafed tiles—almost bizarre. She loved jewelry. He loaded her down with it. In the picture above, taken at the house-warming, Mrs. Mix is wearing bracelets worth more than \$40,000. Ambition had had its way. But something had marred the happiness of these three simple-living people.

5 Victoria Forde Mix aspired to be, in fact, the wife of one of the Hollywood motion picture colony's richest men. Naturally, sycophants surrounded her. This picture shows her after she had visited a plastic surgeon and had had her nose remodeled on more tasteful lines. She became a social leader in her own set. They were not Tom's friends. There were quarrels, of course—but Tom's infatuation burned on with a steady flame. He was still, in his heart, the simple plainsman who wanted one woman and his home. But at last came the inevitable—separation.

6 There were attempts at reconciliations. Ambition had broken the golden chain that love had forged. They failed. "Vicky" went to Europe and Tom toured the country with a circus. When "Vicky" came back from abroad, Tom settled \$450,000 and the palatial home on her. He had already given her about \$100,000 worth of jewels. And now Victoria has been granted a divorce. And today Tom Mix is one of the most miserable men in the world! His great wealth brought him nothing but sorrow, because it caused him to lose the one thing he adored—Victoria. And one of pictures' most beautiful romances is dead.



5



6





We've missed Marie Doro, former star, for ten years. The author finds her in Paris

# Painting

How your screen favorites act when they are turned loose in zat gay Paree with pockets full of francs and hearts full of hey-hey

**I**F the stars manage to have a good time in Hollywood, what do they do in zat hot, wide-open and happy Paris? Oh boy, oh girl!

In both cases, the answer is not much. And no matter what they do, it's tonic, it's swell and good for what ails them. You can't go Hollywood in Paris, you can't even get stuck up, you just have to be yourself, and that is the best medicine for a movie star.

Only about twenty stars come to Europe during a year—a third of them repeaters—and all go back with that slightly idiotic smile of happiness on their faces. If the number were multiplied by ten, Hollywood would be a better place to live in, and more pictures would ring the bell.

Consider Paris—this nice, clean Paris, a sweet spot for doing anything you please and too many people urging you please do it. Consider it from the eye slant of the Beverly Hillbillies. There are no appointments to keep, which is to say no directors, no camera men, no press agents, no snoopers, no racketeers, no reporters—or practically none—in fact, nothing to stand between a normally weak man or woman and—whoopee.

But do they?

They don't. Well—not much, anyhow.

Life is one tailspin after another. In Paris the braw sophisticates of the studios become as little children, the big shots peter down into pop-gun explosions. They lose their savvy; they drop their fronts; they become the plain folks they used to be.

They walk, yokel-like, along the sidewalks, they gape at monuments. They ask what is that and who is he, they admire wistfully the way even the little children speak French, they look in shop windows, they buy and buy and buy, and after a while go by-by at almost decent hours. They don't know it, often they don't find out until they're back home—but they are being given a good old fashioned spanking by an old papa of a continent.

The silliness, the swelling, and the suet around the head are being rendered out and they are being put wise to what's what. Paris is a big town and even an important Hollywood fellow takes up little room. The fellow usually finds himself hoping to see a face from back home.

Which reminds me, as if I will ever forget the look on Charlie King's face when he unexpectedly saw Buster Keaton walk into his room . . . but that's another story.

**T**HE mere sound of English being spoken tickles the tear duct. It's homesickness. And that's very good for a soul. Close-up of Neil Hamilton on top of the Eiffel Tower wondering about "my nice little garden" in the West.

Not that they don't get a few spots on their wings by experiment into darker, high sky and no limit Paree. Oh yeah! But that's all the old bologna, the well dogged trail. The kind of law of laws which says—you ain't nothing if you haven't been seen at Ciro's Friday afternoon, or Zelli's or the Ambassadeurs

after midnight. They do things normally, nicely. They are themselves. It's a big thrill going about unstared at. Only Joe Zelli recognizes them.

Ramon Novarro excepted. Poor kid, he used to get the Lindbergh whenever he stepped out on a pavement. In Berlin he used to stick around Lawdy Lawrence's office all day listening to the axe play between that Super Film Salesman and the German exhibitors. When he stirred out his chin went way down into his lapels and his eyes, the only things visible, were covered with smoked glasses. Ramoncito did his best acting on the sidewalks of Europe—but didn't always get away with it.

**A** LOT of people who get their thrills out of the tabloid newspapers go around thinking that a movie star's life in Paris is just one riot after another. But it isn't so. Champagne corks do rise up and go boom, but they don't go boom-boom-boom-boom as they do in the scenarios. There are *cocottes*—also *grues*—and even *morues*—but aren't we all. Roulette wheels click, *croupiers* command. And now and then someone gets drunk—well, what of it? It's normal. And as for the things cuff-marked Paris—the "places"—they hand the boys a big laugh, so little better are they than our own domestic brand.

Take a swell girl like Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor spent her time along the Seine, poking around in the little stalls that line the river banks. They sell prints, antiques, and books. She got her fingers dirty but they came out clutching two cute pewter jugs, a first edition of Thomas Hardy and a print of Philadelphia before it went to sleep. King Vidor, the husband, went along sometimes, but he often went prowling alone in the Cluny and other museums. He's got a mind that sucks up history. He could have made a fine historian. They were





Shy Ramon Novarro has to put on dark glasses to enjoy the delights of Paris in peace



When it comes to knowing the Paris of fashion, Marion Davies is a first-rate guide

# Paris Pink!

*By George Kent*

crazy about Paris, and during their stay of almost a year saw Montmartre just once—and that once they had to be dragged.

When they arrived they checked in at the Carlton Hotel. Three days later they were gone.

"What's the use of coming to France," quoth the King, "if we're going to eat American food with a lot of Americans, waited on by flunkies who speak English better than I do!"

THE Vidors found a little boarding house in Neuilly, outside of Paris. Pola Negri's mama and a colony of aunts, uncles and cousins occupy an apartment in Neuilly.

Live long enough in Paris and you'll meet not only everybody that counts *now* in Hollywood, but also the girls and boys who used to mean box-office rushes whenever their names flashed in the mazdas.

At bookdealer Brentano's you'll sooner or later come smack into high prowd, square rigger Nita Naldi. She's a book swallower these days—but there's no money in it. Menjou was usually to be met somewhere between the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de la Concorde. He's probably the most unaffected of them all, and seems even more so strolling the boulevards.

Clara Kimball Young's back home but she used to be meetable, a bit more bloomy but the same lustrous deep-pool eyes, teeing on the Champs. Fania Marinoff too. With Carl Van Vechten, related to her by marriage. And recently Marie Doro, who used to melt them in their seats. She's been sick a long time. She said Paris styles are all sassafras because she's hunted five years for a hat and not yet found one she likes. She retains the voice that made her a star on Broadway and is contemplating a come-back.

People who travelled on the steamer with Ernest Torrence and his wife complained that four-fifths of their conversation was about their son. And the other fifth was devoted to books with titles ending in ology. Their son wasn't with them; he's a sound engineer and was married last Fall.

Ronnie Colman met them at the station and that shy lad,



wise in the ways of the wily itinerary, had it all arranged. First night ashore is big night anyway. They went up the line. At Joe Zelli's, they were introduced by Zho-ay himself. For a while you couldn't see anything for the flowers. The ladies of the evening ganged up on them for autographs, taking them on napkins, cigarette boxes, menu cards—and one very nice girl bust out crying because ink wouldn't stay on her gentleman friend's gold watch. Telephones on all the tables for flirtation purposes. The Torrence-Colman line rang all morning.

William Powell joined the party the following day and that afternoon the foursome drove out to the Palace of Versailles—and weren't impressed. It was Powell's first trip to Europe. He came over from England where among other things he got a dozen suits at Anderson and Shepherd's. They liked the ride, and on the way back, asked the chauffeur how much it would cost to drive down to Biarritz—some nine hundred miles away—and that's how they came to take the trip South a week later.

Mister and Missus Torrence had a duty call to make so Powell and Colman decided to go for a walk. They are as in-offensive a pair of high powered sleuths as ever walked down a Paris boulevard. They were tapped on the shoulder and buttonholed at every corner by runners for tourist agencies, dirty picture postcard salesmen, red light guides. Nobody recognized them. They inspired neither fear, awe nor reverence. They decided that it was better to flee the heat for the cool of a bar. And so—that's how another three o'clock in the afternoon suddenly became nine o'clock in the evening.

THE Torrence party stopped in the Crillon, a big gray fort of a hotel, once a palace, a bit old fashioned although still Waldorf Astoria. The bulk of Hollywood stops at Joel Hillman's George Fifth—sky high in elegance and expense.

Elsie Janis lived a long time at the Crillon the time she topped the bill at the Moulin Rouge. She often gave kitty-katty chatter-chatter tea parties.

But in between times her favorite fun was picking up "all those funny languages" on her radio. It's just as easy to tune in on a love song in Venice as it is to pick up WOR over here.

The Bancrofts, the Neil Hamiltons and Evelyn Brent visited the capital of France together. And carve it on your *façade*—that George spent the first night [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]



*The Story of a  
Girl Who Feared  
Love Might Fly  
Out the Window*



# *A Million DOLLARS*

"No, I haven't a wife—yet," Jimmy answered. "But I picked her out this morning—that little girl over there who plays *Gabriel*. Introduce me to her, will you?"

*By*

Dixie Willson

*Illustrated by* H. R. Ballinger

**L**ITTLE Jessie Randolph was as beautiful a pony as ever laughed across a footlight; pale gold hair, little waves of it caught back from small ears in which were drops of pearls, teasing, tantalizing lips, wide, dusky eyes, rouged finger-tips.

By nineteen hundred and sixteen, the little toasts of Broadway had begun to hear about Hollywood, and Jessie Randolph, who had served a faithful forty weeks in Mr. Ziegfeld's celebrated chorus, made up her mind to step out West where, for three or four or five hundred dollars a day (so it was rumored), beauty and innocence and heart-breaking eyes could supply fodder for the ever empty maw of the camera.

The chorus had been hard, but the screen was harder. The three or four or five hundred a day proved to be five dollars or ten or fifteen, and cruelly spasmodic.

Little Jessie Randolph went through tireless hours for the men who make pictures, her emotions worn to tatters, her grease-paint smeared with genuine tears. It was no thirst for glory, nor was she riding in that well-known wagon hitched to stars, nor yet palpitatingly answering opportunity rapping at the door; except as this medium might present the opportunity to which, after all, every struggling little girl is slave!

She quite frankly told anybody who inquired what future she hoped for, that she had come West to get a picture magnate with a million, if she possibly could.

And for a little girl as utterly lovely as Jessie Randolph, the fulfillment would ordinarily have been as simple as the suggestion. But Jessie had the unique idea of wanting him as a husband rather than merely a gentleman who would call around to pay the bills, so her little feet, in their high-heeled size 2 B shoes, were kept treading the mill of her by-no-means-rose-colored career. And the longer it went on, and the more she sensed how real are the intricacies of trading doughnuts for dollars, the more determined she became to marry nothing less than a sure

and sufficient amount of sable to enfold her the rest of her natural life, leaving her no more concern as to where it came from than the sable had had before her.

As to mere proposals, they came like mosquitoes on a summer night from every age and quality of gentleman even the most ambitious of little girls could have expected; and representing practically every amount between ten dollars and nine hundred thousand. But little Jessie Randolph was out for a picture magnate with a million, and if anyone knew little Jessie Randolph that was all there was to *that*!

**JIMMY MACALISTER** was a tall young man who drove a stage from the Vitagraph lot to location. The stage was a swaying old automobile which took to work people who made up and dressed at the studio, but whose sets were a few miles distant; pirates going to a rock-bound coast, Bedouins to a desert, adorable orphans and their fussy mothers to an asylum, or, as on the morning of the tenth of July, angels going to Heaven.

Jimmy was serious for twenty-two years old; at least his eyes were serious under his shock of dark brown, boyish curls. Only the grease-covered khaki he wore saved him from being quite a little bit too good-looking.

On the morning of the tenth of July, his stage was ready by the studio door at seven twenty-three, and promptly at seven-thirty, according to the call, he took aboard a choir of seraphims, the twelve apostles, *St. Peter*, a Chinese laundryman, four vikings, a pair of English street-walkers, *Benjamin Franklin*, a





scarred Irish harp, a folding organ, two musicians, and an extremely beautiful female *Gabriel* in military white satin, trailing wings, bugle and sword, and pale gold hair bound under a halo.

THE stage was going ten miles to the lot where Lasky's shot its outside stuff, and where a set had been built for "Her Hour of Judgment." And, for ten miles, Jimmy Macalister's brakes and gears operated by luck and not by reason, as his consciousness went gathering the intoxicating wool of *Gabriel's* voice and laughter a few seats behind him, and the faint breath of her perfume.

At location (rumbling on to the lot along a road which, the day before, had been made suitably rough and painful for Sherman's march to the sea), he parked opposite a gold *papier-mâché* Heaven.

Everybody got out. The director, who was waiting, immediately got busy. No time was lost in opening the pearly gates.

It was ninety in the shade. Jimmy sat for three hours, mopping the perspiration from his forehead and watching the seraphims strum their cardboard harps, while *St. Peter* presided at "Her Hour of Judgment," and *Gabriel*, on a pallet of stars, like a pallet of rocks, smiled with superhuman effort in her sleep under the battery of a dozen reflectors and Klieg suns. Up there it was a hundred and eleven! How beautiful she was! How long, in this merciless heat, would Heaven have to last! Not a spear of shade in the whole topaz Paradise!

At eleven-thirty, Henry Merton came across the road from the lunch wagon, on which he had just arrived.

"Well," he said, "is it warm enough for you?"

He had had lunch in town. He shifted a celluloid toothpick from the right side of his mouth to the left. He was short and plump and wore wilted linen. His eyes were framed in little rhomboid patterns of crinkles. He was the scenario writer who had adapted "Her Hour of Judgment" from "Quo Vadis." With a highly polished forefinger, he motioned Jimmy to make room on the driver's seat of the stage.

"Them gold clouds makes a nice lay-out, ain't it?" he said. "This here would have been another 'Birth of a Nation' if they had only got Francis X. Bushman or Costello for *Adam*. Pickford plays *Eve* perfect, but she's got no support."

The thin music of "Rock of Ages" drifted down, as played by the harp and cabinet organ crowded out of sight behind the crystal throne. Atmosphere to help the angels be celestial.

Mr. Merton shifted the toothpick.

"WELL" he inquired, "did you buy that there dumping ground in the country you was talking about?"

"Yes," Jimmy said, his eyes on Heaven. "I bought it. I've been looking things over pretty carefully out here. I think pictures are going to *make* something of Hollywood. I get thirty a week, I can live on ten, and I've been soaking that other little twenty into every piece of land I could get! In nineteen twenty-five or six, I think it'll be worth something!"



"Well—I don't know," Merton said thoughtfully. "It's a gamble! Ever' so often there's got to be a gold rush to California, and the movies is the last one. But maybe by nineteen twenty-five the whole works has went to Florida or somewheres!"

The strains of the harp and the organ came down.

"I know," Jimmy said, his eyes serious, "but it's a hunch! I always follow a hunch! I've got a *hunch* about Hollywood real estate, and I want to start investing money because I want to be able to have something some day for my wife."

Henry Merton turned the vizor of his linen cap around between his left eye and the sun.

"You don't say," he remarked.

"I didn't know you had one."

"I haven't," Jimmy said, "but I'm *going* to have. I picked her out this morning. That's *another* hunch." He brushed his hand back over his thick boyish hair. "It's a little girl up there on the set," he said. "I haven't met her yet. Will you introduce me?"

"Sure," Merton agreed. "Which one is it?"

"*Gabriel*," Jimmy Macalister told him. "She's the sweetest kid I ever saw around here, or anywhere else! As far as I'm concerned, it's all over right now!"

Henry Merton moved the vizor of his cap around over the other eye, put the toothpick solemnly in his vest pocket and regarded with sympathy the young man who sat in the driver's seat of the stage.

"You're cock-eyed," he said gently. "Do you know who that is? That's Jessie Randolph. Do you know who Jessie Randolph is? She's the most calculatin' baby that ever shaped an eyebrow! She's only got one idea and that's money. All she wants to know about love is what does the bank book read. If it's enough ciphers, O.K. If it ain't, he's *Madame Butterfly*. She's out here for just one reason, which is to make a play for a picture millionaire. And if you know Jessie like I know Jessie, a

picture millionaire is what it's goin' to be and nothin' else! Do you think a girl with ambitions is go'n' to step down to the sphere of a bus driver?"

"I don't know," Jimmy Macalister said. "If you'll introduce me I'll find out. They're quitting for lunch. If I get a date for tonight, will you pay for it?"

"If you get a date for tonight with her, I'll eat hay with the horse!" the scenario writer said shortly.

The seraphims were climbing down the clouds. *Gabriel* bent the heavy wings away from her shoulders; pressed her hands against her eyes for a moment, then came over towards the lunch wagon.

"Warm enough for you?" Merton called out. "Come here. Meet Jim Macalister. He drives the bus."

*Gabriel* looked interestedly at Jim Macalister.

"How do you do, Mr. Macalister?" she said, "but everybody calls you just 'Jimmy,' don't they?"

He tried to keep his heart out of his eyes, but he couldn't do it.

"Would you go and dance a little while with me tonight?" he asked her—"and have some supper?"

"I'd love to," she said.

"I hope you wouldn't mind going somewhere," he said awkwardly, "that isn't too hard on money."

She looked up at him, and there was a smile in her dusky, lovely eyes!

"I know a lot of places like that," she told him.

THE seraphims, coming from the lunch wagon with sandwiches and cups of coffee, went around the bus and up on the shady steps of the Imperial palace of the Czar.

Little Jessie Randolph put her hands down in her white satin *Gabriel* pockets.

"I live in Canary Court," she said, "on Sunset Boulevard. I'll be ready about eight."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]

## The Best Figure in Hollywood?

A JURY of experts—a famous Broadway producer of "girl shows," an eminent physician, a celebrated modiste, and a nationally known painter of beauty decide on one star. The decision, which also lists other contestants for the honor, will start much controversy among admirers of the beauties of the screen.

The article, by Adele Whitely Fletcher, famous writer on picture personalities, tells why the experts arrived at their conclusions, and contains a wealth of advice to women desiring to improve their figures, and a few shocks for young women who are starving and suffering to achieve that boyish outline.

*In the March Issue  
of Photoplay Magazine*



# When Hollywood Cried Real Tears



By  
*Barrett C.  
Kiesling*

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone sentimental!

Here it had built up a swell, an international reputation for being hard-boiled, sophisticated, worldly-wise—and then on one fatal night it breaks down and exposes that, after all, it is just a simple little burg, with emotions just as fundamental and simple and true as can be found in the smallest hamlet.

Hollywood came to an opening of "Min and Bill," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture co-starring Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, and Hollywood cried. Yes sir, Hollywood bawled.

Hollywood openings are famous, of course, for their splendor.

Lights blaze. Gloriously garbed beauties step from shining cars and parade down the long forecourts of the big theaters. Loudspeakers blare the names of the cinema elect and élite to thousands of sightseers, herded behind ropes. Nimble autograph seekers slip under the arms of complacent coppers to get the signatures of the great and the near-great.

It's all very eye-filling, but usually it is quite a lot of applesauce.

The stars who are still rising go to these openings because it is "good business" to be seen.

The stars who have arrived seldom attend them. To them they have become a bore.

So openings, you see, are not normally expected to be either sincere or emotional affairs.

They are just the frosting on the cake, the gilt on the statue, the froth on the beer.

A huge night in Marie Dressler's life. Wally Beery, co-star of "Min and Bill," giving her a big hug the night the film opened in Hollywood. Wally's head got bumped in a minor plane accident

And then came Marie Dressler's big moment.

Usually at openings the stars and featured players alight from their cars and bustle quickly to the theater and their seats.

At the "Min and Bill" affair, however, the early comers asked, "Has Marie come?" and then stood, with

the other sightseers and waited.

Finally, up came a big black limousine. In it one saw the usual upheaval of the black and white of masculine full dress, and the volcanic surge of silken ruffles. The forecourt became almost deathly quiet. Then out of the car backed a large woman. She turned around, showed to the crowd a beautiful

face, wrinkled, age-worn, filled with experiences which have never embittered

A deluge of applause descended upon her.

Never in the history of Hollywood has there been such an ovation for a performer.

Tears came freely. Handkerchiefs flashed out so fast they looked like a shower of confetti.

Hollywood cried.

For Hollywood was deeply touched by this latter-day triumph of a woman whose gameness against adversity has long been a by-word on both stage and screen.

Marie Dressler has had

worse luck than any player in the profession.

At least five times she's had a fortune, and lost it because of ill-health, or tricks of fate.

Twice she's been up to stardom, only to lose her chance by a sudden illness.

It was a great night  
when Filmtown paid  
heartfelt tribute to an  
aging woman who had  
come back to the biggest  
triumph she had ever known



Once, in the movies, she attained the heights with one of the funniest pictures ever made, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," and then suddenly, without warning or without seeming reason, she went into total eclipse.

A woman who had been getting \$2000 a week found it hard to get jobs at \$150.

She was sneered at as a "has-been." She gritted her teeth and kept going. She never railed at her hardluck. She knew she was a good actress and she had abiding confidence that luck again would some day come her way.

Luck? Well, it was far from being all luck. Because Marie Dressler, veteran trouser and great show-woman, has followed a straight line of the soundest sense since she came to Hollywood.

And Marie's as smart as they come, of any age!

Here's what she told young actresses to do. It's what she's done herself.

"Take every part that's offered. If it's small, make it bigger by hard work. If it's big, make it great. Nobody's big enough in this business to refuse a part because it's hardly more than a bit!"

That's what Marie did. And it worked. Luck? Well, not altogether!

Came *Marthy* in "Anna Christie." Came *Boosy* in "Let Us Be Gay." Came "Caught Short," and, to cap it all, came "Min and Bill."

Hollywood knows that one hit may be an accident but that four and five in a row mean a triumph.

So Hollywood reached for its handkerchief when a heavy, tired, aging, very happy woman stepped out of her car one Thursday night into the collective arms of an entire community.

On this occasion Wallace Beery, lumpy, villainous in appearance, proved himself a gallant and a gentleman of the first water.

Remember that "Min and Bill" is Wally's picture, too.

He is a co-star with Miss Dressler. He might easily have fought for a place in the limelight, sought to have diminished the "spot" his fellow-player was getting.

But Beery had already had his triumph.

"The Big House" is a matter of history. *Butch* had had his place in the sun.

So when his car arrived, ahead of the Dressler machine, Wally unobtrusively slipped to one side and waited. When Miss Dressler arrived he offered her his arm for escort to the waiting microphones, hooked up for a national broadcast. He took her to see the enormous parchment book in which the arriving stars had written their names and messages of tributes to her. He subordinated himself completely. Miss Dressler sensed what he was doing, and impulsively pulled him back in front of the lights, and kissed him.

Youngsters in the crowd howled with glee. But the oldsters there wiped away still another tear.

For they knew this was no staged kiss, no caress for the sake of publicity or show-off, but an impulsive, lovely gesture of thanks from a grand woman with an overflowing heart, to a big, bulky, modern Knight of the Round Table.

Hollywood's famous shell of super-smartness was broken with a vengeance.

Hollywood knew that its hidden secret, its carefully guarded sentimentality, had at last broken its bonds.



ONE of Joe Frisco's first Hollywood experiences was what happened when he advertised for a cook. A beautiful blonde applied.

"W-w-what do y-you want?" he asked.

"I've come in answer to your ad for a cook," she explained.

Frisco considered her carefully. Then:

"G-g-g-go away," he said, "g-g-g-go away. If I h-hire you for a c-c-c-cook now, I know d-d-dam well it'll only be a week or t-t-t-two before I have to hire another c-c-cook for b-b-b-both of us!"



## Two Kinds of Love

At the right we see the conventional Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell clinch — Charles advancing, Janet retreating, and all very sweet and coy. But what's this at the left? It's a Farrell-Gaynor picture the like of which has never been seen up to now—Charlie doing a vicious choking act with his little screen sweetheart. It's from "The Man Who Came Back"





# Why Leslie Fenton Came Back

Two years ago they called him a nut when he chucked a million dollars' worth of talkie contracts and sailed away. Now he's back—and here's the reason!



The latest picture of Leslie Fenton, taken since he fled from the Hollywood reservation in search of freedom. Note the go-to-heck look in the eyes. Now he's home again for more wander-dough

THE other night at the Embassy Club—that temple of Hollywood pretentiousness—I saw Leslie Fenton dancing in a gentlemanly manner, wearing a faultless tail coat and otherwise conducting himself like all the actors who live in Beverly Hills palaces.

Nobody seemed to think it strange that Leslie Fenton should be seen in such a place in such a manner, but as for me, I found a corner and wept a few of my most poignant tears. I can't tell you how I felt about it—sort of frustrated and terribly disappointed. For Leslie Fenton had been my small, steady-burning light in the Hollywood conflagration.

Here's the story.

A year ago he chucked pictures. He was at the peak of his career. He had been offered three important contracts. He might have remained in Hollywood and made a million dollars. Instead he shipped on an Italian tramp steamer bound for the island of Majorca and other points East and West.

When everybody said to him, "You fool. You might stay in Hollywood and make a million dollars," he answered, "That's just what I'm afraid of. There's nothing so enslaving as money. Look at the great actors who come to Hollywood and exude complacency. They were great when they were rebels. Now they are householders with yachts and swimming pools."

Of course, Hollywood said he had gone completely off his nut, due, perhaps, to the fact that he had played so many performances of "The American Tragedy." It sometimes gets actors.

And, although I didn't know Leslie Fenton, I went about giving three rousing cheers and a tiger for the one person who had the courage to throw aside the sham of Hollywood while he was at the top.

I made myself quite a nuisance, and after a while people got tired of listening to me go on about the Leslie Fenton business. But the more I thought of it the more it got to

mean to me. It seemed pretty swell that a man who could have all the money he wanted would prefer to throw it away for adventure. And whenever the circle of the film center closed in upon me I'd say to myself, "But look what Leslie Fenton did!"

And when actors told me sad stories about how they had tasted the bitterness of Hollywood I always said, "But there's Leslie Fenton."

So maybe you understand why I wept on my very best evening dress when I saw him as one of the smug dancers on the Embassy Club floor, doing just what he'd run away from.

THE next day there was an item in the paper to the effect that Leslie Fenton had signed with Fox for "The Man Who Came Back." That was irony. He went away to avoid the self-satisfied hum-drum of the studios. And in a little over a year he had come back to smear his face with grease paint. Oddly enough, in the Fox picture he's an off-stage voice—but a very important one!

I talked to Evelyn Brent about it, because she's such a swell girl and usually sees things so clearly. She said she knew Les pretty well and I ought to ask him outright why he returned.

"I'm afraid to," I said. "I'm afraid he'll say that adventure is all right in its place, but that a man does have his duty to his public to consider and that dear old Hollywood is a pretty good place after all."

Betty Brent smiled and said, "I don't believe Leslie Fenton will say that."

And then I sat opposite him at luncheon a few days later and asked, "Why did you come back to Hollywood?"

By Katherine Albert

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135 ]



**H**AVE Greta Garbo and Clarence Brown battled?

Is the greatest and most successful director-star combination in modern pictures busted wide open?

So says Hollywood rumor. Brown is not directing Garbo in "Susan Lenox," King Vidor is handling the job. The Garbo-Brown disagreement is said to have taken place during the making of the recently completed "Inspiration."

Beginning with "Flesh and the Devil," Brown has directed the Swede in most of her great pictures, including her first three talkies. She usually demanded him.

Is it all over now? If it is, both will be badly, if not mortally, hurt. For they're a great team!



No, not Florida! Not Malibu Beach! Not even Deauville or Coney Island! Nancy Carroll is giving us an eyeful on the hot sands of Paramount's Eastern Studio—in "Stolen Heaven"

**L**OUELLA PARSONS tells a grand one anent the Garbo-Dietrich situation.

It appears M-G-M wanted some new photos of Garbo. And Garbo doesn't like to pose.

A publicity man went to her.

"We need some new pictures of you," he began.

She did as expected. "Why you want me to pose? Have you not maybe already a million or two pictures of me? Why can you not use them instead of asking me to pose again?"

The boy thought fast.

# Cal York

The Monthly

# Hollywood



Joan Crawford has gone into the newspaper business—for camera purposes only—and here we see the new sob-sister at work pounding out the conventional story of the crippled apple vender. Next her is Cliff Edwards, and in the rear Director Harry Beaumont and cameraman. From "Dance, Fool, Dance"

"You see," he said, "Paramount has used all those old ones we had to exploit Marlene Dietrich."

Garbo grinned.

"All right. I come then," she agreed.

**A**ND somebody said, "There is really no Greta Garbo nor no Marlene Dietrich. They're both Gwen Lee."

**W**ELL, Hollywood wasn't surprised when it learned that John McCormick (Colleen Moore's ex-hubby; NOT the Irish singer) is to take another wife. She's Mae Clark, stage and screen girl.

The couple told a few friends about it, and the news flew over Hollywood. As a matter of fact the romance has been growing since last fall—all their friends have noticed it.

The wedding can't be until next May, when the McCormick-Moore decree is finalized.

**A**S this is written, people who've been seen places together include:

Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill.

Roscoe Arbuckle and Addie McPhail.

Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd.

Fred Scott and Sally Starr.

William Powell and Carole Lombard.

But that's as this is written—by the time you read it—well, you know Hollywood.

**A**USTIN Joke No. 3875, Hollywood Version:

Movie actor comes out of theater after seeing the preview of his first picture. He couldn't get back into his Austin.

**M**ARLENE DIETRICH, the new sensation by virtue of talent and beauty, hankered for her baby in Germany.

"Morocco" a hit and "Dishonored" finished, she set out for six weeks' holiday—a Christmas with her dear ones at home.

She arrived in New York one Friday morning. Then began a day full of marvels—what a girl!

She found "Morocco" a sensation on Broadway. The day she arrived "The Blue Angel" opened at a Broadway theater. That's the



# Announcing—

Broadcast of

# Goings-On!



International

Harold Lloyd has two daughters now! Marjorie Elizabeth, right, has been legally adopted by the comic and his wife, and Mildred Gloria has a playmate on the Lloyd estate. Mildred Gloria, broadly grinning here, seems to be having the tooth trouble which falls upon young ladies and gentlemen of her tender age

great picture starring Emil Jannings and herself, which Josef Von Sternberg directed in Germany.

She went to a hotel to rest. The press paid court. At noon she lunched amid stares and ohs and ahs. In the evening Fredric March introduced her from the stage of the Rivoli Theater, where "Morocco" was showing.

At midnight she went aboard a liner and sailed away for a happy stay at home.

A German girl, new to this country and nearly new to films—the first actress in talkie history to have two pictures making extended runs on Broadway at the same time, and these her first two pictures! Tie that, some bright girl!

And is Marlene beautiful! If you think she's blazing on the screen—well, she's blistering in person. Take it from Cal, he saw her. And he hasn't been the same since!

AFTER the making of "Morocco," Gary Cooper and Marlene were slated for another film together. But Victor McLaglen was borrowed from Fox instead, and they said Gary couldn't do the part because he was too exhausted from the many pictures he had made.

However, rumor has it that the big boy from Montana was pretty disgruntled over the fact that "Morocco" had been cut to give Marlene every break. He feels that the studio has used him as a stepping stone for the new star.

**BILLIE DOVE** is wearing a colossal diamond on that finger.

Howard Hughes is one man who of the few men in Hollywood would have had enough money to buy it.

They're still admitting nothing. They're also still denying nothing.

ALL of the Hollywood wonder boys and girls have been wondering how Greta Garbo would feel about Marlene, who is a formidable contender for the Garbo crown.

Garbo, as usual, is silent but her very favorite phonograph record is a German blues tune sung by—guess who!—Marlene Dietrich, herself. Garbo plays it over and over.

A PRODUCER had selected Louis Bromfield, author of "The Green Bay Tree," "Possession" and "24 Hours"—all of them

best sellers—to write the story for one of his stars. At their first meeting the story has the producer say:

"Your name is well known now. You are a great author. We will make that name greater. We will publicize your name up and down the country. What do you think of that, Mr. Bromfield?"

SCORE one bull's eye for the Hollywood folks trying the Broadway stage!

Little Lois Moran arrived in "This is New York," a comedy by Robert E. Sherwood, film critic as well as playwright, and captured the town. The critics raved—the public howled its approval.

Lois is a sensational success in the part.



Standing in the reflected glory of her sister. Terry Carroll, sister of Nancy, appears with the star for the first time in Paramount's "Stolen Heaven." See Nancy in the glass?

The others? Not so good. Colleen Moore's show died a quick death on the road. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky disappeared in the hinterland. At the writing reports are not in on Olive Borden's play. Anna May Wong is doing fine in "On the Spot," an Edgar Wallace thriller, and so is the veteran Crane Wilbur, the original Peril of Pauline.

But Lya de Putti suffered the most tragic fate. She opened on Broadway in a terrible play called "Made in France." The critics were vicious. Unnecessarily brutal to poor



# Tune in, folks, on Cal York's



Many of our film friends have turned to the stage recently, but here's Hollywood's finest gift to the theater this season! Little Lois Moran as she appears in "This Is New York," in which she has scored a hit

Lya. After one performance, broken by critical cruelty, Lya took to her bed.

And that was the end of that sad little chapter, and the play.

**N**ORMA TALMADGE is on the stage! The veteran star has joined the road company of the Zoe Akins stage comedy hit, "The Greeks Had a Word for It"—which show is a raging hit on Broadway.

Norma saw and coveted it when she was in New York last fall. Now she will not only make a picture of it, but is trouping in the play itself! And she loves it. Incidentally,

United Artists gave up \$100,000 for the picture rights. Hits come high!

**W**EDDINGS are dynamite—at least in the magazine business.

Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli were all set to wed when Charlie finished "The Man Who Came Back." That happened late one Saturday night. Next day he started work on his next, "Squadrons."

Hardly time for a nap, let alone a wedding, between cameras! So there we all were—Charlie, Virginia and the rest of us.

But the wedding's still on—no doubt long ere you read these. Unless, of course, Charlie never gets time off to wed the lovely Virginia. Oh, wirra, wirra!

**T**HEY all go Hollywood! One of the African natives brought over by Van Dyke for "Trader Horn" was caught in the act of wearing a beret.

**M**EXICO CITY was in a frenzy not long ago. The report flew through the town that Ramon Novarro had shot Harold Lloyd dead! Nobody knew how the weird yarn started. The story had it that Harold had insulted the Mexican flag while making a picture, and that Ramon, his nationality all aroused, had let him have it—bang! It took quite a time to squelch the silly story.

Oddly enough, both boys are great Mexico City pets—Ramon for obvious reasons and Lloyd because his comedies simply slay the Mexicanos. In fact, Harold is the only actor who rates a pet name. They call him "Delgadillo," which is Mexican slang for what corresponds to our "Skinny."

**W**E all remember how the lovely and stage-famous Ina Claire burned when Jack Gilbert got all the headlines at the time of their marriage. But the good stories are

just coming out. Walter Winchell relates it in the *New York Mirror*.

"How does it feel to be married to a star?" asked a Hollywood chatter writer, after the ceremony.

Ina froze her—and when Ina freezes 'em, friends, they stay friz for weeks.

"Why," asked Ina, "don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?"

**S**H!—but keep an eye on Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. They're going places together.

Mary hasn't looked so happy since Rudy Vallée took the grand crush to her while Hollywooding.

**I**T'S smart to have a baby. Remember the days when the birth of a child would be regarded as any movie star's most embarrassing moment? Poor baby would be locked up in a sound-proof nursery and swaddled in secrecy!

At last babies are fashionable. The stars may have them, take them out for an airing, pose them for photographers. The old notion that the fans would be shocked has been discredited.

The Norma Shearer fans were actually delighted by the appearance of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Nancy Carroll's little daughter hasn't diluted her popularity. The women haven't registered a single pang of jealousy over three matinee idols who recently suffered the acute agonies of a vigil in the maternity hospital. John Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, real pets of the matinee trade, have dared to become fathers.

Babies have become so fashionable in Hollywood that even the ingénues may have them, provided, of course, they take the precaution of marrying.

**B**USTER KEATON almost killed Lew Cody recently.

Lew has several very precious vases in his



Cream or lemon? And do have another smidgin of toast! Marion Davies revived the merry old custom of five o'clock tea on the set when she was making "The Bachelor Father" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release. From left to right, Director Bob Leonard, Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith and the fair hostess



# Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

home. He's crazy about them. They're museum pieces.

Unknown to Lew, Keaton had exact plaster-of-paris copies of the vases made and substituted them for the originals. That night, Buster called on Lew.

"Gee, Lew, that's a swell vase," he said, picking up one. Clumsily he dropped it. It cracked up.

Lew almost fainted.

Abashed, Buster stepped back and upset the other vase.

Lew screamed.

Then they told him the truth.

Just jolly Hollywood pranking.

**N**ANCY CARROLL celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday by rehearsing a long scene with Phillips Holmes for "Stolen Heaven." After the final take they let her go home and eat birthday cake with husband Jack Kirkland and four-year-old Patricia.

Nancy and Patricia created quite a stir on upper Broadway in New York one sunny Sunday afternoon this winter. A crowd of admirers who had recognized Nancy gathered about them as Patricia inspected toys in a shop window.

Everyone asked Nancy if the little figure in red was her daughter, and Nancy introduced them all to "little Robin Redbreast." Patricia's brown eyes danced and her head bobbed with excitement.

She doesn't look a bit like her famous mother, but she's evidently going to be a beauty in her own right.

A disgruntled newspaper reporter who wanted to publicize Patricia, in spite of her parents' efforts to shield her from the spotlight, once threatened to spread the word that Patricia was disfigured, or crippled, or imbecile, unless she was allowed to see and talk to the child and write a story about her. But one look at merry-eyed, sturdy little Patricia would set all doubts at rest.

**M**AY SLATTERY was an extra girl in the Paramount picture, "Laughter." On the set one day she ran smack into Nancy Carroll. Nancy gasped. "Why, you look like me," she said.

"I know it," was May's answer.

Now May is Nancy's stand-in for "Stolen Heaven." That means she takes the stars' place during those tricky sessions when lights and cameras are being shifted around for the best effects. She's about Nancy's height and figure. Her red hair catches the light in the same way. Her face and features are absurdly like Nancy's.

The job of "standing" might be tiring for Nancy, who has to do the acting, but May is having the time of her life. It means steady work until the picture is completed, and maybe lots more work after that.

**W**ILL ROGERS plays polo. He plays to win. He's one of the wildest players on any polo field.

So Fox officials are scared. They're sure that some day, right in the middle of a production, he'll get a broken something-or-other. So they ask him, regularly, please not to play polo during production.

It's not in the contract.

So Will plays polo.

An obliging chap!

**H**ERE'S another Scotch story and they're telling it on Chester Conklin.

Al Boasberg and his wife passed the funny man's house one evening. "There's a light on," said Mrs. B. "He must be at home."

"If there's a light on," said Al, "he's entertaining."

**O**NE of the finest manifestations of modesty Hollywood has seen—and it doesn't see many!—was Marjorie Rambeau's curtain



Divorced again! Robert Ames has just heard the judge pronounce him free from his third wife, Helen Muriel Oakes, who said they didn't get on. We hear Bob is now going about with a thrice-divorced charmer.



Extra! Ronald Colman buys a member of his supporting cast in "The Devil to Pay"! George, this wire-haired terrier, played a charming scene with Ronnie in his new picture, and nearly stole the sequence. Ronnie liked the pup, and decided he had better buy the rival and retire him from the screen.

appearance at the premiere of "Min and Bill." Marjorie is a trapeze of years' fame on the stage. And in "Min and Bill" she gave such a grand performance that she's likely to be starred as a result.

Yet in her curtain speech, she said only that "It was a wonderful break for me to be allowed to play in a picture with such great artists as Mr. Beery and Miss Dressler."

**R**ADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM, maker of Radio Pictures, has bought Pathe!

This means studio, stock, lock, barrel, good (PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78)





Her uncounted thousands of fans have risen as one mighty army and shouted "One Mickey Mouse, one Shakespeare, one Joe Doakes, one Garbo!" Frenzied by the thought that anyone dares, even by act of Providence, to resemble Greta Garbo, they are bombarding this editorial trench with heavy shells filled with short, sharp little words that bite and sting.

# Garbo

## vs.

# Dietrich

*By Leonard Hall*

**I**S that thunder, mother, that is shaking the plaster down into my bean soup?

No, my child, it is the guns!

The battle of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich—one of the most ferocious in the history of the screen—is now raging.

And nobody started it!

Heaven knows Garbo didn't. She's been toiling on the sets and retreating to her guarded castle in the Santa Monica hills. As far as we know, the gorgeous Dietrich, to her, is still an unconfirmed rumor.

Dietrich didn't. She's a jolly German girl, even more beautiful than sin, who was lured to this country, trained and groomed, and pushed before the camera. Paramount didn't fire the first gun—on the contrary, it fought for peace by demanding that their Miss Dietrich and Metro's Miss Garbo never be mentioned in the same ten breaths. Metro, of course, merely sat out in Culver City, smiling the smile of the Sphinx.

Yet the battle that no one started screams and thunders across this fair republic.

There is an old and toothless gag to the effect that it takes two sides to make a fight. This is strictly the old hooey, or, in the original Latin, the *phonus bolionus*.

**I**N the case of any argument, bickering or brannigan in which the name of Greta Garbo appears, only one side is sufficient to make a battle of major proportions. That, of course, is the side of the Garbo-maniacs, to whom the Beautiful Swede is only one hop, skip and jump from downright divinity—and sometimes not even that.

The history of the first skirmishes of the Garbo-Dietrich battle is brief and pointed.

Director Josef Von Sternberg "discovered,"—for the American screen—and brought to this country, a very beautiful German musical comedy and screen actress named Marlene Dietrich. The moment her first pictures appeared in the American press, there was a flurry. She bore a distinct resemblance, from some angles, to the current queen, Greta Garbo. She also resembled, in profile, the late Jeanne Eagles.

The Garbo-maniacs, raving mad in their idolatry, issued from their caves and began growling.

In due time Miss Dietrich's first American-made talkie appeared. "Morocco" was a labor of love and justification on the part of Director



The battle is on!  
 Into the dugouts!  
 A verbal barrage  
 thunders over the  
 charms and talents  
 of Paramount's rising  
 star and the goddess  
 of M-G-M's studio

Von Sternberg. With infinite pains he had trained, rehearsed and projected his German find.

No question about it—Miss Dietrich showed definite Garboesque symptoms, at least in the minds of the Garbo fans. The critics remarked on it. The low growls of the Garbo devotees became shrieks, then roars.

THE beautiful German girl, new to the mad-nesses of Hollywood, lonely for her husband and little daughter in the Fatherland, just trying to make good for God, for country, for Von Sternberg, and for Marlene, became the focal point of a vocal and epistolary storm that is wrecking bridge games, tea fights, family gatherings and erstwhile happy American homes all over the nation.

A couple of months ago PHOTOPLAY stepped into a hornets' nest.

We printed an informative story about Miss Dietrich. It was entitled "She Threatens Garbo's Throne." It described the Prussian Peacherino, and definitely hinted that a potential rival to the solitary Swede was now on deck—another beauty, bursting with a similar allure, possessing more than a dash of screen mystery, and with a talent both wide and deep.

Bang! Sumter was fired on! The Maine had been sunk! The fatal shot was heard again at Sarajevo! Sheridan was at least thirty miles away! And the author, Katherine Albert, ran for her private cyclone cellar.

The Garbo-maniacs, to whom any mention of an actress in the same wheeze is sheer blasphemy, seized their pens, and clattered their typewriters like so many machine guns.

HEAR some shots from the barrage that has fallen on this trembling editorial dugout in the past month:

From M. L. K., of Detroit, Mich.:

"The woman to compete with Greta Garbo will not be born! Garbo to us is not a woman—she is a goddess. There will be one Garbo. Down with the imitators! *Vive la Garbo!*"

From Miss J. D. W., of Chicago, Ill.:

"Garbo's subjects are legion. If she ever descends from the throne, that throne, like Valentino's, will remain vacant! Long live the queen, Miss Greta Garbo!"

"A Garbo-Maniac," situate in Meridian, Miss., takes her fiery pen in hand:

"This Marlene [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



And here's the unwitting, or innocent, cause of the great Garbo-Dietrich war now raging—the beautiful Marlene herself. Do you think she looks like Garbo—that she's trying to resemble Garbo the Great? True, she's blonde, beautiful, mysterious and alluring. But so are several others. We vote that Marlene Dietrich is Marlene Dietrich, and no copy of anyone!





★ *THE DEVIL TO PAY*—United Artists—Sam Goldwyn

RONNIE COLMAN breezes hilariously through a gigglesome story about the big moment in a delightful wastrel's love-life. It's all a tasty soufflé of lightheartedness, warmly spiced with sophistication, garnished with sparkling lines and situations, and served with the proposition that life simply isn't to be taken seriously!

It's Colman's picture throughout, and what that man does with his opportunities! Loretta Young is lovely, and Myrna Loy is caloric. And what a style show! The rest of the cast is excellent, but as much as anybody, Author Frederick Lonsdale and Director George Fitzmaurice rate congratulations. So does Fred Kerr as the grumpy dad.

One member of the cast doesn't get deserved screen credit—a wire-haired terrier that steals the early sequences.



★ *THE CRIMINAL CODE*—Columbia

JUST because you've seen a lot of prison pictures don't think you can afford to pass this one up. If you do, you'll miss some of the finest acting, directing and dialogue of this or any other movie season.

You perhaps already know the stirring Martin Flavin play. The plot is not the main attraction. It's the terrific "feel" of prison life that you get, the great surge of emotion behind it all—the strange code that exists both in and out of prison walls.

Walter Huston has never done a better job than as the district attorney and, later, the warden. Phillips Holmes is perfect as the boy. Constance Cummings, a new face, is nice as the girl. The whole thing is too intense, too vital for tears. But it's something you'll never forget.

## *The* Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### *A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY*—Paramount

IF there are still doubters as to the talkies, coax or drag them to see this brilliantly done picture. Use force, if necessary! As a stage play, "The Royal Family" was the joy of its season. But—and you'll believe this when you see it—it's far greater as a talking picture.

For the camera follows the mad *Cavendishes*, royal family of the theater. No longer is this comedy by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber confined to the three cramping walls of a stage. It talks—and how it moves!

"The Royal Family of Broadway" is not, as you might think, a costume piece, but a vivid, funny, sad story of the great *Cavendish* tribe of actors—three generations of a mighty family, with a historic past and a great future. Gossips have connected it with the Barrymore family, and the Barrymores and *Cavendishes* touch at many points.

They all try to leave the stage, poor dears—but they never do. Not even young love can keep the daughter of the tribe away from the footlights. And they die in their dressing rooms, being true troupers in the great tradition.

Ina Claire is simply magnificent as *Julie*, and Fredric March does the work of his life as the mad *Tony*, who went into pictures. Fine work, too, by Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian and Charles Starrett.

This picture has everything.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY

THE DEVIL'S BATTALION

THE DEVIL TO PAY

THE CRIMINAL CODE

THE BLUE ANGEL

THE GREAT MEADOW

CIMARRON

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ina Claire in "The Royal Family of Broadway"  
 Fredric March in "The Royal Family of Broadway"  
 Lester Vail in "The Devil's Battalion"  
 Loretta Young in "The Devil's Battalion"  
 Ronald Colman in "The Devil to Pay"  
 Walter Huston in "The Criminal Code"  
 Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code"  
 Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel"  
 Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel"  
 Eleanor Boardman in "The Great Meadow"  
 Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"  
 Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching for the Moon"  
 Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love"  
 George Bancroft in "Scandal Sheet"  
 Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father"  
 C. Aubrey Smith in "The Bachelor Father"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138*



★ *THE BLUE ANGEL*—UFA-Paramount

IT'S Emil Jannings first talkie in English. It is the picture that brought Marlene Dietrich to the fans of the world. It was directed by the able Josef Von Sternberg. And it's a knockout!

It's the simple story of a pompous German high school professor who falls in love with a beautiful, bad singer in a low cabaret, and sinks first to degradation, and then to death. Plenty of types and atmosphere, and one sweet tune.

Jannings plays all his old parts again—plays them magnificently, as only Jannings can. He doesn't talk much, and then very heavily. Dietrich is beautiful and fine, and looks only like Dietrich. A sombre story, badly recorded in Germany—but a picture that will fascinate you—by the sheer power and glory of its two leads.



★ *THE DEVIL'S BATTALION*—Radio Pictures

HERE'S a spectacular talking picture that's also a MOVING picture. That's what we've all been wanting, isn't it?

This is really "Beau Ideal," sequel to "Beau Geste," that grand old heart-twister of the bygone silent days. "Beau Ideal" is based on that same powerful theme of a great, self-sacrificing love between men. It tells about the same characters—using in some cases even the same actors who played in "Beau Geste." It is set in the same soul-blistering locale—the desert Africa of the Foreign Legion. But now it lives with voice, and is aglow with the great advance in technique that the screen has achieved.

Brenon is a director who knows mass-movement. He's given us battle scenes that are superior in their field to anything that's been done before. His desert scenes are marvels of photography and direction. The man knows PICTURE, and how to tell a story with it.

A bit the less great in that he forces his characters to talk in the stilted style that went out years ago, it's still a great picture.

Lester Vail débuts as a screen hero and does it splendidly. Loretta Young does a truly magnificent piece of work in the short rôle she has. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matiesen stand out.



★ *THE GREAT MEADOW*—M-G-M

THIS is an epic. But don't be alarmed. It is an intimate epic and you're more interested in learning what will happen to the people in the story (the book was a best seller) than to the tiny caravan that treks from "Virginia" to the wilderness of "Kentuck." So you have both the sweep of a great spectacle on wide film and the beauty of an exciting yarn.

Never before has Eleanor Boardman been so lovely. Never before has she given such a performance, making that pioneer woman possess youth and delicacy. So Eleanor has first place but the rest of that long and famous cast are perfect. There are Johnnie Mack Brown, Lucille La Verne, Gavin Gordon, Billy Bakewell and others. You'll be thrilled by the beauty, charm and grandeur of this one.



# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★  
**CIMARRON—**  
Radio Pictures



**T**HE talkie version of Edna Ferber's thrilling novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma is by far the finest thing Radio Pictures and Richard Dix have ever done. The picture carries all the sweep and power of Ferber's best seller. Not only is the land rush sequence one of the most exciting ever shot, but Dix's portrayal of *Yancey Cravat* gives him new screen rating as one of our finest actors. One of the year's best pictures.

**INSPIRATION**  
—M-G-M



**G**ARBO was never lovelier nor more youthful than she is in this very modern version of the old, old story, "Sappho," with Greta as the French siren against a Paris background. As you know, the fable of an indiscreet girl who pays too dearly. Robert Montgomery seems miscast opposite. Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau and Beryl Mercer lend good support, and Clarence Brown's direction is neat, as always.

**REACHING  
FOR THE  
MOON—**  
United Artists



**I**F anybody but Doug Fairbanks played in this, you might not like it. But Doug, with the vitality of a kid, leaps merrily through a dizzy hodge-podge of gags good and bad, old and new. He plays a mad, bounding Babbitt who makes and loses fortunes between reels. Bebe Daniels, gone beautiful and blonde, is opposite, and Edward Everett Horton and Claude Allister hand laughs. Written by Irving Berlin, but no songs.

**THE ROYAL  
BED—**  
Radio Pictures



**L**OWELL SHERMAN again directs himself in a yarn about the intimate moments of romantic royalty that makes you leave the theater in a glow. The plot's smart, the dialogue charming and the acting simply grand. Lowell's the shy king. Mary Astor makes a gorgeous princess, and Nance O'Neil is every inch a publicity-seeking queen. Made from "The Queen's Husband," by Robert E. Sherwood. Fine talkie.

**RANGO—**  
Paramount



**I**NTO the jungles of Sumatra a genius named Ernest Schoed-Isack took a camera and great patience. He brought back as engrossing a movie as has ever been made. It tells a simple story of tragedy and retribution in the lives of jungle beasts. In sequences, you'll howl with laughter. But we'll warrant that you'll also sob with sorrow. "Rango" is utterly, magnificently different from everything else.

**THE RIGHT  
TO LOVE—**  
Paramount



**S**EE this lovely thing, by all means, but don't go to have fun. It is a gem of a picture. Poignant, beautiful, sincere. Chat-terton—oh, what is there to say about Ruth when she is all an actress should be as the mother who knew love (for so brief a time) and wanted her daughter to know it, too! Ruth plays both parts with a realism that makes the characterizations vivid. Superb direction.



# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER—Fox**



**SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount**



**T**HERE was a lonely little princess in the Balkans. That's Maureen O'Sullivan. And there was a son of an American millionaire disguised as a plumbing inspector. That's Charles Farrell. Blooie—Romance! A nice little Cinderella yarn that patters along pleasantly and harmlessly. The two leads are nice, and they are ably aided by Bert Roach, Lucien Prival and H. B. Warner. Maureen does very well.

**S**UPERLATIVELY fine newspaper story, wherein George Bancroft, as the managing editor who remains true to the traditions of the trade though it costs him everything, is superb. Tremendous suspense, nerve-tingling drama and noteworthy faithfulness to the truth of newspapering. And not ONE drunken reporter! Kay Francis and Clive Brook do fine work. Splendid dialogue and exemplary direction.

**THE BACHELOR FATHER—M-G-M**



**ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount**



**A**SPRIGHTLY, amusing, sophisticated comedy with Marion Davies in excellent form as the grand comedienne she is. If you saw the play you'll be disappointed in some of the changes. But whether you did or didn't you'll get a million laughs. C. Aubrey Smith, who created the rôle, is absolutely priceless as the bachelor father. Ralph Forbes is the leading man. You'll be sorry if you don't see it.

**T**HANKS to Leon Errol, of the rubber legs, this is an exceptionally funny and pleasant little romantic comedy. Aided by Stewart Erwin, Errol captures the picture and makes it a real laughing matter. Leon plays a comical crook. The rest is pretty much romance, with Richard Arlen and Mary Brian as the love interest. Both do nice work, but the picture is in the pocket of old Dr. Errol.

**HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures**



**EX-MISTRESS—Warners**



**I**DIOTS Wheeler and Woolsey perform their fooleries in a moribund hotel, which they try to resuscitate in behalf of Love-Interest Dorothy Lee. Concentrated machine gun fire of rival gangs adds to the piquancy of the proceedings. Gargantuan Jobyna Howland and Absurd Oaf Hugh Herbert give the two W's a hard run for comedy honors. If you don't laugh hugely at this, you're diaphragm-bound!

**A**ND here are Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—er, beg pardon! It's the Ben Lyoneses!—playing the romantic leads in one of these ultra-modern love things. Fairly faithful to the book, too. Bebe and Ben are satisfactorily amatory where and when required, and Lewis Stone plays with customary perfection. It's really a delightfully entertaining picture, and there are some swell clothes. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 118]





"Merton" himself. Richard Cromwell, just twenty, who was pushed into the spotlight when he appeared in the talkie, "Tol'able David"

By  
Paul  
Jarvis

## A Real "Merton of the Movies"

HE always knew it was to happen. He isn't surprised. But is he thrilled! Blushes mount to his pink cheeks. Tears flood his blue eyes. He is bewildered with the wonder of it. He is a really, truly, honest-to-goodness movie star!

Thus has the incredibly naive "Merton of the Movies" actually come to life in the ornamental person of Richard Cromwell, Columbia's overnight star of "Tol'able David."

Surely you remember the fictional *Merton*, who prayed God to make him a good movie actor, and then never quite understood how it happened.

That's Richard. He didn't actually ask God. But he had the feeling that some Monumental Casting Agent, call it "Destiny," was pulling for him all the time. And he never lost faith that it would all come out some day as he had dreamed.

Richard is twenty. That makes him older than Davey Lee. But his artlessness makes little Davey seem as blasé as Lowell Sherman. There's nothing blasé about Richard. Movie stardom is too terribly new and too thrilling. He's quite sure it was Fate. How could any cynic call it accident when these are the facts!

Columbia was simply desperate for a boy to play "Tol'able David." Every juvenile in Hollywood had been tested. All had failed to meet director John Blystone's strict requirements of boyishness, idealism, sensitiveness, freshness. Young Roy Radabaugh, who had been making lamp shades, running a gift shoppe, painting arty bathrooms, knew that Fate intended him to play "Tol'able David" and applied for the rôle. The casting director's office was filled with youths who had the same ambition. When the casting director looked them over and sent them away, Roy Radabaugh hid on a dark stage and cried. A kindly office girl found him there. He became Richard Cromwell, the "find" who was to play *David*.

RICHARD continued to cry through the filming of the picture. He cried when he thought he'd done something clumsy. He cried when the studio people were kind to him. He cried during the big emotional scene of "Tol'able David." And lo, and behold, he was a great "emotional actor."

Columbia itself didn't know how great until three months later,

when the critics saw the crying scene. The critics raved, and suddenly the wheels of Publicity began to move toward the conversion of the bewildered Richard into a national movie idol.

The picture was to open in New York. Columbia decided that it might be a good stunt to bring the youngster here to see it. He was on the train when the sudden decision was made to introduce him in a series of personal appearances.

Hasty wires. Richard had no suitable clothes. Kansas City haberdashers met the train with new suits, a Tuxedo, a hat. Photographers met the train in New York. An *entourage* of chaperons and press agents suddenly appeared. A swanky suite in a flashy new hotel was engaged. A radio speech on the wonders of New York was written. (Richard almost cried from fright when he delivered it.)

HE was lugged to see the last acts of shows, the first half of hockey matches. He was driven down Broadway in a gaudy roadster. He was taken to meet the Mayor, to lunch at business men's clubs. The press was invited to hear him say that he thought New York was wonderful.

His naiveté was enthusiastically acclaimed as "so refreshing." His artlessness was "quaint." His bewilderment was "simply cunning." Before he could get spots on his new Tuxedo and tired rings under his eyes, he was dispatched to Washington for further exhibits—an overnight movie star!

What's to be done with him now is Columbia's business. Richard lives at home with his mother, two little sisters and a brother. He has a contract which assures escape from the art shoppe. He is a Garbo fan and hopes that Fate will come through again and cast him opposite his idol.

He has the play picked out. "Fata Morgana," a drama about a country boy's seduction by his city cousin! Richard's choice of the play may seem to belie his artlessness. But really it clinches it. Imagine anybody snatching a cherub from the clouds! And that's what it would be to subject such a sensitive, naïve, astonished new movie star to the rude shock of adult emotions.

Richard has had his trip to Heaven. How long he remains there is up to the Destiny in which he has such a profound and touching belief.





# The Tomboy of the Talkies

There's a Winnie Lightner who socks over the hotsy-totsy songs—and then there's a Winnie you'll read about here!

*By Rosalind Shepard*

**S**HE'S the tomboy of the talkies! The red-headed whirlwind, and the gay baby who makes old men act childish! Wild Winnie—she always wows 'em. Just the same in real life as in reel life. . . .

Says her press agent. And it's quite true—with reservations. She's more than that, this Winnie Lightner the song-plugger, the wise-cracker. She's something that heretofore Greta Garbo, Jetta Goudal, and maybe Clara Bow have had the first claim to. She's another Least Understood Woman in Hollywood!

When the average publicity writer can find the slightest excuse for calling his client a "dual personality," he's perfectly happy. I don't know just why nobody has stumbled upon the none-too-obvious fact that Winnie Lightner was practically made to fit the description, unless it might be for the perfectly true reason that Winnie doesn't want it known. For that's one of the most endearing things about her—the hiding of her real self, not from secretiveness nor snobbishness, but from sheer dislike of hurting people.

Painted with a broad brush and the gaudiest of colors, the picture that is Winnie Lightner on the screen tallies identically with that which she gives to her friends. No fine shadings, no subtleties of humor creep into this broadly depicted character while the world is looking on. True to her reputation—and her reputation is well founded—Winnie is outwardly always the same.

**W**ITNESS her arrival at the studio in the morning. A flash of green *coupé*, a loudly honked horn, and the Winnie is here! Her voice, as in the talkies, is loud. She shouts. She smiles. She slaps you on the back. If she complains, she does that loudly, too, for whining is not one of her sins. To Winnie Lightner, her director, her co-workers, the vast crowd of extras, are her public, just as much as that vague audience in a darkened theater. And she loves them—makes herself an adaptable person for their comfort.

Her day's work over, the last wise-crack recorded, Winnie jumps into her car, skids around a corner on two wheels, and disappears. Then only it is that some mysterious change takes place, so that if you could see her you would immediately recognize that there is a "different" Winnie.

The tomboy of the talkies is no more. In her place sits a sad-eyed woman, twenty-nine years old and

looking it. She drives slowly, making little effort to shake off the depression that always settles upon her when she

is first alone. For she has memories.

On the face of things, it would seem that this successful comedienne had everything her heart could desire. But on looking back, one checks up and realizes that Winnie may be right when she declares she has missed the two things that should be every woman's lot—happiness and protection. Her mother died when she was born.

Girlhood, for Winnie, was full of poverty, grief, memories of rough places on life's path. There followed the grueling life of the vaudeville circuit. Love, and the hope of permanent happiness, that somehow never quite materialized. Three broken marriages. A baby boy, who must be left to nurses while his mama plugs songs.

There's a wistful Winnie, doomed by her type and talents to be a comedienne, when her heart of hearts longs for the admiration, love and shelter given her more feminine sister. Hating crowds who stare and point, she shuns the formal first nights, sneaking into the theater the next night after the

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Above is the Winking Winnie Lightner who sings the hot numbers. But down here in the corner is the other Winnie—the home-loving girl who likes her hearth and her big dog, Bim





You'll see a new, richer, more mature Eleanor Boardman playing a memorable rôle with John Mack Brown in "The Great Meadow"

# Where has This Artist Been Hiding?

*By Katherine Albert*

THE wide film spread itself across the screen like a giant pennant flung in the breeze. A hush fell over the theater—the sort of hush that always comes just before the projection of a preview.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents 'The Great Meadow.'" That's the message you read. There was applause as usual. There always is for a preview. The credit list faded and the characters arrived.

The scene showed the interior of a home in Virginia in 1777. The father spoke first and while he was speaking you caught a glimpse of the daughter, sitting at a spinning wheel. She looked at him with clear, straight eyes and then she spoke in a rich, full, lovely voice and every one in that audience sat forward on his chair, that he might not miss any of the beauty of Eleanor Boardman.

One woman murmured, "If that's what motherhood does for you, I'm going to have a couple of children."

It isn't as if Eleanor were not beautiful before. She has always been. But suddenly she seemed to come alive, and all during the unfolding of that picture you followed the magnificent performance of that clear eyed, clear minded pioneer woman avidly. It is an intelligent performance, not a flashing, brilliant, sparkling portrayal, but rather one that slowly, surely, definitely impresses itself upon your consciousness.

I've always had the feeling that Eleanor never gave everything she had to the screen. Perhaps this was because I'd known her too long, known too well the richness of the woman herself. I remember only that I invariably came away from her pictures a little disappointed. The camera seemed unable to make anything except ripples upon the deep well of her character. I'd known her, you see, for what she is—a sort of valkyrie of a woman with a resplendent soul.

SHE has the most honest eyes I've ever known. You couldn't tell a lie to Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor has, I'm sure, never told a lie. It's a habit that has gotten her into no end of trouble.

I remember once asking her for her views on marriage. She gave them to me without quibbling. "But you can't say that in print," I insisted. "Those things are too advanced, too radical. The public wouldn't stand that from you."

"Then don't say anything," Eleanor flared. "I won't have you printing something that I don't believe. If the public doesn't care to know me as I am, then don't let them know me at all."

When she was under contract to M-G-M, every interview published meant that Eleanor was taken to task by the executives. For if you ask her a question she believes it her duty to answer you honestly. Else why would you have asked the question? You may only say, "How do you like my new hat?" Eleanor will look the hat over carefully, give it her undivided attention and tell you frankly what she really thinks. You may not want to hear it. But there it is.

She is really one of the most basic people I've ever known. And I've always felt it strange that such a gentle, pastel, patrician face—all fair skin, blonde hair and blue eyes—should house such an elemental spirit. Eleanor makes no compromise with life. She is as she is. Take her or leave her.

Eleanor goes deep. The roots of her are firmly implanted and, although I know nothing of her ancestors, I've always had the feeling that many bloods must have mingled to produce her. She seems to have taken the fundamental qualities of many peoples.

I saw her once just after their new home [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]





**A**FTER years of screen endeavor—after marriage, motherhood and retirement, this girl has found herself as an actress! In "The Great Meadow," from which this is a scene, you'll see a new and vivid Eleanor Boardman, with a new richness in her work and a new beauty glowing about her. And now Eleanor, in addition to being Mrs. King Vidor, wants to go right on acting!



# *Two Smartly Dressed Girls* **Kay and Anita**



Whether for sports, afternoon or evening wear, we can always look to Hollywood for individual and authentic designs. The skirt of Kay Johnson's tweed suit is made with wide pleats, left unpressed. A novel and graceful effect



Kay's all dressed up for a cozy afternoon tea with a few intimates. When she slips off the gold-embroidered, maroon velvet jacket, it reveals a wide trousered one-piece garment of char- treuse satin, designed for comfortable lounging





Smart girl, this Anita Page! She knows how a trig, knitted suit brings out every lovely curve. Deep purple is the color of suit and swagger beret. The tucked design, besides being decorative, molds the hips snugly and tapers the cuffs to a flattering line at the wrist



From the tip-tilted, saucy brim of her dark green hat to the matching green of her suede slippers, there's not a false note in the costume Anita wears. The stunning frock is of dark green crepe, patterned with gold nail heads





SHE was a pretty musical comedy prima donna, singing the conventional "I Love You" songs, and praying the show would be a hit. It seldom was, somehow. Then she went to Hollywood, and under the magic wand of Old Master Lubitsch became one of the best comediennes in pictures. Read Jeanette MacDonald's story across the way



# The Prima Donna and “the Old Man”

How a great director made a fine comedienne  
of a golden girl from musical comedy

**T**HIS is the story of how The Old Man made a Red-Headed Prima Donna into one of the best comediennes on the American screen.

For human interest, the yarn has few equals—even in the dizzy, fizzing Hollywood of the talkie era.

Of course, The Old Man isn't really old. As a matter of fact, he's just nudging forty—gently. But Hollywood, where he has scattered his cinematic genius for nearly a decade, is apt to call anyone old who has left the Torrid Twenties for the Thirsty Thirties. And, too, the Prima Donna's hair is as gold as it is red. But we'll let the overture stand.

Jeanette MacDonald—for that indeed, reader, is our heroine's name!—had brought to Broadway youth, beauty and a pleasant soprano voice. All these commodities are common on Cuckoo Canyon. As fast as they are expended, fresh trainloads arrive from Dodge City and Wapakoneta, and the show goes on.

Moreover, Jeanette's story was quite the usual one. She had been the cutest, prettiest tot on the block. She had sung “Come, little leaves,” said the Wind, one day,” for the neighbors when she was three or four. She took singing lessons, and maybe “elocution.” I suspect that she even sang in a choir. This could lead only to one thing. She packed her youth, loveliness and other hat in her first valise and set out to conquer the theater with her face, figure and voice.

**A**FTER the usual ups, downs and dead levels, she became a Broadway prima donna. That is to say, she was hired to sing duets with the leading tenor in various musical comedies—songs about “I loved you in Junetime—now it is croon-time,” and so on. She made musical comedy love—losing the boy friend at the end of the first act, and getting him back at the close of the second.

These things are as solidly patterned as so many sewing machines. Jeanette was competent, but she got nowhere in particular, save from road to New York and back again.

I myself sat under her soothing ministrations several times. There were “Yes, Yes, Yvette,” and “Sunny Days,” to name two. But her shows had a

habit of dying under her. Whenever a prima donna “friend” tumbled into a success, she took pains to meet Jeanette and purr, “My dear, I do wish you could get a hit!” Good old kitty-kitty Broadway!

**A**ND Jeanette smiled prettily. This could have gone on forever, or until Jeanette's youth and beauty were gone. Then a new shipment would have arrived from Tulsa, and the girl with the red-gold hair would be hopelessly climbing the managers' stairs—and steep they are.

At this moment Fate, Kismet, Providence, Luck, Monkey-Business—you name it!—stepped into the life and times of our heroine.

Electrical engineers, fooling around with their mysterious gadgets, had rigged up the talkies. The great gold rush from Broadway to Hollywood was on!

*La Belle* MacDonald, as did a couple of hundred other singing girls, had a test made. It was then stuck up on a shelf behind a jar of pickled peaches, and the show went on.

And so enters our hero, The Old Man—a short, stocky, Germanic gentleman with a shrewd eye, a shrewder head and a large brown cigar. In short, Ernst Lubitsch—director extraordinary, tamer of Pola Negri, a very giant among the Lilliputians and Singer Midgets of Hollywood.

**T**HE Old Meister was in a quandary, and have you ever been in a good, deep, muddy quandary? It's no fun—I'd almost rather be on the horns of a dilemma, and I do hate a dilemma horn.

Herr Lubitsch was looking for a leading woman for this French meteor, *Chevalier*. The picture was to be a gay, frothy, phony-kingdom business, “The Love Parade.” He'd tried girl after girl, and it was no dice.

At last, eye-weary, he hurled himself into the offices of Paramount.

“Show me some old tests,” he groaned, “and then I'll mein head blow off!”

Jeanette MacDonald's test was taken from the shelf, dusted, and shown to The Old Man. That's how it began.

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By Leonard Hall



The Prima Donna and “The Old Man” play a tune. Jeanette MacDonald and Ernst Lubitsch between scenes of “The Love Parade”



# Hollywood's *Hundred*

By

Harry Lang



In a story about Howard Hughes, Billie Dove must appear. They go about gaily together, there is talk of a marriage when Billie's divorce from Irvin Willat becomes final — and they say nothing!

ONCE upon a time, all you had to do to get a laugh in Hollywood was to say:

"Howard Hughes."

Immediately, your hearers would picture the awkward, gangling lad from Texas, barely old enough to vote, who came to Hollywood to make movies with his late papa's hundred million dollars.

They'd think, in those days, of how he was making "Hell's Angels"—putting three years and four of the hundred million into it. And, with just the slightest bit of sympathy for the kid who was being so royally plucked, they roared in glee. Hollywood thought it was all too funny!

But those days are gone forever. Young Howard Hughes has stopped being Hollywood's favorite joke.

For one thing, "Hell's Angels" is paying him back his four million and more to boot, and young Hughes is sitting back thumbing his nose at the *wisenheimers* who said anyone that spent that much on a picture was goofy.

For another thing, Howard Hughes has bought "Queer People," that best-seller that so mercilessly lampoons many of Hollywood's foremost figures, and may make a moving picture of it! Hollywood can't see any fun in that. It's too scared!

And for still another thing, young Hughes has been doing, is doing, and plans to do things inside the industry with his hundred million dollars. And even Hollywood can't laugh at what a hundred million dollars can do!

IN short, instead of having Hollywood all a-titter, Hughes has it all a-jitter! All worked up over what he's going to do on the heels of "Hell's Angels" and what he's going to buy next with his hundred millions, and what he's going to do with and about Billie Dove. . . .

It burns Hollywood to a crisp that Hughes and Billie Dove, in the face of the utmost that Hollywood tongues can do, go serenely and happily about everywhere together without bothering to make the slightest reply to questions. They simply won't tell what their plans are. It's nobody's business.

Ask Billie Dove, and she answers nothing.

Ask young Hughes, and if he answers at all, it's to tell you to go to.

They seem to think it's all their own business! And those who wonder whether Hughes is ever really going to marry the girl will simply have to wait until this coming mid-year, when Miss Dove's divorce from Irving Willat, the director, becomes final.

In the meantime, they're seen everywhere together. Their romance has been reported in every film publication extant.

There are, naturally, reports that they plan to be married the very day the Dove decree is finalized. But you've got to go on guessing. To everything, they both remain silent.





# Million Dollar Kid

The joke seems to be on those who thought Howard Hughes had only movie ambition and much money

"What are your plans about Miss Dove?" I asked him point-blank the other day.

"If I'd known you were going to ask about that," he snapped, "I'd never have seen you!"

So we talked about "Hell's Angels" and the money he spent on it, and the men who died during its making, and about "Queer People" and what he's going to do with it.

"Do you think 'Hell's Angels' was worth four million dollars?" was one direct question.

He thought for many long moments, and coughed a bit once or twice.

"I dunno," he said.

"But I'd like to see anybody else go out and do it for less," he added, after a little more thought. He's a very diffident youngster, this 26-year-old multi-millionaire. Interviews embarrass him furiously.

"All this question of what constitutes entertainment value," he went on, "is so indefinite. Nobody knows. You might make a good picture for a hell of a lot less than four million—but you can't duplicate those shots in 'Hell's Angels' for less!"

HE began to lose his bashfulness in enthusiasm. "Hell's Angels" is his own child—he fathered it. He thought of the idea, the story, the details. He directed it all himself.

"I don't give a hoot," he went on, "what you say about it. You can call it a good picture or a bad picture. But you can't say it isn't the most spectacular and sensational air stuff ever filmed. We've got scenes that nobody else will ever duplicate.

Hughes, getting all the time more enthusiastic, told details of



Hollywood's richest boy, who spent \$4,000,000 on "Hell's Angels" and is getting it back, and who may film the best seller, "Queer People," just pour le sport—Howard Hughes



its making. At first, he revealed, it was planned to cost no more than \$600,000, and to use about a dozen planes.

"But we took a score of planes to Oakland to do some practicing, and we stuck around, and it began to run into dollars, so I said: 'Well, we gotta get some shot to make good all this money!' So I got a lot more planes and we got that shot of fifty planes in the dog fight. You know, we had three mid-air collisions—"

"Yes," a question was shot in, "and what about the four men that were killed?"

Hughes looked mad. Hughes was mad.

"I think it's an outrage that anybody says four men were killed in 'Hell's Angels'!" he snapped. "Matter of fact, only one man was killed."

That, he said was Phil Jones, the mechanic, who died when the huge bomber used in the picture cracked, after its pilot, "Daredevil Al" Wilson, had leaped from the diving machine with his parachute. Jones, apparently unaware that Wilson had bailed out, stayed to work smoke-pots, and died when the plane hit.

There was a great deal of fuss afterward. The original plan had been to "spin" the plane, and then out of camera-range bring it out safe for a landing. But Wilson, afterward, said the plane couldn't be spun, and that when he tried it, it went into a dive that couldn't be stopped. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

Howard Hughes and his chief cameraman on "Hell's Angels," Harry Perry, mapping out battle plans for the great aerial "dog fight" in the picture. Every move of fighting planes and camera ships was plotted carefully on a blackboard



# Doug's New Picture—



Doug Fairbanks' idea of a busy executive with a few telephones. We suppose the idea is that there's bound to be an unbusy number on at least one of them. Douglas, with Jack Mulhall and Helen Jerome Eddy, in a scene from "Reaching for the Moon," written by Irving Berlin. It's the first film in years Doug hasn't made on his own



Just to let you know that the flitting years have had no ill effects on Doug's magnificent physical equipment. A scene from "Reaching for the Moon" in which Edward Everett Horton also figures



Behold Hollywood's newest blonde! Bebe Daniels, Doug's leading woman in "Reaching for the Moon," will startle us with light hair, after all these years



# Mary Makes One, Too!



This tousle-headed hoyden is Our Mary—gone completely Gay in her new picture, "Kiki." Doesn't look a day over eighteen, does the minx?



Mary Pickford, in tail coat and walking cane, doing an act for the camera in her new picture, "Kiki," directed by Sam Taylor. Mary is supported by Reginald Denny, Margaret Livingston, and Joseph Cawthorn. This version of the story shifts the locale from Paris to New York

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of Mary Pickford's great screen talent. This wistful mite in the over-sized pajamas, looking hopefully up at Reginald Denny, is the same grand little woman who has been delighting and captivating picture fans for twenty years. It's a scene from "Kiki," which Mary is making for United Artists and not as her own production



# What Is This

By Ruth Waterbury



For years Mary Pickford ruled the hearts and box-offices of the photoplay world. As long as her pictures made fortunes, she was queen. But "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were financial duds. The stories weren't box-office!

ONE star in Hollywood can do exactly as she pleases. She can work when she wants to, have any story her lonely heart desires, pick her own directors, leading men, and the very carpenters who pound the sets of her pictures. She can be a recluse and refuse invitations to visit Pickfair. She can snub Will Hays. In other words, she can get away with anything.

She is, of course, the one and only Garbo.

Does she get away with it because she is Garbo? No—and right here is an important lesson for other stars and starlets. She gets away with it because she is Box-Office, one of the biggest box-office sensations that ever hit the photoplay world.

The moment Garbo becomes less potent at the box-office, she will have to be much sweeter, much more agreeable, or go on the ash-heap. And when she ceases to be box-office altogether, even though she is still Garbo, even though she is just lovely to everybody and sings ring-around-the-rosy at the studio pep meetings, she will go on the ash-heap regardless.

Across her path falls the shadow of a rising star—a German girl named Marlene Dietrich. Great beauty, highly magnetized personality, much talent. If Garbo places a correct valuation on that great ogre, Box-Office, she must tread softly, work hard. Thrones are unstable in Hollywood, where they are built on the shifting sands of public favor.

For it isn't personality or beauty or brains that rule Hollywood. It is box-office pulling power—that, and no more. The star who gets the gate at the theaters will never get the gate at the studio. But the star or director or song writer or scenarist who doesn't, will. Box-office is the one thing in Hollywood everybody talks, thinks and works for. Yet nobody knows positively what it is or what it takes. The man who could be sure even eighty per cent of the time could be a billionaire in less time than it takes to write the zeros.

I hadn't any realization of what I was up against when I started out to get this yarn. I thought it was just a matter of asking questions of the right people. It ended with them asking more questions than they answered.

NOW, in any other business people know where they stand. Meat packers can estimate down to a cow how many beef-steaks we'll eat in the next year. The cosmetic boys know just how many pounds of powder the cheeks of the nation's fairest will absorb. But the poor movie producer!

He has certain theaters he is contracted to keep supplied with features. He has expensive staffs and elaborate overhead. Into the most ordinary movie he must invest a quarter of a million dollars before he gets a cent in return. To insure any of that investment he must hire the best stars, directors, writers and salesmen his money will buy.

A picture goes into work. The daily rushes look grand. The picture is assembled and goes out to the theater—and flops. Why? Nobody knows.

It just wasn't box-office. It just wasn't what the public wanted.





# “BOX-OFFICE”?

Everybody in Hollywood talks about it—  
Nobody understands it—But it  
absolutely rules the screen world!

Take Mary Duncan, a beautiful girl and a fine actress. Before she went West for Fox, she had an amazing career on the Broadway stage. Fox started her out under the direction of Murnau in “Four Devils.” The whole studio went mad over her work in that film. When the twenty-four sheets were printed, Mary was featured over Janet Gaynor.

The fans saw Miss Duncan and didn’t want her. By the tens of thousands they didn’t want her. Fox took her name down from the lights and put Janet’s up, cut down Mary’s scenes and padded Janet’s. The box-office statements improved immediately.

Came “The River” and “City Girl,” two more Duncan pictures. Lovely Mary enchanted interviewers, knocked studio officials for a loop. “The River” and “City Girl” had Charlie Farrell as leading man, but even Charlie didn’t help. Forced runs in big cities didn’t help. “City Girl” lost more than half a million. Everybody at Fox’s still liked Mary. They still think she’s a personality and an actress. But she’s not “box-office”—yet. She’s started a new Hollywood career with other companies.

A year ago Jack Gilbert was just about as powerful as Garbo. But Garbo clicked in talkies and Gilbert



One girl who can do almost anything she wants and get away with it—Greta Garbo. If she cries for the moon, Metro does its best to get it. Why? Because her name before a theater means a flood of gold. Here she is with Robert Montgomery in “Inspiration”

didn’t. Jack’s last pictures have been duds. He’s getting other chances, because he is a fine actor and a marvelous personality, and because he has an iron-bound million dollar contract with M-G-M. But there’s no use pretending the producers regard him through rose-colored glasses these days. In some places over the country—even in Hollywood!—Wally Beery was billed over him in “Way For a Sailor”! What a blow to a star!

The same is true of Mary Pickford. I doubt that there is an unhappier girl in Hollywood than Mary. She has her fortune,

she has her lovely home. She has had fame and adulation for years. But the cold breath of failure blows much too close to her now, because of stories that haven’t pleased her fans. Mary is, as always, a great little trouper.

“Coquette” made almost  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140 ]

What happens when a great star slips from high box-office estate. Wallace Beery heavily billed over John Gilbert on a Hollywood billboard. You see, big Wally means plenty box-office sugar these days

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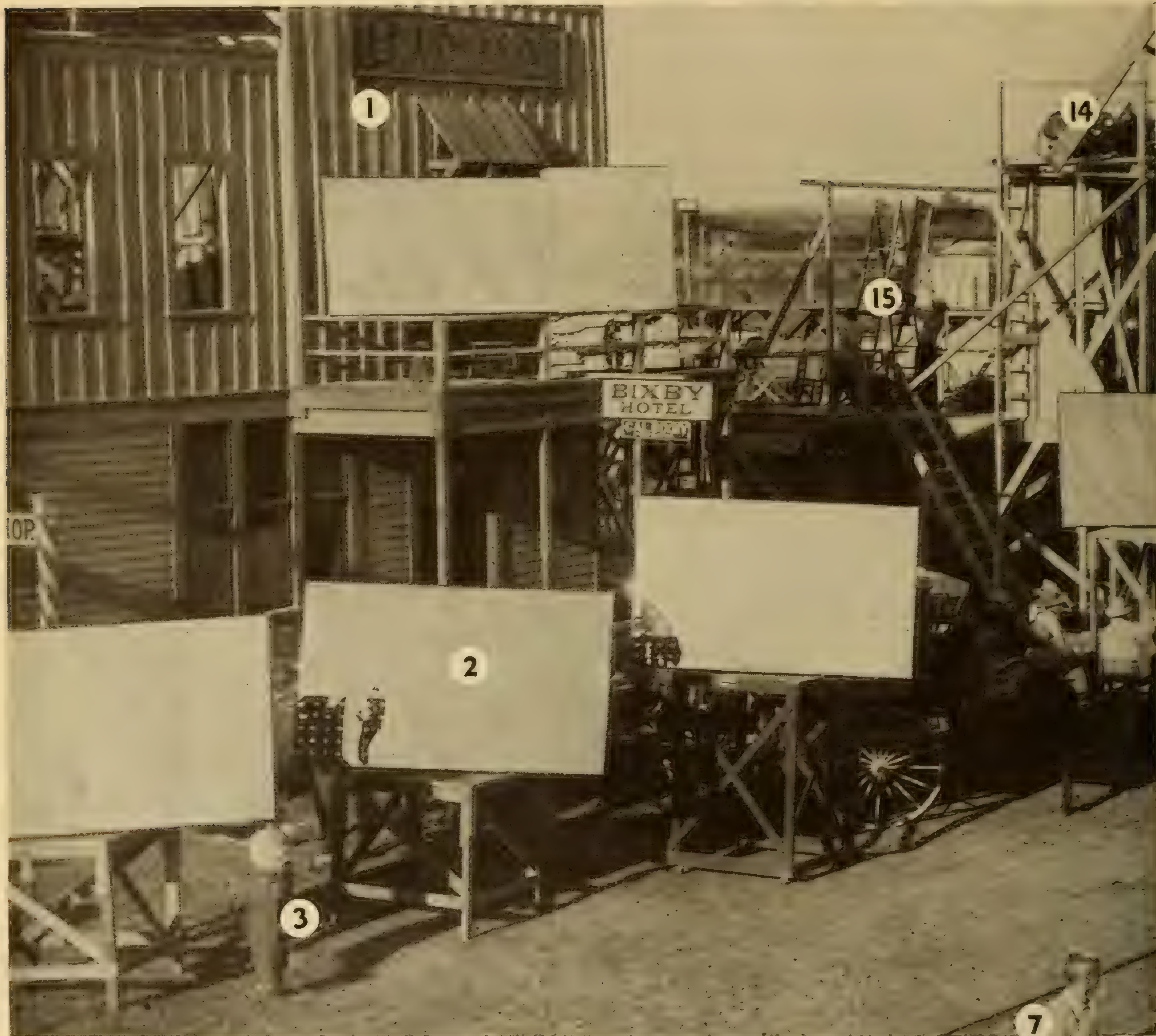
**BEERY**

**ILBERT**

**A SAILOR"**



# Meet *the* Folks Who Make



A GREAT location shot of an Oklahoma street for "Cimarron," with every detail of a picture company shooting shown clearly. This picture was taken on the Radio Pictures ranch, where the outdoor shots for the Edna Ferber story were made. A key to the myriad details of this fascinating picture:

1.—The set itself—perfectly constructed buildings, if you view them from the exterior. But get inside, and you see it's just a false front. In this picture, this is the Bixby Hotel in Osage, Okla., but actually, it's a couple o' hundred dollars' worth of lumber, 15 miles from Hollywood.

2.—Reflectors. Brilliantly polished sheets of tin, so placed as to bathe the actors in a reflected glory, and make the cameraman's work a little easier.

3.—The humble "grip." Movie sets are just infested with grips. But they're necessary. They're the boys of all trades who run around with hammers, scowls, and yeses for the director. They do everything nobody else can do according to union rules.

4.—Here is Richard Dix, living herein the part of *Yancey Cravat* as he appears between shots. Being the star, he stalks in solitary splendor about the set, observing and being observed until somebody tells him to do some acting.

5.—This is a script girl. A script girl is the young lady who does a lot of mysterious things with notebooks, shorthand, manuscript and such, making a record of everything that's shot, and how, so that scenes which follow one another on the screen, but may be shot many days apart, are not inconsistent in detail.

6.—This half-naked young man is one of the electrical crew. On the hot days they shot "Cimarron" on location, most of the electrical crew, who handled the hot lights, stripped to the waist.

7.—Extras. They're more ubiquitous than grips! Extras are the people who get \$7.50 a day to play anything from gutter-bums to millionaires. Here they're pioneers of the far West. You can pick 'em out, dressed as everything from Methodist Sunday School teachers in hoop skirts and bustles, to teamsters and Indians.

8.—The gentleman with the white pants, gray sweater and beret is Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron." In this particular picture, he is partly obscured by an extra, which goes to show that a camera is no respecter of dollar signs.

9.—By their megaphones you may know them. Assistant directors. When they're not doing anything else, which is most of the time, they're





# a Talkie "On Location"



running around with megaphones, through which, every now and then, they exclaim, "Yes, Mister Ruggles."

10.—This is a "bea, microphone." Developed by Radio Pictures, it replaces the usual studio microphone for big shots. It can be focused to pick up certain noises right out of the midst of any babble. Built like a reflector, with the microphone in the center. The reflector converges the sound waves into the microphone.

11.—Here is the camera platform, from which, in this case, three cameras will shoot the action of the next scene. Look sharp, and you can see the three tripods. The cameramen have umbrellas to keep the lenses of the cameras shaded so the sun won't make funny spots in the picture.

12.—These lights are used even in the brightest sun. The sun shines from but one direction, and were it used alone, without reflectors and these lights, the light-and-shade contrast would be bad for photography. So they focus these bright lights on the shadowed parts of the players for better photography.

13.—In the distance are the tops of tents—cook tents, wardrobe tents, hospital tents, dressing tents, etc.

14.—One of the many scaffoldings built for any of a million reasons.

Here the scaffold supports a battery of high power incandescent lights, to be used for some night shots to be made in "Cimarron." The diagonal board is a rough arrangement so the lights can be lifted and lowered on pulleys.

15.—More lights for the night scene, with electricians looking them up, while day shooting goes on, in preparation for the night shots.

16.—These are not our tracks, although in subsequent "Cimarron" scenes a trolley car line was constructed through these streets. Here, however, the tracks are for the "dolly" or "perambulator" on which cameras are mounted for "traveling shots." For instance, in "Cimarron," a traveling shot was taken which showed Buster Keaton, as a young desperado, riding down the streets of this town, shooting people right and left. The camera on its rubber-tired dolly was pulled down these tracks, the lens trained on Buster, who followed, shouting. The tracks were used here to make the camera action smooth, as the surface of the roadway was too bumpy.

Of course, there are scores of other details—the horses and the ancient wagons that the prop department scoured California for; the lumber piles for the building of more sets; the dozens of technicians of various kinds, mingled with the extras—and in the busy distance, 15 miles away, the skyline of Hollywood.





# Reeling Around

DIRECTOR—"Now, Joe, this is the scene where you freeze to death!"

## The New Pale

*Where are the flaming youths we used to know  
When Colleen Moore first taught the flaps to flame?  
Where are the carbon copies of La Bow  
Whose phony "It" put modesty to shame?*

*Gone with the melted snows of yesterday—  
Gone with the bulging bustle and the beer!  
The flappers have another game to play—  
The era of the frozen pan is here!*

*They pull the hair back from their empty brows,  
They shut their eyes, and even seem to think!  
They dress as frowsily as Ma allows,  
And when they walk, they either stalk or slink.*

*Ah, Garbo, when you slithered on the screen  
You started more than heated fan debates!  
You are to blame, my Scandihoovian queen,  
For several million near-sophisticates!*

## No Laughs, No Dice!

Billie Dove, Hollywood reports, has a new \$65,000 chinchilla coat. Now, there's a little girl who saves her money! . . . Alice White is said to have asked \$6,000 a week for vaudeville appearances, and just let me catch anyone saying that actresses have no sense of humor! . . . The Japanese call Mickey Mouse "Miki Kuchi." Another great favorite of theirs is Miki's little sister, Hoochi. . . . Speaking of Mickey, the Ohio censors recently barred a Mickey Mouse cartoon showing a cow reading Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Ohio may let its human convicts rot in the state penitentiary at Columbus, but the great Buckeye State, Mother of Presidents, certainly looks out for its cows! . . . Mae Murray is said to be receiving \$3,000 a day from her oil property in California. . . . Harold Lloyd has turned down an offer of \$100,000 for some radio broadcasts. He probably figures he wouldn't go over so well by hanging by one foot from a studio microphone. . . . *Life's* responsible for this: "Won't you give your old uncle a great big kiss?" "Yes, Uncle—one like Greta Garbo, or one like Clara Bow?" . . . And *Variety* tells of the man who was noted staying entirely away from his wife throughout a party. "Family trouble?" asked a friend. "Yes," said the husband. "We've separated, but I haven't enough money to leave her!"

## The Gag of the Month Club

Louis Sobol, of the New York Evening Graphic, gets this month's award for this one:

He tells of the pretty girl who was making goo-goo eyes at Joseph Schildkraut at a Hollywood party.

"You know," she cooed, "with your courtly charm and good looks, you really should go into pictures!"

"What?" screamed Joe, who was at the time something of a big shot. "Madame, my name is Joseph Schildkraut!" The minx only smiled.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "It's easy to change it!"

## Second Gag

Our own Katherine Albert gets credit for the second prize of this month.

She tells the story of the arrival of Chester Morris'—and Mrs. Morris'—recent baby.

Chester was discovered, by a real fan, pacing up and down the corridors of the hospital.

The talkie addict stared. Then he asked an orderly—"Tell me—do you think Chester Morris is acting now?"

## Getting Personal

Jeanette MacDonald (so booful) is wearing a new 10-carat square cut diamond on the third finger of her left hand. . . . George Arliss first came to America as a member of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company, and he drew down \$35 a week—when he worked. Arliss is one of the greatest stars of the talking screen, and Mrs. Campbell, not long ago, played a tiny part in Fox's "The Dancers." See-Saw! . . . Director Hobart Henley recently got a nice little raise from Universal—\$3,992 a week, to be exact. He went to work there as an office boy years ago at \$8 per. . . . George Marion, forever to be remembered as the *Old Chris* of "Anna Christie" on stage and screen, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the theater. . . . Virginia Lee Corbin, once a child actress, has come back from nine months of study abroad, and now sports an English accent. . . . Colleen Moore has been resting at a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich. . . . Tom Mix may return to pictures in the near future. . . . Raymond Griffith recently broke an arm playing polo. . . . Grant Withers has just bought Wife Loretta Young a new town car. Grant is using the old country car. . . . Chester and Sue Morris (and the new baby) have been vacationing at Arrowhead Lake. . . . Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford are through at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, both settling their contracts. They were dissatisfied with their parts at Metro. Bickford may retire, as outside interests feed him plenty jack. . . . Mae Busch is now an actor's agent in Hollywood, associated with J. G. Mayer. . . . Joe E. Brown recently took a flyer on the stage, playing the lead in the Coast production of "Elmer the Great," baseball play by Ring Lardner. Walter Huston played the part on Broadway three years ago. . . . Twins were born in an Omaha hospital the day "Check and Double Check" opened in the Nebraska metropolis. Right the first time—they were named Amos and Andy!



# "Every girl wants a nice skin!"

... MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

...the  
Lovely bride  
of the late  
J. Pierpont Morgan's  
grandson



With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débutantes

In her flower-filled paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis... in winter it's skating or some other sport... and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely

"Everyone's skin needs something to

tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin without a protecting foundation," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes powder last much longer.

"I am always faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that, no matter how crowded your engagement book is, you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:



**DURING THE DAY**—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after ex-

posure. Pat in with upward, circular motion, taking care to let the fine oil sink into the pores and flush the dirt to the surface.



**SECOND**—wipe away all excess and dry with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, gently and thoroughly. They come

in Parisian peach color and pure white.

**THIRD**—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.

**LAST**—smooth on Pond's Vanishing



Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it wherever you powder, neck, arms, shoulders... Marvelously effective to keep hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.



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*Lock your door*



HUGH TREVOR, who is the idol of millions, thinks that women can grow lovelier with the years if they keep the charm of youth!

*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
French toilet soap*

*Youth*



# on Birthdays!

## Hugh Trevor... Famous Screen Idol urges every girl

*Learn the Complexion Secret 98%  
of the screen actresses know . .*

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

★ ★ ★

What is the secret of holding youth the fascinating actresses know?

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Use gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly*, as we do!"

Important actresses throughout the world... in Hollywood... on Broadway... in Europe... guard complexion beauty—KEEP youth—with Lux Toilet Soap. 605 of the 613 actresses in Hollywood,

alone, are devoted to it—and have been for years!

So dependent are they on *regular* care with this fragrant, very white soap, that it is the official soap in the dressing rooms of all the great film studios . . . is found in theatres throughout the country for the stars' convenience.

### *Hollywood's favorite Beauty Care*

Of the countless stars who use this bland, white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that has a tendency to be oily; some the in-between skin... Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care—so soothing—so bland is its effect on the skin.

Buy several cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today and keep *your* skin youthfully aglow, just as the famous stars do! You, too, can grow lovelier with the years. Lock your door on birthdays!



BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."



BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



SUE CAROL, vivacious Radio Pictures' star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

# LUX Toilet Soap..10¢



# Marlene's Big Night

All the stars came out and twinkled when "Morocco" opened in Hollywood



Marlene Dietrich looked with wide eyes at the hurly-burly of her first big Hollywood picture opening. Snapped outside the Chinese Theater the night her "Morocco" opened. Beside her is the noted radio announcer, Freeman Lang, "Bald Eagle of the Air"



Big Gary Cooper also had his place in the sun-arcs the night "Morocco" made its bow to Hollywood, for Gary did about the best work of his life in it. At his left is his Lupe Velez, all ermined up, and at his right stands Estelle Taylor, or Mrs. Jack Dempsey, if you please

*Pictures by*  
Hyman Fink

And the younger picture set was out in full force to see "Morocco" flash on. Here we have, from left to right, Dick Arlen, his wife Jobyna Ralston, Sue Carol and Husband Nick Stuart, as they faced the lights and cameras before the playhouse







*a sparkling eye . . .*  
*a clear skin . . .*  
 Beauty from within

*How the Saline Method rewards  
 you with loveliness and youth*

FOR the splendid creams and soothing lotions of today, the cosmetician deserves your plaudits and your praise! Because of them, complexions are finer, skins are more beautifully groomed.

But do not ask the impossible of these fine external aids. However skillfully compounded, however purely made, they can help you only from *without*! True beauty, the radiant bloom of health, depends on cleanliness from *within*.

So, if you would claim this beauty for your own, take up the saline way, with Sal Hepatica, to a healthy system. Its reward is a complexion of exquisite texture—a radiant youth renewed.

The saline method has long been a beauty secret of the loveliest women of

Europe. And each season's end finds the charming Viennese, the lithe-limbed English, the slender women of France thronging the continental spas. At Vichy, at Wiesbaden, at Aix, they drink the saline waters to revivify their

bodies and restore their complexions.

For salines keep you healthy by clarifying the bloodstream and banishing constipation. Colds, headaches, rheumatism, digestive ills disappear. Blemishes vanish—loveliness returns.

Long have physicians recommended the saline treatment for cleansing the system of wastes and poisons. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the saline springs of Europe.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your skin clears. See how your body responds with new vigor. Write for our free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

★ ★ ★

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 Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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★ ★ ★  
 Sal Hepatica  
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



A good check from a beautiful girl. Leila Hyams has figured out a way to protect her checks. She has a picture of herself printed on the paper, and then signs it, too. Which is quite a crafty stunt

will and fixtures. It means the famous Pathe News and those Pathe pictures already completed, beginning with "Sin Takes a Holiday."

Most important from almost any angle, it means that Radio now controls the destiny of three of film's most promising ladies, all under contract to Pathe.

They are Ann Harding, Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees. All three are growing in popularity—all have great picture futures if properly handled.

P.S. The price for the whole works was \$5,000,000.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS, Sr.**, gave Doug, Jr., one of those frightfully smart sixteen cylinder sports touring cars for his birthday.

Joan Crawford knew for weeks what she was going to get for Christmas. Doug, Jr., gave her a portable dressing room and Mary Pickford is going to furnish it for her.

**JACK GILBERT** was all set to go to Europe on a four months' vacation, stopping en route to try to find a story for a new picture for himself in New York.

But a story was found for him before he left, so the trip is off and he's hard at work rehearsing for his new picture, "Gentleman's Fate." It is rumored that Ina Claire will be back in Hollywood shortly.

**DIVORCE Divertissements:**  
Pola Negri sues Prince Serge Mdivani, and the wisecrack is made that "it's just a Serge

suit for Pola, but a trousseau for Mary McCormic!"

Jeanette Loff gets final decree from Harry Rosenbloom and charges that jealousy ruined Loff's Young Dream!

Robert Ames' third wife (No. 1—Frances Goodrich; No. 2—Vivienne Segal; No. 3—Helen Muriel Oakes) sues for divorce for a number of reasons, one of them that he always wanted to go home early from parties and then kept her awake the rest of the night arguing with her.

Lew Brown, of the DeSylva-Brown-Henderson song-writing trio, sued for divorce. His wife charges that there was no harmony in his home life; all in song. "Just Imagine!!"

Doris Deane gets final decree from Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle.

**THEY** say that Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the marquis, wears dark glasses on the lot instead of a hat.

When he passes a lady he tips them politely.

"**I** HAVE no father, no brother, no sweetheart to protect me," lamented pretty Rita LaRoy, Radio Pictures' s-a-beauty, the other day.

But say, have you ever noticed Rita's shoulders and biceps?

And so it was that one afternoon not so long ago, in the lobby of the hotel where Rita lives in Hollywood, this sort of thing happened:

Rita asked for her mail at the desk. A man approached and got too close.

"Scram!" suggested Rita.

"Aw, g'wan," countered the stranger, and began pawing Rita.

"Beat it, or else," said Rita.

The man grinned and pawed more pawishly.

Rita went into action. She swung from the hip. It landed on the stranger's jaw. He fell backward and knocked himself out when he hit the floor. When he came to, he was three teeth shy.

Rita didn't have him arrested. But she had to have her hand in bandages for two days afterward.

**HOSPITALIZATIONS** for the month include poor Dolores Del Rio again, and Helen Chandler.

Dolores went to the hospital for a kidney ailment that required an operation.

Helen, bravely waiting until completion of a picture she was working in, was rushed to the hospital at the eleventh hour for an appendectomy.

**O**F course, this may be all straightened out by the time you read this, but at present writing Joan Bennett and boy friend John Considine are pretty much in a huff with each other and John has been taking Jeanette Loff (another blonde) around to all the places.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]



Have you wondered about the autographs you may see on the pictures of your favorites that come from the studios? Here's how it's done—when they really sign them—which is seldom. Five photographs being autographed at once by a multiple signing device at the M-G-M studio, with Dorothy Jordan wielding the master pen



# "Colgate's is by far the best cleanser"

says

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.

Fellow A. A. A. S.; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry"; Pioneer Worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



GO to an eminent consulting chemist, an authority on scientific research, for convincing proof that *Colgate's cleans teeth better*. Such an authority is Jerome Alexander of New York. Let his tests — his scientific experiments — convince you as they convinced him.

Jerome Alexander made impartial, exhaustive studies of the cleansing action of well-known dentifrices. Colgate's was undeniably more effective. Why?

Because Colgate's gets down into the tiny crevices where decay begins. Because its penetrative foam brings to the surface food particles that are never reached by sluggish toothpastes. Because — in Jerome Alexander's own words — "It penetrates

into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble."

Jerome Alexander's research agrees with the finding of such noted authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of Sciences, Catholic University of America; Dr. Allen Rogers, head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute; and others of equal fame who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion. Can you, in choosing your dentifrice, fail to be impressed by this array of scientific proof that Colgate's is the ideal cleanser? Take the safe course with your teeth — when you brush them with Colgate's, you can be sure that they're *really clean*.

Jerome Alexander  
says:

"I found that Colgate's exhibits the lowest surface-tension. Because of this, Colgate's penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble. Therefore, Colgate's is by far the best cleanser."

*Jerome Alexander*

25¢

The price is important — but the quality — not the price — has held Colgate leadership for 30 years



**FREE** COLGATE, Dept. M1028 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

**W**ILL H. HAYS, President of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, was married to Mrs. Jessie Harron Stutesman, Nov. 27, last, at the home of the bride's brother at Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. Hays was the widow of James F. Stutesman, some time United States Minister to Bolivia.

Mr. Hays was at one time Postmaster General of the United States. This is his second marriage.

The marriage unites two prominent Indiana families, the bride hailing from Crawfordsville and the groom from Sullivan.

**S**OMEBODY wanted some information and said to Frank Albertson:

"You're in the know at Fox."

"Sure I am," said Frank, "every time my name is mentioned for a part somebody says 'no.'"

**CLARA BOW'S** battles are now being fought by a powerful ally—her own company, Paramount.

Her bosses are up in arms. They charge that Los Angeles newspapers, just to sell papers on scandal headlines, are crucifying the Brooklyn Fire-Belle with their stories.

One of the dailies is said to have gone extra on a story that Al Capone was visiting the red-head with the gang king at least 2,000 miles away.

Newspapermen retaliated by charging that the company had refused to help them check the correctness of their stories.

A sorry mess all 'round. There is even some talk of shipping Clara East to make her pictures

on Long Island to escape the journalistic barrage.

All I can say is that New York sheets like to sell papers, too.

**N**OW, as exclusively predicted in last month's PHOTOPLAY, Clara Kimball Young has staged her come-back.

She has been signed for an important rôle in Radio Pictures' production of "Kept Husbands."

It will be Clara's first picture rôle since 1922 and her very first talkie. In the last year or so, she has lost no less than forty pounds, and is as slim and beautiful as she was in the good old days.

**W**ELL, there hasn't been so much excitement in Movieland since D. W. Griffith introduced the close-up. It's all over that Marlene Dietrich girl and the million dollar publicity campaign that Paramount is giving her. And there are a lot of people who are pretty mad and seem to feel that Gary Cooper has gotten a raw deal. Gary is a star. He is a public made star. He's been turning out consistently good films for his company for a couple of years.

Originally Marlene was chosen to play his leading woman in "Morocco."

It turns out that Gary is leading man for the new star. Her name is billed over his in letters ten times as big and the amazing part is that Gary gives, in this film, one of the best performances of his career. But the interest centers around the new Dietrich. The critics even talk about Gary stealing the picture from the star—and this was supposed to be Gary's own starring picture.

At the opening of "Morocco" all who stopped to speak into the microphone first sang the unknown Marlene's praises.

All but Lew Cody.

Lew gave top praise to Gary. Next he mentioned Menjou and he ended by saying that everybody was awaiting the first American appearance of Miss Dietrich.

**L**ITTLE Mary Hay Barthelmess, eight, is now with her mother, Mary Hay, who was the first Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.

Dick lost a bitterly fought battle for her complete custody. The dispute was submitted to the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, New York clergyman, as arbiter. He decided that each parent should have the little girl for six months of each year.

The child has spent most of the time with Barthelmess since her parents were divorced four years ago.

**P**OOOR Tom Mix. Sued for divorce by his beloved wife. Then he has son-in-law trouble.

Reports have filtered in that he and Douglas Gilmore, husband of Ruth Mix, had a big battle when Gilmore had things to say about the Mix family.

It's said that son-in-law took a long count for that.

Gilmore is said to have been replaced in the cast of "Kept Husbands," at Radio, by Bryant Washburn.

**G**OOD old *Variety*! Always got a good story for poor old Cal to lift.

This one is about the young star who refused

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82 ]



Oh, what a bawling-out the chimp on the left is getting! The boss boot-legger, the one on the right wearing the iron hat, is telling him he's got to run more fermented cocoanut juice or be put on the spot! Things look bad for the poor monk. It's a hot scene from "Nine Nights in a Barroom," one of the new Tiffany Talking Chimp comics



And here is the simian version of Charlie Chaplin, famous props and all. He's in another Tiffany talking monkey comedy, which is titled, "Aping Hollywood"



# Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive



PEZZA, of Naples  
He prescribes  
Palmolive Soap  
to Neapolitan  
beauties who  
wish to "keep  
that schoolgirl  
complexion."



CECILE ANDRE, of  
Palermo: "Palm-  
olive is the one  
soap I can rely on  
to cleanse the skin  
and at the same time  
keep it supple."

Pezza, of Naples, says:  
"No woman deserves  
a lovely skin if she  
fails to observe the  
most important daily  
beauty rule: wash the  
face with Palmolive  
Soap every morning  
and every night."

*Armando Pezza*

FROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy, sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as are their sisters in 15 other countries.

They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

*All receive same advice*

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before



The glamorous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.

and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

That cleansing, so vital to beauty, is best accomplished with Palmolive Soap and warm water.

A rich lather should be made, which is massaged into the skin, then rinsed away with warm water, followed by cold.

Italy's experts are part of a vast international group (including more than 20,000, think of that!) every one of whom advises Palmolive. They think it ideal for the bath, too. Which is a very practical suggestion, since Palmolive never costs more than 10 cents the cake.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



Retail Price

10c

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

to give an interviewer a story. "You know," said the silly actress, "we screen idols must foster illusion for the sake of our public."

The reporter thought of course she was kidding. But to be certain, he asked, "Do you really mean that?"

"You bet I do," said the "idol," "and if you think I don't, get the hell out of here!"

**T**HOSE two valiant little troupers, Renee Adoree and Lila Lee, who are at the same sanatorium, are both fighting the good fight nobly.

Lila will be back home in February, Renee a few months later. Although they are at the same place they have not yet seen each other, but they exchange gossip by writing notes back and forth.

**G**RETA GARBO will have one of the greatest parts of her career, one of these days.

A tremendous play called "Grand Hotel" is the smash of New York this season. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got smart. They saw a mighty picture in the show, and they put up \$35,000 as part backing for the stage production.

It was the most sensational opening night I've ever seen.

The mob literally cheered. And Metro smiled. In the bag was a great part for the Swedish Cyclone—a Russian dancer who plays hob with hearts in the Grand Hotel.



The beautiful daughter of a great star! In spite of Francis X's masculine beauty, don't you think Lenore has the looks of the Bushman family? She's playing small parts in Metro pictures, and mighty well, too!



P. and A.

One of Hollywood's newest and happiest bridal pairs—Dorothy Lee of Radio Pictures and her young press-agent husband, Jimmy Fidler. They were married at San Bernardino, Calif., and Dorothy hustled right back to the studio. Radio plans to star Dotty for her good work in the Wheeler-Woolsey comedies

**A** STAR in less than a year! Hollywood, I'm probably wrong, but I think you're wonderful!

Lew Ayres gets top billing in "Fires of Youth," new Universal picture made by Monta Bell.

Shucks. A year ago, he was a kid saxophone player getting a break as juvenile in Garbo's "The Kiss." Then came the great break in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Now stardom. Why didn't I take up sax like mother said!

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS did a graceful thing when the talking "Tol'able David" opened on Broadway.

Young Richard Cromwell was playing the rôle that Dick made famous a decade ago, when the shadows spake not.

He sent a wire congratulating Columbia on the talking version, and praised highly the kid's performance in the part.

**R**EX BELL had Thanksgiving dinner with Clara Bow, ho hum!

**H**UGH C. LEIGHTON, Pauline Frederick's fourth matrimonial try, says he has been "a husband in name only."

He brought suit for the annulment of his marriage to the star, which took place last April.

Leighton charged fraud, alleging that Miss Frederick entered into the marriage with no intention of fulfilling her wifely obligations. And he prayed the court for legal freedom.

**N**ICK STUART has the last laugh on Hollywood. Hollywood, not infrequently cruel in its wit, began snickering at Stuart when it was announced that his wife, Sue Carol, will be starred in a picture to be called "Kept Husbands."

You see, film luck hasn't been so hot with Nick lately, and Sue's star is in the ascendancy again, so she's the one in the family who is supposed to be turning in the bigger checks.

So maybe it was Hollywood's nasty humor that made Nick mad enough to go and get himself the leading rôle in a melodrama that is to be shot by one of the independents.

And the name of it is "Sheer Luck!"

**F**OOTBALL'S the pet sport of the movie players. They just have to look.

The big game of the year was the Notre Dame-Southern California fracas at Los Angeles.

Norma Shearer is said to have given up \$750 for ten seats on the fifty yard line. Mary Pickford had a box. Among other Hollywood lights cheering for U. S. C. were Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Marlene Dietrich,

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



**WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?**

*A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. P.2., Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.*



50¢ Quality  
Listerine  
**SHAVING CREAM**  
Now 25¢

# To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds** (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)



# TANGEE



HARPER'S BAZAAR  
SAYS—

*"Natural Color  
is the mode  
of the moment"*

"The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones," says this world famous fashion magazine, "are the ones which flatter all types alike and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931."

"This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate and intensify the actual skin tones of the individual because of an interesting change of color when applied to the skin. For this reason they are becoming alike to all types; the blonde, brunette or Titian-haired woman."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P2  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Short Subjects of the Month

A RUSSIAN news reel makes its appearance among the short subjects offered the American film public.

The first issue seems to show a conscious effort to keep away from Soviet propaganda—a blight with which all Russian pictures are charged upon appearance. The first issue of the news reel, made by Sovkino, is reviewed below.

## RUSSIAN NEWS REEL

*Sovkino*

The first news reel from Russia contains but five subjects—all non-controversial. Beginning with shots of some Soviet officials, it contains a race between mountaineer peasants and a swimming race near Moscow. The reel is more magazine than news, and not too interesting.

## CLEANING UP

*Paramount*

Our old friend Chester Conklin, the Mr. Walrus of Keystone days, appears in this, aided and abetted by a pal of the same era, big Mack Swain. Both the boys play street cleaners who get mixed up with gangsters. The comedy is pretty slow, but the vets furnish a few laughs.

## THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

*Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

This is an eight-minute roughhouse interlude, which is notable for its speed. Add the fact that it has a bit of spice and it is good for several roars before the long picture begins. Franklin Pangborn plays a philandering doctor, Gertrude Astor a siren, and Geneva Mitchell the doc's wife.

## AUNT'S IN THE PANTS

*Radio Pictures*

This is one of the funniest shorts of the season. Walter Catlett plays the favorite nephew of Aunt Aggie (Cissie Fitzgerald). Together they go out and paint the town red, only to find, next morning, that the house is filled with hilarious strangers they brought home.

## ALL FOR MABEL

*Pathe*

Another comedy with a college background, and with little Sally Starr to furnish her cuteness as the central figure. The boxing champ of the school is in love with Sally, and he has a hard time holding her. There are some interpolated songs, dances and things. Not too hot.

## GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

*Christie*

Now they're using Austins in comedies instead of the old reliable Ford! You should see Charlotte Greenwood trying to drive one of the baby cars. You will if you see this funny comedy. It's a natural for laughs—lanky Charlotte and the little motor. Watch for this one.

## VERDI

*Fitzpatrick*

Another in Fitzpatrick's interesting series about the lives of famous composers. They all stick strictly to biographical truth. As in the others of this group, the incidents of the Italian composer's life are musically accompanied by Nat Shilkret's excellent orchestra.

## ANOTHER FINE MESS

*Hal Roach—M-G-M*

What's the use combing the vocabulary to think up more words to tell how funny Laurel and Hardy are? This comedy of theirs is no let-down. You'll get at least your usual quota of laughs from it. The boys get all jammed up in the house of an African explorer.

## POLITICS

*Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

George Jessel, who didn't do too well in features, makes some excellent short comedies. This one has a very good story by Burnet Hershey, and is well directed, while Jessel is capital throughout. George plays an amateur politician booming a cigar store keeper for alderman. Worth while.

## THUNDERING TENORS

*M-G-M*

Boy, bring in a hatful of medals for this director. The hero of this comedy is a radio crooner—and he doesn't let off one song in the entire short. There are a lot of Class A gags in the little picture, and the perennial Charlie Chase manages to be mighty funny in it.

## TOO HOT TO HANDLE

*Radio Pictures*

Well, chalk up another comedy hit for the ever-reliable and always funny Louise Fazenda! Louise here plays a social adviser to a family of newly-rich—and then rings in her own relatives to add aristocratic touches to an amateur fox hunt. An extremely comical comedy.

## IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN

*Paramount*

This might be dedicated to the girls who walk home from automobile rides. There isn't any story, but two girls—Aileen Cook and Lillian Bond—have a lot of funny chatter on their way home from more or less acrobatic motor trips. Ten minutes of some fun.

## THE CRYSTAL GAZER

*Columbia*

One of the series that Eddie Buzzell has been making for Columbia release. It's pretty much adult stuff, built on miniature revue lines, with a couple of blackouts. The dialogue is bright. Eddie plays a vaudeville "mystic" who advises two blonde girls on domestic affairs.

## TRADER GINSBURG

*Radio Pictures*

This is a Nat Carr dialect comedy. Nat, who's really funny in this, plays the inventor of a vest pocket radio who follows a prospect to Africa. Cannibals get the party, but Nat comes to the rescue when an ostrich swallows his radio and starts to talk. Great gag.



## Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



# Eat correctly...See your Dentist ...Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow  
if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

**E**ACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. Above is shown a list of foods to be included in the diet.

### *Remove film from teeth*

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth turn dull.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, film must be removed each day.

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

\* \* \*

**Amos 'n' Andy** America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

# Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.



# Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.





THE whole essence of motion picture making is distilled in this one vivid picture. Studying the scene through dark glasses is Ruth Chatterton, the star. Director Richard Wallace stands by the camera. Overhead projects the microphone boom. They are making "The Right to Love"

On *the* Firing  
Line!





## “Women...like movies need a theme-song”

says LOIS WILSON

“Theme songs . . . how they stay with you! Steal into your very heart . . . haunt your thoughts for days . . . for years, forever, maybe! Some girls . . . wise girls . . . have theme-songs, too. A wisp of fragrance . . . that’s always with them. Slipping subtly into the senses of everyone who knows them! My theme-song? . . . I knew you’d ask! It’s Seventeen . . . a fragrance just like its name . . . naive, yet awfully wise . . . languorous, yet staccato too! I wear it always—for the mood it brings me—a mood so young—well . . . not more than Seventeen!”

### *Eight Toiletries bear the scent of Seventeen*

*The Perfume . . . keynote of the Seventeen ensemble. The Face Powder . . . shades and texture as well as scent are flatteringly youthful. Compact . . . a stunning thing, black as onyx; for either loose or cake powder. Dusting Powder . . . a soft, lovely powder with the most refreshing fragrance imaginable. Sachet . . . to impart an alluring hint of Seventeen in clothing and lingerie. Toilet Water . . . a subtle expression of the Seventeen scent. Talcum . . . delicate and soothing, and in a graceful glass jar. Brillan-tines . . . solid and liquid, in charming containers, both bearing the merest whiff of Seventeen.*

# Seventeen



For evening, BESSIE LOVE, charming Metro-Goldwyn player, chooses a gown of intricate cut, much of whose effectiveness depends upon beauty of figure. The three-piece pajama costume (upper right) illustrates how to be feminine 'tho trousered. In the feminine lead of "See America Thirst," the Universal comedy feature, Miss Love wears this debonair little utility costume.



## We're back to FEMININE FASHIONS ... But not to LADY-LIKE LANGUOR

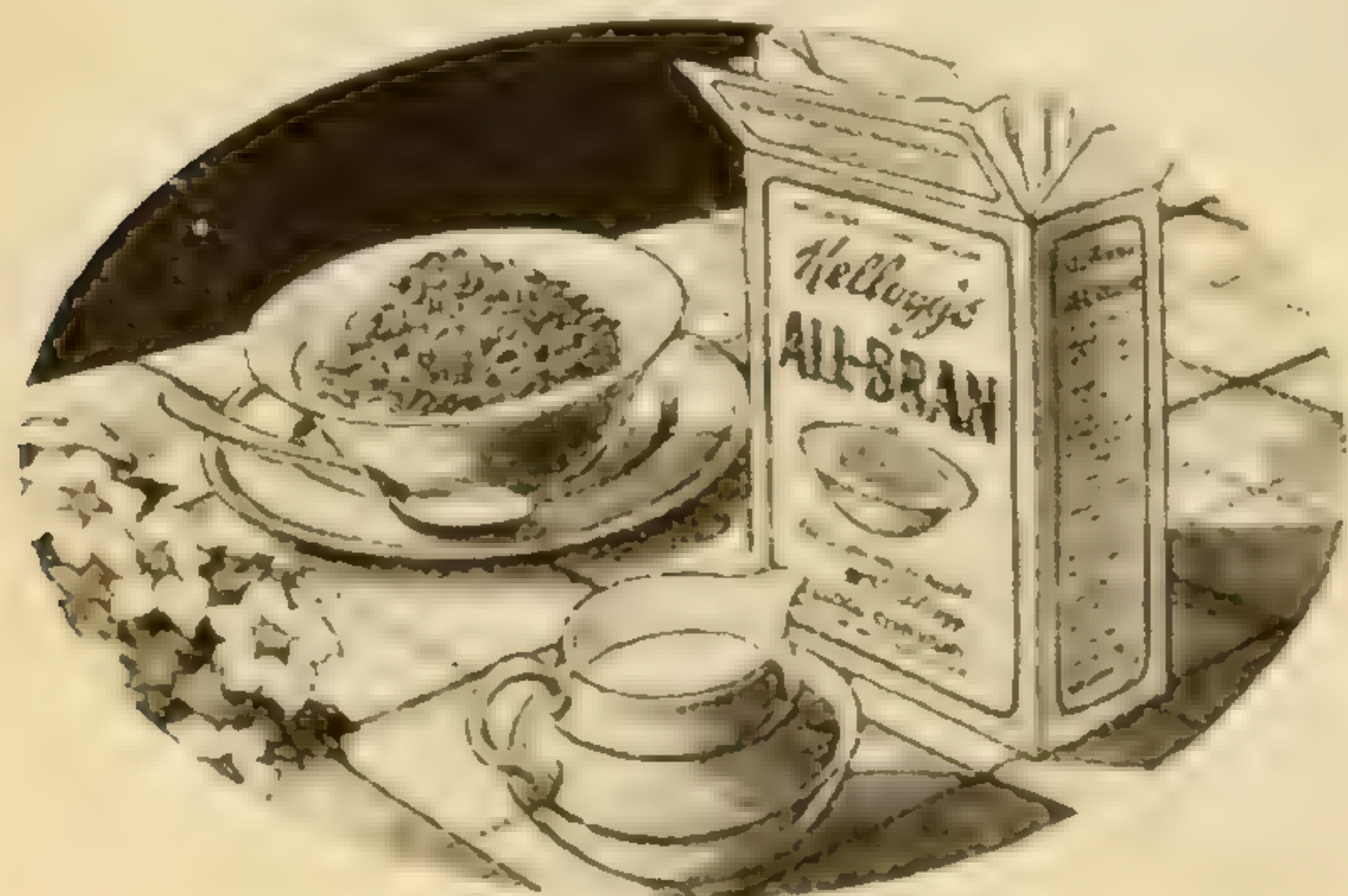
TODAY we're as spirited in trailing skirts as we ever were in short ones . . . and buoyant good health is still the better part of beauty!

But the new clothes themselves demand almost physical perfection. We must be slender, ah yes! . . . but alluringly rounded. We must count our calories . . . but never reveal it in our complexions. And here's where so simple a thing as bran in the diet can be of immense help.

Most of us find it necessary to go on reducing menus every once in a while. (Those extra pounds just *will come back!*)

And when we do—elimination so often becomes irregular. Poisons and wastes accumulate. The result is pimples—dry or sallow skin—headaches, dizziness and sometimes serious illness.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet prevents all that. It is not fattening—but it does add the "bulk" or "roughage" every diet needs. It helps to clear away all impurities and, in addition, contains iron which brings glowing color to cheeks.



There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Try it as a ready-to-eat cereal with skimmed milk. Cook it in omelets, bran muffins or bread. Sprinkle it into soups or over salads.

No other bran is so deliciously flavored—so delightfully krumbled. Ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.

### SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

*"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"*

It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep fashionable figures will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY  
Dept. A-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





# The Cook's Day Out

For Ann Harding it  
holds no terrors

**W**HEN the cook's away, the Bannisters play! Mrs. Seven-day-a-week-housewife may call it work, but Ann Harding asks for nothing better than a starring rôle among the pots and pans on the cook's day out.

Husband Harry Bannister makes it a point never to be late for dinner on that particular night. Two-year-old Jane seems to think it's all a game, staged for her especial benefit. Perhaps that's because she is allowed to stay up a little later than usual and help set the table. Ann Harding scorns any other assistance and dismisses all the servants for the evening.

The menu must be simple, because studio routine has to be considered and the cook may not get home from her daily stint at the Pathe Studios until six o'clock, or later. Clever Ann uses her head in the domestic scene as well as in movie dramas. She has a dozen little dodges to save time. Other business women-housewives can take a leaf from her book.

Here is a typical menu planned for a night when she knows she will be late in donning her apron.

Celery and Olives

Mushroom Patties

Broiled Steak

French Fried Potatoes

Scalloped Onions

Home-made Biscuits

Watercress and Cucumber Salad  
with Parisian Dressing

Meringue Glacé

Coffee

## Mushroom Patties

Clean mushrooms. Cut into small pieces, cover with water, and boil until tender (about twenty minutes). Prepare a thin cream sauce (making enough at the same time for the onions), add mushrooms, and serve in warmed patty shells.

The patty shells are ordered in the morning, to save time.

## Scalloped Onions

Boil onions until soft, and cut into quarters. Put in buttered baking dish, cover with cream sauce, sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs, and put in the oven until the crumbs are well browned.

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



One of the busiest girls in pictures finds time to cook. Mrs. Harry Bannister took off her apron for a moment to look her prettiest for this photograph, taken in her California kitchen

## Brown Biscuits

2 cups flour  
5 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon lard

1 cup milk and water in equal parts

Mix dry ingredients, and sift twice. Work in lard lightly with tips of fingers until flaky. Add liquid slowly, using a spatula to make a soft dough. Toss on a floured board and roll lightly to one-half inch thickness. Shape with biscuit cutter. Place in floured tin and bake in hot oven ten to fifteen minutes.

## Watercress and Cucumber Salad

Prepare watercress and add one cucumber that has been peeled, chilled, and cut in one-half inch dice. Serve with the following Parisian Dressing:

½ cup oil  
5 tablespoons vinegar  
½ teaspoon powdered sugar  
1 tablespoon finely chopped Bermuda onion

2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley  
4 red peppers  
8 green peppers  
1 teaspoon salt

Mix ingredients in the order given. Let stand one hour, then stir vigorously for five minutes. The peppers should be the very small variety. This dressing can be prepared the day before, and stirred thoroughly before using.

## Meringue Glace

Meringue shells can be bought early in the day with the patty shells. Fill with whipped cream or ice cream.

If you are planning a Valentine party, the patties, biscuits and meringues will make a party spread that isn't too dainty for masculine appetites.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK





### For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



### For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



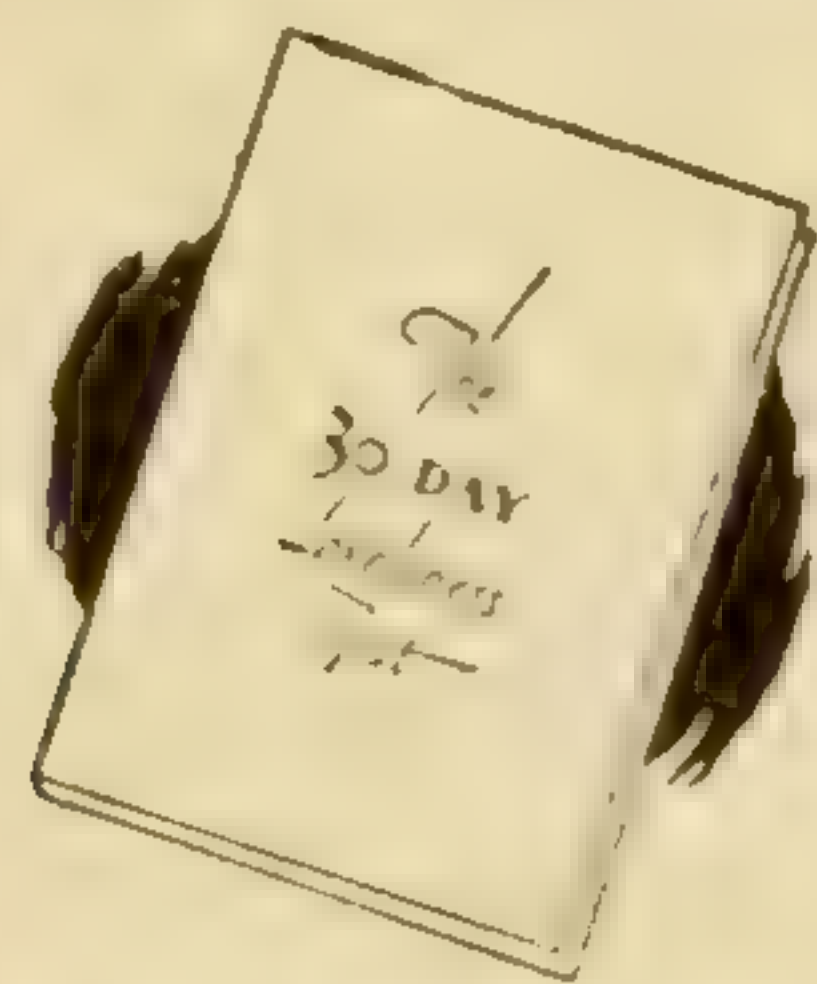
### For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



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Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



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## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HIS month—being February, 1921—we carry the sad story of the divorce that separated Charles Chaplin and Mildred Harris.

The little blonde took the stand and tearfully told of alleged cruelty and neglect. The judge, however, granted the decree on grounds of desertion.

A property settlement, made out of court, gave Mildred \$50,000 at once and \$57,000 in six months. (Contrast that with the \$800,000 his second marriage was to cost Chaplin.)

The one dramatic moment of the divorce hearing came when she told of the death of their little son. The baby lived but three days.

So began the separate existence of Mildred Harris Chaplin. We hear little of her, in these rushing days of 1931.

**A**ND ten years ago we carry a glowing story about Marjorie Rambeau and her happy marriage to Hugh Dillman, an actor. The piece is called "How a Stage or Screen Marriage Can Be Made Happy."

Alas and alack! It wasn't long before the marriage went to pieces on the widely but unfavorably known rocks. Ten years ago—that's a long drill. And only a few months ago this magazine carried another story about Marjorie Rambeau.

She was in Hollywood. Older, and probably a lot wiser. More mature in her life and her art. And turning in a series of excellent performances in these new-fangled talking pictures we are beginning to hear of.

But the little story didn't say anything about the happiness of stage marriages. That—alas—was ten years ago.

**A**ND here are two pages of pictures of great film families, ruling the movie roost in 1921.

Mary Pickford, with Lottie and Doug. Mary makes "Kiki" now, but Jack and Lottie are never heard of, unless they get married or divorced, and then it's the Pickford name.

The three Talmadge girls. Norma, once in a while, makes a picture. Connie, happy in matrimony with Townsend Netcher, and said to be expecting the stork. Natalie, long in sweet domesticity with Buster Keaton and the kiddies.

Jane and Eva Novak. Where, oh, where? Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. Out of the picture.

The Gish girls. Both on the stage.

William and Dustin Farnum. Dustin dead, and Bill making a strong comeback in character rôles.

Verily, in the pictures as in empires, it's a case of the kings and queens are dead—long live the kings and queens!

**U**NIVERSAL is advertising Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." In 1930 the same company crashed out with a talkie of the same story. . . . Betty Compson's new picture is "Prisoners of Love." . . . Whoa! Here's an interview with Florence Reed, then a great stage star appearing in "East of Suez." She says, "I have heard the call of the East. I shall follow it—into the inner chamber of the heart of India, Japan, China." How prophetic Flo was! Only a few years later she was making the hit of her life as *Mother Goddam* in "The Shanghai Gesture." . . . In this month's roto—Mildred Harris, Alice Lake, Pearl White (oh, how beautiful!), Rosemary Theby, Harold Lloyd, Eva Novak, Hope Hampton, and one of Walter Tittle's etchings, this time of Mary Pickford. . . . Hedda Hopper was a vamp in 1921.

**H**OW this business does run in cycles! In 1921 Fox was making "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," the Mark Twain story. Director Emmett Flynn was

directing, and Harry Myers was to top his film reputation as *Hank Morgan*, the Yankee.

In 1931 Fox is making "A Connecticut Yankee" as a talking picture. Will Rogers, Fox's big-money star, is playing *Hank Morgan*.

Harry Myers? You'll see him in "City Lights," the Chaplin picture. He's been 'round.

**D**ID we say cycles?

In the February issue of 1921 we ran a story beginning "Conrad Nagel is a nice boy." It told of his devotion to his young family and his general excellent behavior in a community widely thought of as a bit naughty. Nice boy.

Later in 1930 we ran a story called "The



Mildred Harris as she looked at the time she divorced Charlie Chaplin, in 1920

Strange Case of Conrad Nagel." It might easily have begun "The nice boy grows older." For the second piece simply paints the same nice boy a decade later—still a devoted husband and father of a somewhat older family, but now a leader in affairs within the picture industry. There's one boy who's never changed, except to expand a bit. Still a leading man much in demand—still the same nice boy.

**P**ICTURES of February, 1921—Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay." . . . Pearl White in "The Thief," her second feature picture after her long career in serials. . . . Wesley Barry in "Dinty," directed by Mickey Neilan. Colleen Moore played a supporting rôle. . . . Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party," in which he flopped as a light comedian in a long feature. . . . Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Lila Lee in "Mid-summer Madness." . . . Lon Chaney appears in "The Penalty," with Ethel Grey Terry and Kenneth Harlan . . . not too hot a month.

**G**OSSIP of the month.

Charlie Chaplin has sold "The Kid" to First National for \$800,000.

The personal effects of the late Olive Thomas (Mrs. Jack Pickford) have been sold at auction.

Herbert Rawlinson is to be featured in Lewis B. Mayer productions.



# "This sparkling new Nail Make-up is essential to French Chic"

... says famous Fashion Editress of Paris



"CHIC to her finger tips, the French-woman's hands are an important part of her toilette.

"And the new Cutex Liquid Polish has completely captivated fastidious Frenchwomen," continues Martine Rénier, Fashion Editress of "Femina." For this brilliant nail finish is as practical as it is smart.

"Count its five advantages on your own finger tips! Its brilliant lustre is unmatched. It goes on so simply, quickly, smoothly. It gleams unmarred for days and days. It will not turn yellow, crack or peel.

"Quickly, simply, chic Parisiennes do their nails this way: First, the nails are scrubbed. Then a bit of cotton is dipped in Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips. Next, a touch of Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle supple,

and a little Nail White to accentuate the tip. Lastly—brush on Cutex Liquid Polish. There are many shades to choose from.

"After this weekly manicure, less than 5 minutes' attention each day—just enough to cleanse the nails and mould the cuticle—will keep your fingers sparkling with allure."

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### Does it . . .

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, turn yellow or white?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with chic lustre?

Cutex Liquid Polish is first always, say millions of women and the leading Beauty Editors of fashion cities all over the world.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are 35¢ each . . . Liquid Polish and Remover together, 50¢.

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# Cutex Liquid Polish

Chosen by Beauty Editors everywhere—the world's finest Nail Polish—yet only 35¢!





# Questions & Answers

Why the Answer Man has writer's cramp this month. "Min and Bill" brought in an avalanche of questions about its principal players

**T**HOSE two old-timers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, stirred up more interest this month than the whole flock of ingénues and juveniles. And two comparative newcomers to the talking screen, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau, brought in a batch of questions. The reason? The fine work of all four in that heart-reaching M-G-M picture, "Min and Bill."

Marie gets a proposal, via PHOTOPLAY, from Thomas G. of Minnesota, who describes himself as a "gentleman-farmer." Thomas states his qualifications (not bad, either!), says he's heard Marie is a widow, and his only question is whether we think she will marry him!

Sorry, Tom, my boy, but we can't do a *John Alden* to your *Miles Standish*. You'll have to ask her yourself.

H. R., a former resident of Cobourg, Canada, the town where Marie was born fifty-nine years ago, wants to know when Marie is going back for a visit. He wants to meet her there. That's another question we'll have to refer to the lady herself. But answering

J. S., ATLANTA, GA.—Marie Dressler is 5 foot, 7; has brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and weighs around 200 pounds. Yes, the title of one of her latest pictures is "Reducing," but she isn't! Her face and her figure are her fortune, and Marie is wise enough to let well enough alone.

MIRIAM, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Wallace Beery's first wife was none other than Gloria (ex-Marquise) Swanson. No, he wasn't born in Kansas City, Kan., but in its sister city in Missouri. He doesn't tell the year, but says it was all an April Fool joke, anyhow. You guessed it. The date was April 1.

MIDDLE-AGED ADMIRER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes, Marjorie Rambeau played in a number of silent films, as far back as 1917. Her first talkie part was with Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes in "Her Man," for Pathe. Her latest rôle is in "Inspiration," the newest Garbo picture. Miss Rambeau has been married twice—to Willard Mack, from whom she was divorced in 1917, and then to Hugh Dillman McGaughy.

PERCIVAL AND CHOLLY (believe it or not!), SOUTH BEND, IND.—You only want to know everything there is to know about Dorothy Jordan and where has she been all your lives? Well, if you're not older than twenty, she's been right here all the time, because she was born on August 9, 1910. Clarksville, Tenn.,

was the place, and after graduating from the local high school she got higher education for a year at Southwestern University. Then she went into musical comedy, and in 1929 played her first picture rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew," co-starring Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. She weighs just 100 pounds; is 5 feet, 2; has pretty brown hair and mild blue eyes. Write again, and maybe we'll tell you more.

CAROLINE, MIAMI, FLA.—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, the daughter of a German army officer. Her father planned a musical career for her and as a very small child she studied violin. While she was appearing in a musical comedy, Director Josef Von Sternberg saw her and gave her the lead opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," which was made in Europe. Later, she was lured to Hollywood, and her work in "Morocco" has brought her great praise. She is married and has a pretty little four-year-old daughter.

JANET HERMAN, OMAHA, NEB.—Your letter was among many hundreds I received asking the same question. Here's the question: "Is Lew Ayres really married to Alice Caddy, as announced by one of the fan magazines?" Here's the answer: "Lew is not married." Alice Caddy is the wife of Ben Lucian Burman, author of "Mississippi." This story was purchased by Universal for Lew, and evidently someone got the information all mixed up.

JOSEPH G. GARANITO, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.—Welcome to our chatter circle. Thomas Meighan appeared in one talkie. It was "The Argyle Case." Tom is going to make two talkies for Fox, the first of which will be "Young Sinners." Ronald Colman played the rôle of Lois Moran's father in "Stella Dallas." David Durand and Frankie Darro are two entirely different young gentlemen. David is 8 and Frank is 10 years old.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 98, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

BERNICE, CHICAGO, ILL.—You have three famous stars celebrating their birthdays with you on January 1st. They are Marion Davies, Charles Bickford and William Haines.

A. CRATER—I'd have to see to believe.—Roscoe Ates, the st-tut-t-ter-ing fellow, wasn't b-b-born that wa-way. He just does it to make you laugh. And how you laugh! He comes from Mississippi, where he was born on January 20, 1895. Is married and has one daughter. His next big rôle is in "Cimarron." Watch for it.

ELIZABETH AND EVELYN, BOISE, IDAHO.—So John Wayne is the answer to your prayers. And what an answer! He stands 6 feet, 2; weighs 200 pounds. Has dark brown hair and gray eyes. In his home town, Winterset, Iowa, where he was born 23 years ago, he was called Duke Morrison. He was working as a prop boy when Raoul Walsh picked him for the lead in "The Big Trail." And girls, he's single!

PERCY NEIMOND, LEWISTOWN, PA.—Winnie Lightner, your guiding star to laughter, was born in Greenpoint, Long Island, on September 17, 1901. She has one son who is about two years old. And does he think his "Ma" is grand!

R. L. McNAMARA, STREATOR, ILL.—You want to know about the "champeen" villain of them all, as you call him? He's Ralf Harolde of Pittsburgh, Pa. Born May 17, 1899, stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 148 and has dark brown hair and eyes. Ralf was on the stage for 12 years before he made his début in the movies. His latest is "Hook, Line and Sinkers."

TERRY—OF TERRY-TOON.—Richard Cromwell, the lad who made his movie début in "Tol'able David," is a native Californian, from Los Angeles, to be exact. He is 20 years old, 5 feet, 10, in height; weighs 148 and has light brown hair and green blue eyes. He had no previous stage or screen experience.

F. S., BARABOO, WIS.—Jason Robards hails from Hillsdale, Mich., where he was born December 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 10½; weighs 170 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Married to Agnes Lynch in January, 1929.

PEG., OMAHA, NEB.—Ann Harding was born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Alexander Gray in Wrightsville, Penna.; Edward Nugent in New York City; Sally Blane in Salida, Colo.; and Barbara Stanwyck in Brooklyn, N. Y.



# FOR A Smooth + flawless Skin



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*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

**F**IRST and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between my Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

Milkweed Cream is a cleanser—a wonderfully thorough one. But that's not all! It is a corrective for the complexion as well. For while its delicate oils are gently and thoroughly coaxing impurities from the skin, Milkweed's special toning properties are benefiting skin health. And it is this extra helpfulness, found in Milkweed Cream alone, that wards off blemishes, banishes dullness and guards against aging lines.

Your skin under the tutelage of my method and my cream swiftly becomes clear—soft—smooth—and morning-fresh. It gains the lovely translucence that we associate with youth.

Tonight, with your hand mirror, examine your skin closely at the six critical places starred on my mannequin. Be on your guard for the tiniest thread-like line, the least blemish, for even minute imperfections are aging and "Only a Healthy

Skin Can Stay Young." Then with my method and my cream, take the first step toward a skin of everlasting beauty.

First apply Milkweed Cream upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday, 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

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by Frances Ingram

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



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the  
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Old Days"



WELL, Elmer, here we are in 1931 doin' everything slick as a whistle. Instead of milkin' a cow we jest put a bottle outside our door. If we want to go somewhere we jest step on the starter instead of chasin', catchin', bridlin' and saddlin' a horse. When we shave we jest yank out a safety razor and zip 'em off instead of honin', stroppin' and swearin' at a straight razor. Everything's modern.

Of course the good old customs was all right in their day. But even the folks that think they are pinin' away for them wouldn't give up electric lights fer oil lamps. In this age and time we have got to have efficiency, accuracy and speed. Well sir, the folks that use oil lamps now instead of electric lights ain't as far behind the times as the folks that use other things instead of these little chocolate tablets.

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"THESE little chocolate tablets"—meaning Ex-Lax—are to other laxatives what the electric light is to the oil lamp.

Ex-Lax is the modern way of keeping "regular"—keeping the system free of intestinal poisons.

Ex-Lax is scientific enough for doctors—pleasant enough for children—effective enough for everybody.

Not absorbed by the system; non-habit forming; won't disturb digestion. Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative!

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Keep "regular" with

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The Chocolated Laxative

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**JOAN BLONDELL** ("Illicit," Warners) popped up and scored a sensational hit as Dorothy Mackaill's room-mate in "The Office Wife." Joan, a natural comic, was born in New York City Aug. 30, 1909. Her father and mother were both of the theater. After several seasons on the New York stage—both "Follies" and drama—Warners signed her.



**MARTIN BURTON** ("Ladies' Man," Paramount) is the latest answer to Paramount's search for handsome and talented young juveniles for the talkies. Young Martin appeared in London in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and came to America to play in Ethel Barrymore's production of "The Love Duel." B. P. Schulberg saw him in "Death Takes a Holiday," and packed him off to Hollywood.



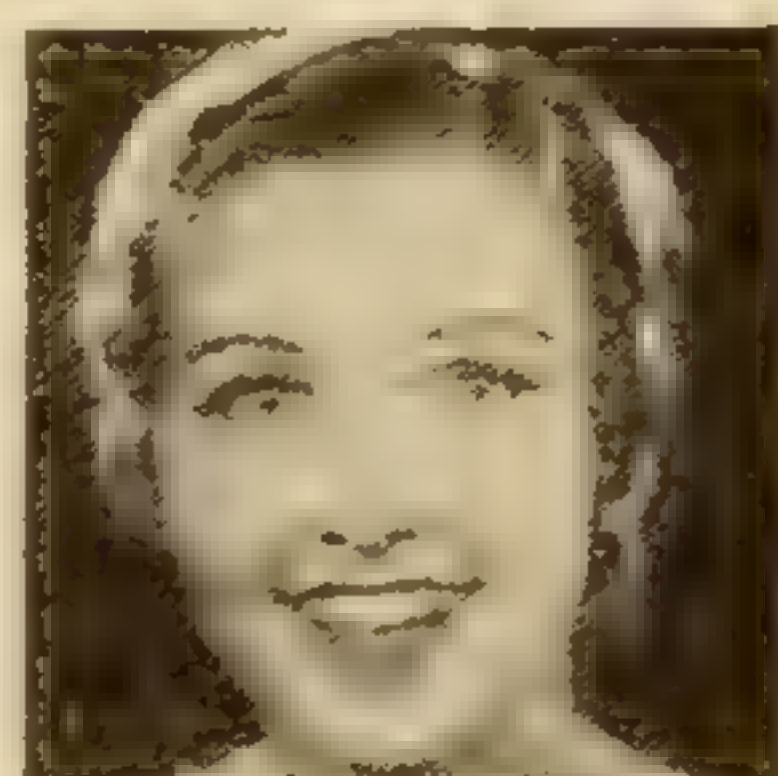
**HELEN COHAN** ("Lightnin'," Fox) is the daughter of the great George M. Cohan himself. Born in New York City, she studied for the stage, and her famous daddy gave her pointers. She made her debut with him in his musical comedy, "Billie," doing imitations of Pop. While playing on the stage in Los Angeles in "June Moon," Fox gave her a test, and here she is!



**WARREN HYMER** ("Up The River," Fox) is the son of John B. Hymer, co-author of the famous "East Is West" and other plays. Warren is twenty-four, and was educated at Yale, where he played baseball. After leaving school he acted in London and New York, and in 1929 went into Fox pictures, where he scored immediately. He married Beau Vasanta, singer, in 1929.



**EVALYN KNAPP** ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) is a beautiful blonde who appeared in many Pathe short comedies during 1929. Won by her beauty and talent, Warners signed her to a term contract to appear in features. Evalyn was born in Kansas City in 1908. She studied for the theater in New York, and afterward toured in several legitimate shows.



**KENT DOUGLASS** ("Paid," M-G-M) is really Douglass Montgomery, but had his name changed to avoid conflict with the better known screen Montgomery, young Robert, of the same company. "Kent Douglass" was a leading juvenile with the Acting Company of the famous New York Theater Guild, having appeared in "Volpone," "Caprice" and other Guild plays. He's twenty-two.



**JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS** ("Derelict," Paramount) got her picture start opposite George Bancroft in this film. Jessie is an Evanston, Ill., girl, and made her stage debut in Chicago with Joseph Schildkraut in "The Highwayman." Since then she has appeared in many Broadway plays. She was educated at the Chicago Conservatory. She has brown hair, blue eyes.



**GREGORY GAYE** ("What a Widow!" United Artists) scored a sound comedy hit as the Russian musician in this Swanson picture. And he is Russian, having been born in Petrograd thirty years ago. He was a cadet in the Russian navy, and later played on the stage in Europe. He comes naturally by his theatrical talent, as his father, also Gregory, was an actor.





## A CROSS ON THE DOOR

# Sealed the Doom of another household!

LONDON was a nightmare of horror that summer. The Black Death raged through the city. Victims died so fast that condemned prisoners collected the bodies by the cartload.

Terror-stricken, the survivors went to the most extreme lengths to save themselves. The most drastic regulations were made. A red cross, and the words "God have mercy on us," were chalked on the door of every house in which the plague had struck.

The cross on the door served as a warning. But it was also a sentence of death on all within, for no one was permitted to leave these houses. Shut up like rats in a trap, the well were condemned to die with the sick. They had no chance to escape.

Cruel and inhuman? Yes—but only ignorance was to blame. For in 1665, pestilence was regarded as Divine vengeance for sin. Germs were unheard of, sanitation unknown.

Not until 200 years later, after the American Civil War, did the medical world discover that disease and infection are caused by germs, and that germs can be killed. Today, science wages an unceasing war upon germs, and one of its most effective weapons in this fight is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

For more than forty years, this efficient germicide has been a standby with doctors and hospitals the world over. Wherever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, there you will find "Lysol"—in the sick-room, in the operating room—even at childbirth, when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe — use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts and human tissue; in the household on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. *A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant, every drop of which will kill 200,000,000 bacteria.* Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic, depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans — yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.

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Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."



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## that you have lovely hands!

A vogue so often begins with the smart and the youthful. It was the very smart woman and the young girl who first discovered that with Glazo preparations the fingertips would be given that dramatic perfection which today demands of a woman's hands.

No longer is it enough that a woman's fingers be daintily groomed, of utterly feminine loveliness. They must be tipped to lovely lustre or glowing brilliance.

Glazo's immediate success with the very smart has progressed into the ranks of even the most conservative women! Glazo polishes brush on smoothly and easily, without "piling up" or peeling

or turning white at the edges. And they are scientifically composed so that never, never, do they appear faded or purplish under trying artificial light.

The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème (do find this out for yourself) gently removes excess cuticle and yet leaves the edges of the oval smooth and even. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Oil, Glazo Nicotine Remover—all assist in the perfection of the Glazo manicure. Use them *all*.

Just a few minutes each week with Glazo preparations—and all the innate loveliness of your hands is brought out.

Your fingertips are not only smart, but exceedingly beautiful.

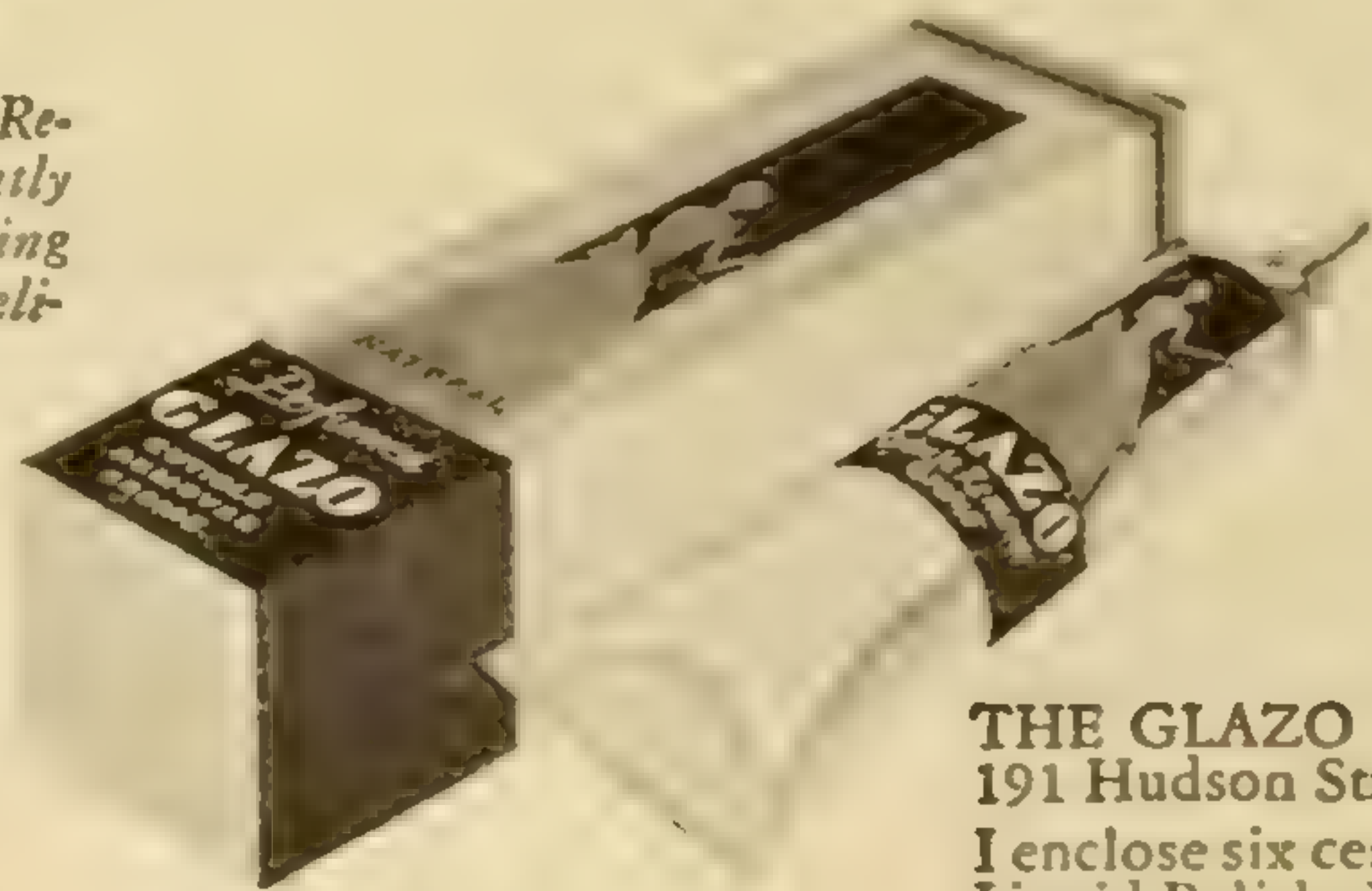


(Left)—Perfumed Glazo liquid polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium, or Crimson—large bottle, fifty cents.



(Above)—The famous Glazo twin package contains Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell, fifty cents.

(Right)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème—new—gently removes excess cuticle, leaving soft, smooth ovals of loveliness. Fifty cents.



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# GLAZO

## Talking of Talkies

IF the talkie fanatics have their way in Hollywood, action and story will merely be used on the screen as an excuse to introduce conversation.—The Film Daily.

THE movies are my racket, not the stage. I made what reputation I've got right here in Hollywood, and here I stay. I've got plenty of money and no worries. I get about a thousand fan letters a week, and if that shows I'm washed up, then I'll start a laundry.—Alice White, film actress.

THE people of Hollywood are among the most charming on earth, and not at all the iniquitous horde that ill-informed people would have us believe. They go to bed at eleven o'clock and are up and at work at eight in the morning.—John McCormack, singer.

I AM happy my divorce is proceeding. When I am free I shall consecrate myself to my art. I am ambitious to do on the stage what I have already done in the movies. For the time being I shall remain with my mother at Cape Ferrat, but will return to America as soon as I am free.—Pola Negri, movie actress.

IF I were on the lookout for a restful place for a tired business man, I would recommend Hollywood. The wide curves of the hilltops surrounding the town are soothing to the eye. Beautiful young women, garbed in bright colors, walk briskly in the blue-white California light. There are palm trees on the edge of the streets; flower beds in front of the houses; hardly any children; few dogs. The shops are modest. There is refinement and quiet everywhere. The lights are out at nine P. M.

Occasionally somebody, generally a newcomer to the picture colony, throws a wild party (which automatically throws him out of every other party) but that happens rarely and is seldom heard of by people who are not in the know.—Konrad Bercovici, in "The Delineator."

## February Birthdays

- February 2—Benny Rubin
- February 3—Andy (James J. Correll)
- February 5—Monta Bell
- February 6—Lucille Webster Gleason
- February 6—Russell Gleason
- February 6—Ben Lyon
- February 6—Ramon Novarro
- February 7—Edward Nugent
- February 8—King Vidor
- February 9—Ronald Colman
- February 10—Roy D'Arcy
- February 10—Harry Beaumont
- February 12—William Collier, Jr.
- February 13—Kate Price
- February 13—John Wray
- February 14—Stuart Erwin
- February 14—Fred Scott
- February 15—John Barrymore
- February 15—William Janney
- February 16—Chester Morris
- February 16—Mack Swain
- February 17—Mary Brian
- February 18—Adolphe Menjou
- February 19—Dorothy Janis
- February 22—Lew Cody
- February 25—Warren Hymer
- February 27—Joan Bennett



# paying the price for HER MOTHER'S MISTAKE!

*How often the new home manager endures this wearying, bothersome task . . . when millions of women have found a way to let modern science lift the load!*

**S**OMETIMES a well-intentioned mother will advise her newly married daughter against using the laundry. Perhaps because of a mistaken notion that laundry service is expensive or that "laundries are hard on clothes."

And if she does not investigate for herself, the new home manager may go on week after week, doing her own

washing. Paying the price in tired muscles, worn nerves, a disordered home, for her mother's mistake.

Actually, today's laundry service is amazingly thrifty! The damp or wet wash, for instance, costs but a few cents a pound. And the up-to-date laundry way, using only rainsoft water and the multiple-suds method, means safe, gentle washing plus absolute cleanliness.

Try the present-day laundry in your community this week. Don't let hearsay or misinformed council keep you a Washday Prisoner. Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.



1930  
L.N.A.

*Suds — suds — suds — suds! Each soapy soft-water bath drained and discarded after use, each creamier and whiter than the one before. This is the famous multiple-suds method perfected by the American Institute of Laundering — million-dollar "proving ground" of the Industry.*

*Let the* **LAUNDRY** *do it!*



# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Martin Burton  
Ruth Chatterton  
June Collyer  
Juliette Compton  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Leon Errol  
Stuart Erwin  
Stanley Fields  
Kay Francis  
Skeets Gallagher

Mitzi Green  
Phillips Holmes  
Carole Lombard  
Paul Lukas  
Marcia Manners  
Cyril Maude  
Rosita Moreno  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Guy Oliver  
Eugene Pallette  
Ramon Pereda  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Stanley Smith  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson  
Luana Alcaniz  
Robert Ames  
Michael Bartlett  
Warner Baxter  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Lucile Browne  
Robert Burns  
Joan Castle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Marguerite Churchill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Joyce Compton  
Roxanne Curtis  
Fifi Dorsay  
Charles Farrell  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor  
C. Henry Gordon  
Louise Huntington  
Warren Hymer  
Keating Sisters  
Richard Keene  
Jane Keith  
Nancy Kelly  
J. M. Kerrigan  
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee  
Marion Lessing  
George Lewis  
Myrna Loy  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Leslie May  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Frances McCoy  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Goodee Montgomery  
Lois Moran  
J. Harold Murray  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Nat Pendleton  
Will Rogers  
David Rollins  
Jillian Sand  
John Swor  
Lee Tracy  
Spencer Tracy  
Ruth Warren  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy  
Henry Armetta  
Mary Astor  
Roscoe Ates  
Evelyn Brent  
Sue Carol  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Betty Compson  
Ricardo Cortez  
Bebe Daniels  
John Darrow  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Eddie Foy, Jr.  
Noel Francis  
Ralf Harolde

Hugh Herbert  
Rita LaRoy  
Ivan Lebedeff  
Dorothy Lee  
Everett Marshall  
Joel McCrea  
Jack Mulhall  
Edna May Oliver  
Roberta Robinson  
Lowell Sherman  
Katya Sorina  
Ned Sparks  
Leni Stengel  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

### Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss  
John Barrymore  
Noah Beery  
Joan Blondell  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Donald Cook  
Claudia Dell  
Irene Delroy  
Robert Elliott  
Frank Fay

John Halliday  
Leon Janney  
Evalyn Knapp  
Winnie Lightner  
Ben Lyon  
Marian Marsh  
Edward Morgan  
Olsen and Johnson  
Barbara Weeks  
Jack Whiting

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Jean Harlow  
Al Jolson

Evelyn Laye  
June MacCloy  
Una Merkel  
Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell  
Dorothy Revier  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Miriam Segar  
Barbara Stanwyck

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lenore Bushman  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Jose Crespo  
Marion Davies  
Reginald Denny  
Kent Douglass  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Julia Faye  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Hedda Hopper  
Lottice Howell  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Arnold Korff  
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy  
Joan Marsh  
Adolphe Menjou  
John Miljan  
Conchita Montenegro  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Catherine Moylan  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Marie Prevost  
Marjorie Rambeau  
Duncan Renaldo  
Norma Shearer  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Lester Vail

### Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
James and Russell  
Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Helen Twelvetrees

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Margaret Adams  
Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Hoot Gibson  
Bela Lugosi  
Charles Murray

Mary Nolan  
George Sidney  
Slim Summerville  
Genevieve Tobin  
Lupe Velez  
John Wray

## Burbank, Calif.

### First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Glenda Farrell  
Joe Frisco  
Walter Huston  
Fred Kohler  
Dorothy Mackaill

David Manners  
Marilyn Miller  
Ona Munson  
Dorothy Peterson  
James Rennie  
Otis Skinner  
Loretta Young

## Long Island City, New York

### Paramount New York Studio

Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Ina Claire  
Claudette Colbert  
Norman Foster  
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March  
Marx Brothers  
Frank Morgan  
Ginger Rogers  
Charlie Ruggles  
Charles Starrett  
Ed Wynn

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York  
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.



"No more ugly  
shine! MELLO-GLO  
stays on longer and  
gives my skin a fresh, nat-  
ural bloom." Miss Desirée  
Tabor, beautiful operetta star.

## NEW WONDERFUL FACE POWDER STAYS ON LONGER

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks.

MELLO-GLO prevents large pores and coarse skin texture. If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 34)  
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:



# A Certain Someone's Heart Stood Still..

**J**ANET had dreamed of a dress like this—a dress so lovely that a certain someone must turn and look—so lovely that perhaps for just one little moment a certain someone's heart would stand quite still. She knew she could never, never save enough to buy the dress of her dreams, for Janet's salary was \$25 a week. Even saving \$5 a week, the dress was weeks and weeks and months away.

And then, just when the dress—and the someone—seemed further off than ever, the most wonderful thing had happened. She had learned that now there was a simple way by which she—yes, Janet who had never sewn a stitch in her life—could create for herself all the clothes her heart desired. There was a little shop just a short distance from home, with every convenience one could want and a teacher who knew just everything, and the cleverest electric machines that ran like a breeze and stitched the seams so quickly. Why, it was really fun!

Janet's heart sang that morning when, after only a few happy lessons at the school, she wore to the office the very first dress she had ever made and the girls swarmed around to ask her where she had bought it. Then she knew that the dress of her dreams would really come true—and it did.

She chose a design from among hundreds in the magazines. She found the most ravishing piece of material one adventurous noon-hour. Three never-forgotten evenings she spent in the fashioning of it, reluctant even to go to bed. There was a thrill, too, when she found that the total cost was less than twelve dollars.

But best of all was the little catch in her own throat when, at the party, a certain someone did stop and look—and look again—and then came straight to take her hands in his.

Every day more girls are discovering the happiness of making their own clothes. Modern patterns, modern methods and the modern Singer Electric have changed a once tedious task to the kind of fun no girl will want to miss. Once you know how easy it is, you, too, will be planning the lovely clothes you thought you never could afford.

Perhaps all you need is the confidence that comes with making just one dress. If so, the nearest Singer Sewing School is ready to help without one cent of cost to you. You will find waiting there the sympathetic,

friendly interest of an expert teacher and the finest sewing equipment for your use. You will be shown how to select designs, fabrics and colors that are individually becoming to you. Then step by step you will be shown how to lay out your pattern, cut out your materials, and completely make, fit and finish the dress of your choice. In just a few afternoons or evenings you will learn those easy modern methods that will make forever simple the creation of your own smart clothes.

## SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

Conducted by SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

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*If you would like to know how you can learn to make your own dresses, free, at the nearest Singer Sewing School, simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Or send the coupon below and full information about this new plan will come to you at once.*



SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.  
Dept. B-118, Singer Bldg. New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....





## Adds Glossy Lustre, leaves your hair Easy to manage

**I**F you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre... this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

# Glostora

## Your Mid-Winter Complexion

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

clogging your pores and making them inactive, defeating the purpose of the preparations you are using.

Perhaps you are trying to get along without any complexion helps, when one or two carefully selected ones would add to your comfort, to say nothing of improving your looks. Perhaps you are scrubbing your face too hard and making it super-sensitive.

Take a good, long look in the mirror today, even if you do have to brace yourself for a shock! Try to determine just what it is your skin requires, and then map out a little campaign to protect it against cold and wind. If you need some help, go to a beauty salon. Or, if that isn't possible, write me about your problem. I'll be happy to advise you.

**ETHEL:**

Dorothy Mackaill frequently wears white for formal wear, being partial to satin in the slightly off-white shades. If she has a favorite color for the street, my guess is dark blue. It's extremely becoming to her and she wears it a great deal.

Helen Twelvetees likes red—cherry or carmine for evening, and more subdued wine-red for daytime. She also likes tan and beige for the street.

If you and your friend Mary are like these actresses in type and coloring, this information will undoubtedly help you to select clothes. I am happy to be able to pass it along to you.

**BEE:**

Perhaps when you were acquiring that sun tan last summer you neglected to protect your eyes from the sun's glare. Eyestrain is often responsible for those fine wrinkles under the eyes. I think you should consult an oculist first, so the cause can be treated. The eye packs and nourishing cream will also help. Don't

worry about it. You are young, and with proper treatment the condition can be eradicated.

If your sun tan persists, continue to use a corresponding shade of powder and a touch of carmine rouge and lipstick.

**MRS. F. L. M.:**

A beautiful girl like your sister is apt to arouse jealousy among less fortunate women who might better be making the most of their own good points, mental and physical. I think she is foolish to let it bother her and to think of having her lovely light hair dyed. Tell her how much wiser it would be to try not to resent the comments of other girls, but to make as many friends as possible among them and win them over by her charm and tact. A pretty girl needs to cultivate diplomacy and a genuinely tolerant attitude toward less favored girls. Surely, with such a gift of beauty, your sister can afford to be generous and kind to others.

**BERNICE:**

If your arms are naturally stout you can't reduce them a great deal without losing weight generally. But you can firm the flesh and make them more symmetrical by practicing the simple arm exercises contained in my reducing booklet. Just send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request. There is no charge for this booklet.

**SWEET SIXTEEN:**

I'm afraid I can't sympathize with you. What if your nose does turn up a bit at the end? Prettiness doesn't depend upon perfect features. If it did, what would become of most of us! Little irregularities in features frequently add piquancy to a face. Just live up to that pert, cunning nose by being gay and full of fun. There are so many good times in store for a girl of sixteen!



"Pee-Wee" gets a permanent! Frances Dee, pretty Paramount player, takes her pup to Hollywood's new beautifying salon especially designed for the smart canine world of the film colony. "Pee-Wee" is being very, very brave about it all



# An Innovation of World-Wide Importance to Women

That Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort from Women's Hygiene



**A New and Totally Different Sanitary Protection . . . Pure Rayon Cellulose Filled**

**Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk And . . . Effective 3 Times Longer**

**T**HERE is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an invention of world-wide importance.

An entirely new kind of a sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is **NEW** in design. **NEW** in material. **NEW** and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has two outstanding advantages every woman is quick to understand and appreciate.

#### *Brings Poise and Comfort*

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any

other pad. It is unique in its results. When you buy your first box of Veldown just open one of the pads and examine it. You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose. Soft as fluffed silk; *not mere layers of crepe paper as used in old-type methods.*

You will see from its construction why it *cannot chafe or irritate.* Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation from wearing a sanitary pad! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel," gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

#### *Assures Longer Comfort*

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other

sanitary methods. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

#### *Accept Trial*

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a **Vast and Great Improvement** on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

163R

**VELDOWN COMPANY, Inc.**

220 E. 42nd Street, New York City

*One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Pulp Company*

**Veldown**  
FOR EVERY WOMAN



## Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed



### ... and this one small booklet will tell you

**G**RADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they *are* her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

#### *The old-time fear of poisons*

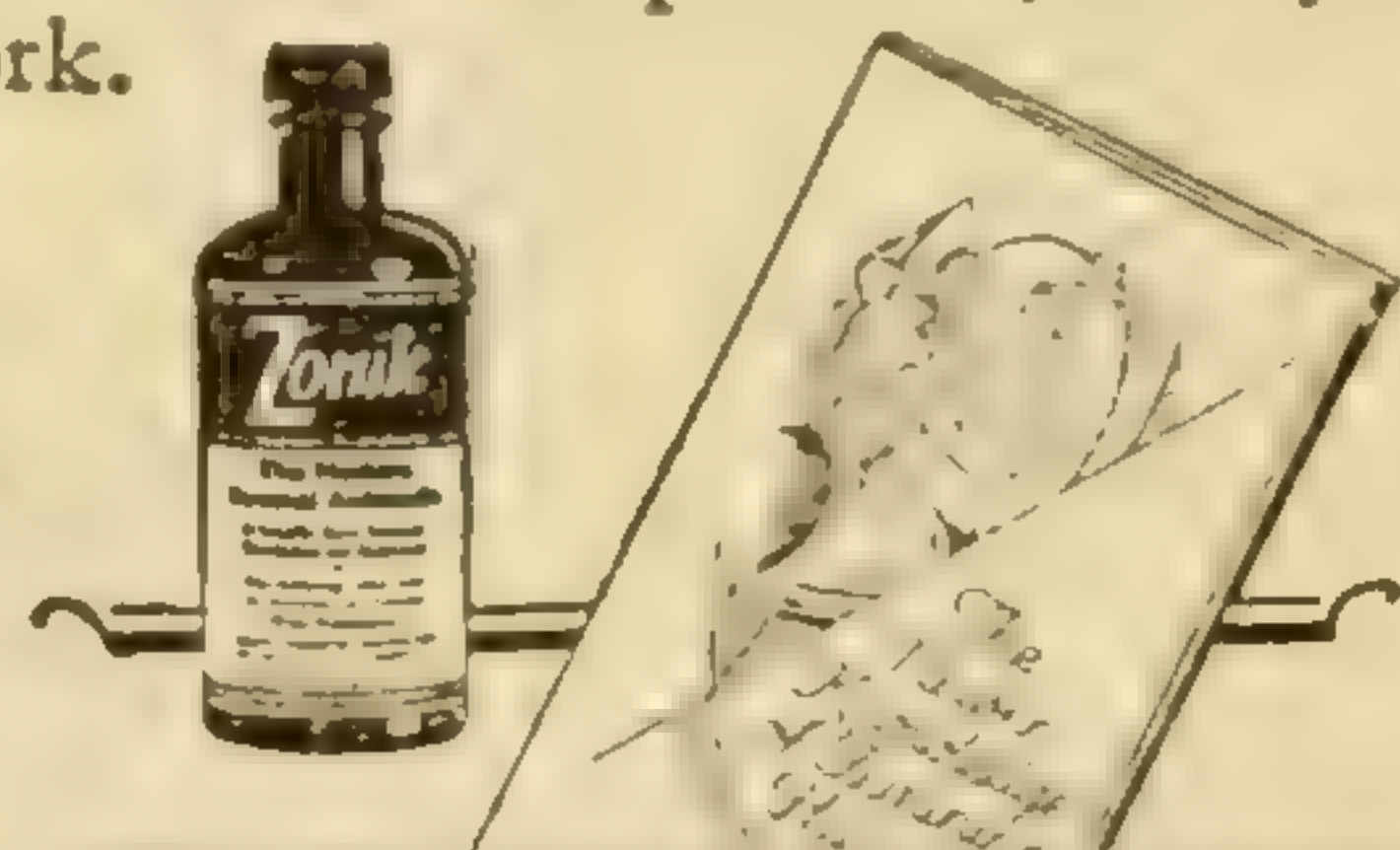
There was a time when caustics and poisons were the only antiseptics strong enough for feminine hygiene. Much as doctors approved of surgical cleanliness they did not approve of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. Women didn't like them either. And when they discover *Zonite*, when they realize the difference, all the old-fashioned fear leaves at once and forever!

#### *Zonite is safe as pure water*

*Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous.* It can never cause mercurial poisoning; nor produce areas of scar-tissue; nor interfere with normal secretions. It is actually soothing to membranes. Yet—*Zonite is really far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* And in addition *Zonite* has remarkable qualities as a deodorant.

Send coupon today for book of information and instruction. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is complete and revealing. *Zonite* Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

In bottles:  
30c, 60c, \$1.00  
Both in U. S. A.  
and Canada



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-12  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....  
(Please print name)

Address.....

City.....State.....  
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

### She's Emphatic!

Hamilton, Ont.

Ramon Novarro is absolutely the greatest actor and singer on the screen, and if you don't think so go and see a doctor as you must certainly be in need of one.

MRS. DICK

### Clara, Can You Do It?

Milton, Mass.

If Paramount will only forget about the Navy and purchase a good story for the emotional Clara Bow she will undoubtedly rise far above Garbo, Chatterton and Ann Harding.

BRADFORD HUTCHINSON

### We'll Take the Bet

Racine, Wis.

Won't some producer dare to make a grand opera complete? I'd bet on his success.

MRS. L. M. HAAS

### Dorothy Predicts—

Pelham, N. Y.

To my mind the three most attractive younger actors are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Hackett and Phillips Holmes. They will be the leading stars in filmdom five years from now.

DOROTHY FOSTER

### We Too, Bob!

Bowling Green, Ky.

Talkies brought a new thrill to me, and yet tonight I wish I might sit in a theater and watch John Gilbert make love to Greta Garbo in blessed silence and imagine for myself what he whispers in her ear.

ROBERT O. MUNN

### Real Restraint

Lansdowne, Penna.

I refuse to issue a wholesale condemnation of music on the screen simply because the poor musical films have so greatly outnumbered the good ones.

L. W., JR.

### Some "Trail!"

Detroit, Mich.

Raoul Walsh's picture, "The Big Trail" is without exception the greatest, most inspirational picture I have seen for many a moon.

The acting is splendid, the settings magnificent, the direction excellent. This superb picture demonstrates effectively the possibilities of moving picture art. More artistic and dramatic masterpieces such as this and fewer slapstick comedies and petty and trite love affairs would serve to change the "fed-up" attitude of a critical and bored public toward the talkies.

MARIE D. MEYER

### Well, What?

Columbus, Ohio

I wouldn't sit through one of Maurice Chevalier's pictures if I got paid for it.

I think he has the most tiresome and artificial smile. Can't something be done about it?  
BETTY TUTTLE

### He Certainly Could

Jeannette, Penna.

What a grand personality!

Chevalier could make us cry our eyes out if he were given a rôle which required him to portray a few pathetic scenes.

VERNON ROBERTS

### We'll Bite. Why?

Glastonbury, Conn.

Why do they insist on putting some slapstick comedy into almost every picture and thereby spoiling what would probably have been a perfect picture?

EVA VARNY

### She Comes to Bury Caesar

Chicago, Ill.

I read the critics' praise of Greta Garbo's voice—its "mellow huskiness"—and wonder. To me it is coarse and thick.

In "Anna Christie" it fitted the character, but in "Romance" this so-called "mellow huskiness" was as much in keeping with an Italian opera diva as a high tenor would be to Victor McLaglen. I bury my Garbo with regret. With that voice, she's dead to me.

L. HAINES

### Time Will Tell

Gooding, Idaho

Are the talkies becoming too noisy? Sound pictures are here to stay and put before us much that could not be given in silence, but producers should slow down or soon the talkies will be nothing but cheap vaudeville.

Would a silent be accepted once in a while, or is the technique gone forever?

H. V. MCCOY

### Keep It Pure!

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In "A Lady Surrenders" Genevieve Tobin messed up a perfectly beautiful little drama by her affected speech.

I love the King's English, but don't you think a pure American accent is better than a jargon which is neither one thing nor the other?

S. T. GRAHAM

### Make 'Em Move!

East Orange, N. J.

The principal requisite of the silent photoplay was that it should move. This is also necessary in the phonoplay.

The producers, nevertheless, seem to have forgotten this most important fact. Surfeited with dialogue which slows the action to zero, the pictures today are nothing more or less than photographed stage plays. Action must still be the predominant factor, with dialogue playing a subordinate part in the drama.

When the producers are impressed with the importance of this requirement, we shall see the phonoplay rivalling the old silent film in effect. But until then the talking picture must mark time.

ROLAND O. CLARK



# Here's A Piece of News

An amazing new discovery, Packer's Scalptone, will revolutionize home-care of the hair!

When I was first consulted about this wonderful new preparation for hair I said to myself, "Why did nobody ever think of this before?" Because, while it's an absolutely new idea, it's so sensible.

## Now—a prescription for just your hair

Scalptone (made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap) is a new kind of tonic which *you* modify to suit *your own* hair and scalp. Scalptone can be *astringent* for oily hair . . . or slightly oily for dry hair . . . or as oily as you need for *very* dry hair. At your druggist's, you merely ask for Packer's Scalptone. Then you yourself make your own prescription with the aid of the very simple directions with each bottle.

## Is your hair oily—dry—very dry?

Now it's obvious that no single tonic, just as it comes from the bottle, can be exactly right for all kinds of hair. So the chemists of the Packer Company got to work and solved the problem.

In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube. In the tube is oil of sweet almonds which, you know, is recommended for scalps that tend to be dry.



Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

If your hair is oily, you won't need this oil. You simply massage Scalptone, just as it comes in the bottle, into your scalp, to tighten up those over-active oil glands.

If your scalp is slightly dry, you uncork the tube, and pour just enough oil into the Scalptone to make it right for *your* hair. And if your hair is very dry, you may want to add the whole amount of oil to Scalptone. There! Do you see? I know it's simple—but I know, too, the amazing results it has.

Packer's Scalptone will help keep your scalp young, vigorous, functioning properly. Massage it well into the scalp—every day; and feel it stimulate and tone up those thousands of tiny cells in the scalp muscles. Scalptone is antiseptic too, so that it is very helpful in cases of local infection like dandruff. As your scalp grows healthier, you'll begin to see your hair take on new sheen, new life, new beauty.

If your druggist hasn't Scalptone as yet, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he carries it for you.

JEAN CARROLL

## PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

## Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

### oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Between shampoos, massage with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

### dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

### dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate

pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap Shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

## LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10c in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25c I will send you samples of all three. If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1 with your order. Address Jean Carroll The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-B, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.





*Just try  
this clear  
quick-drying lotion*



It's so easy to keep your hands and skin smooth, white and lovely, despite housework and weather, when you use Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. The clear liquid requires no bothersome massage. It penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly and guards the pores like an "invisible glove". Chamberlain's is not at all sticky, greasy or gummy. Its orange blossom fragrance is delightful. Use a few drops, after your hands are in water, before you go outdoors and at bedtime, to reveal and preserve the beauty of your hands and skin. Excellent, too, as a powder base. 50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores.

Or, send 4c in stamps to cover mailing costs and we'll gladly send our purse size (a week's supply) FREE. Address Dept. 62, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

**Chamberlain's  
HAND LOTION**  
"The Invisible Glove"



## Where has This Artist Been Hiding?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

had been completed. She was standing in the high patio that overlooks all the hills of Beverly, her hair wind-tossed, her arms flung wide and I heard her saying, "Oh, I've got so much. So much of happiness, so much of beauty. My husband, whom I love. My baby who is everything to me. This perfect house. Everything. Should I not be afraid of having so much? For so long I had nothing. Now I have everything. Will it fall about my ears?"

She seemed some magnificent earth thing challenging the gods.

YET, somehow, I saw nothing of all that she is on the screen. She seemed never to make the most of herself. It is so with her personal appearance. The directness of her gaze hurts you. Her beauty stabs you and yet lesser beauties invariably are more carefully groomed than Eleanor. She's never known just what to do with her hair. She's never had the knack that most actresses acquire of using just the right make-up. It must be because she's rather too fine for exteriors and perhaps it was that—the fact that she does go so deep—that made the camera lose her vital charm.

And then, for the first time, I saw her—the real her—in "The Great Meadow."

In the first place the part suits her exactly. I can well imagine Eleanor doing everything that her character *Dione* did. Eleanor is, at heart, a pioneer woman. *Dione* pioneered in a physical wilderness. Eleanor has pioneered in a mental wilderness—with theories. It's only a matter of the generation in which you happen to be born. *Dione* battled with cold and hunger and privations. Eleanor has battled with public opinion and bigotry and selfishness. Basically the two—Eleanor and the character she played in "The Great Meadow"—are identical. Yet even she might not have made that woman live as she now does, a few years ago. For she has grown. She has borne two lovely

children and the cloak of motherhood fits her. Her face has become more lovely and her figure (which was once tall and inclined to be angular) has softened and rounded until it is the figure of a magnificent woman. Now she gives the camera the same straight gaze that she has always given to life.

There are two types of artists in the world—those who work best when the stress of circumstance is upon them and those whose art demands harmony. Eleanor is of the latter type and I believe that it is this that has brought about the change. She was unhappy while she was under contract to M-G-M, for she very seldom did parts that she felt were sincere.

She could not, somehow, combat the mill of pictures and that is why she turned down the new contract that was offered her after she had completed her rôle in "The Great Meadow." Since money is no longer a primary consideration she actually prefers to free lance and have the right of accepting or rejecting the rôles offered her.

BUT she now has a new burst of enthusiasm for pictures. At first when she left M-G-M she was content with her home, her children and her husband. She is still content with these, but she demands life in all its richness and work is necessary to her. At first, after her baby was born, she didn't care whether she ever played another part or not, but she does care now and she wants to go on.

I do not know whether or not she realizes all of the things she has stored up within her, but except for her performance in "The Crowd" she has been holding out on the public. You'll realize this when you see her in "The Great Meadow," when you see her make a fictitious woman actually live before your eyes.

For the first time in her life Eleanor Boardman has given her audiences the great gifts that she has to give.



Our friends Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear. For many weeks these boys appeared in the Fox Movietone News, with Mr. Courage (the seated blond) urging Mr. Fear to loosen up and buy his wife that fur coat as the best way to end hard times. Neither boy is an actor, that is, professionally. Both work in the New York office of Fox



**IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER  
IN ONE PICTURE!** *The most  
amazing combination of world  
famous stars ever brought to the screen!*

*Lawrence*

**TIBBETT**

*and Grace*

**MOORE**

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

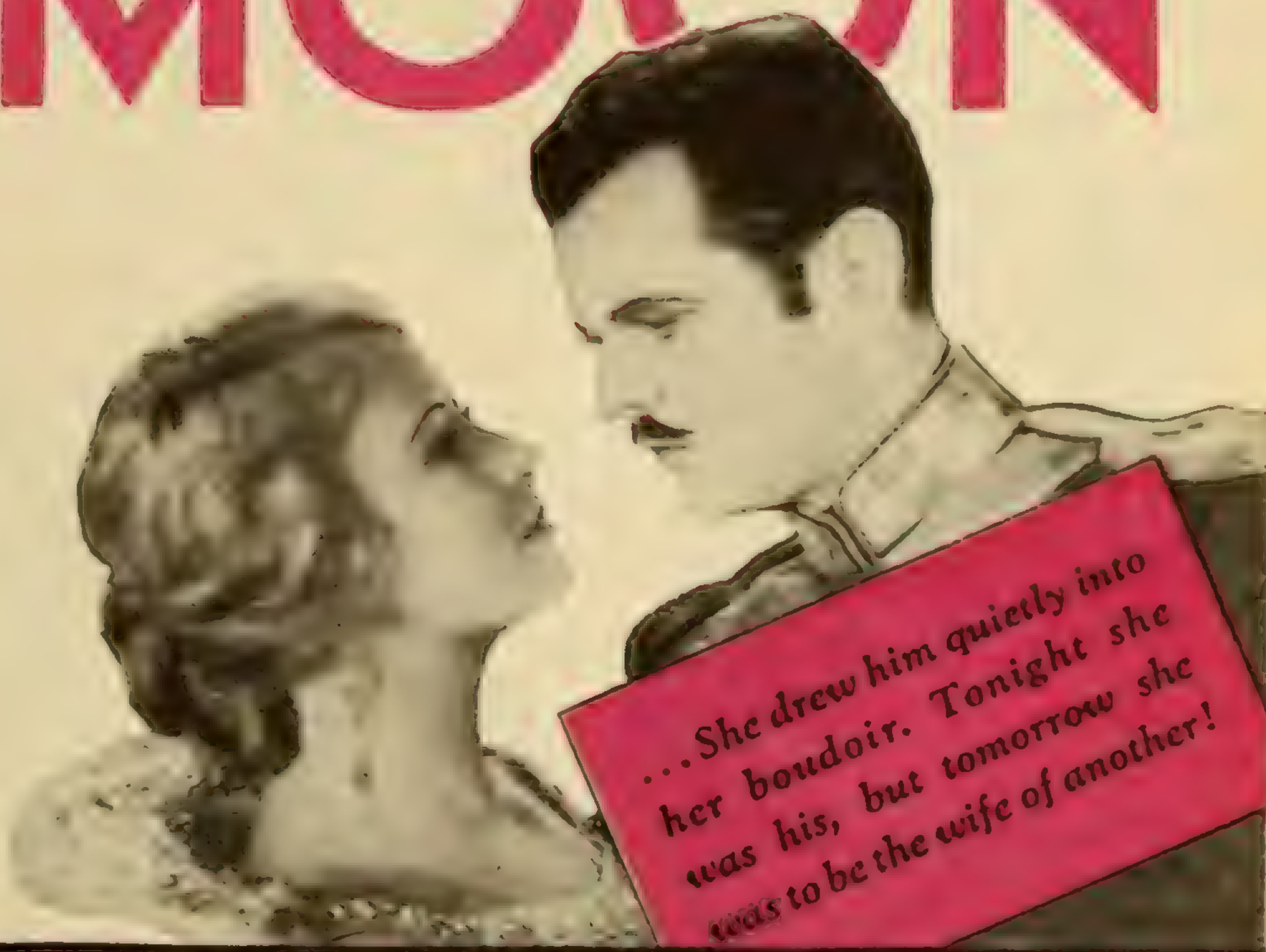
**"NEW  
MOON"**

with

**ADOLPH MENJOU  
and Roland Young**

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



*...She drew him quietly into  
her boudoir. Tonight she  
was his, but tomorrow she  
was to be the wife of another!*

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*





## GRAYING HAIR?

*Why surrender to gray hair?  
This famous approved way  
means radiant color again.  
We send demonstration FREE.*

ALL AROUND you, you see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman with graying hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. By this time-tested way women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly that you would think nature herself had put it there.

### You Need No Experience

Mary T. Goldman's method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Color blends evenly. Hair becomes lustrous, live-looking—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings.

### Entirely SAFE to Use

Mary T. Goldman's has been used by discriminating women for over 30 years. Medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

### Test It FREE!

Try it first on a single lock snipped from your hair. See results this way. Why hesitate to make this safe test? We have sent it to more than 3,000,000 women. If you prefer, you can obtain full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Or just mail the coupon. We'll send FREE TEST PACKAGE.



**FREE**  
This Famous  
Single Lock  
Test Package  
Use Coupon

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

### FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
2497 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN  
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN  
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

## Garbo vs. Dietrich

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Dietrich may be a good actress, a beautiful woman and all that, but please understand right now that no one can be compared with Greta Garbo. Anything she does is all right with me—and fifty million others. She is the greatest and most wonderful woman of all time!" You can gather, from this tiny assortment from a great batch, the divine madness that grips the true worshipper of that amazing Swedish girl. Let us turn to the less perturbed section of the populace—the milder spirits whose judgment is settled and whose souls are more serene.

MR. J. V. K., of Cumberland, Ky., pours some oil on the roiled and stormy waters: "How could anyone get mixed up on this Garbo-Dietrich situation? Both Dietrich and Garbo can speak the same language, have the same likes and mysteries. Why not let them alone and let them become friends? Garbo is so much like Marlene Dietrich, and Dietrich so much like Greta that I am sure they would become fast friends."

A hopeful note is struck by Miss E. B., of Henderson, Tex.:

"I believe all the Garbo fans will like Miss Dietrich. She isn't trying to take Garbo's throne. She merely wants another one beside it."

And Mr. J. B., of River Forest, Ill., is a little bored with it all:

"Why this everlasting bringing-up of the 'new menace to Garbo's throne' idea? But since another 'new menace' has again come up, let's give the new girl a break. I am, of course, also a Garbo fan. But I'm not a narrow-minded maniac. Let there be (and here Mr. B. grows ironical) one God, one Caesar, one Lincoln, one Napoleon, one Mickey Mouse, one Garbo. But why not also one Marlene Dietrich?"

And Mr. J. B. strikes the keynote! He points the way to peace! Why not one Dietrich, indeed?

After all, can Marlene help it if she looks something like the Queen of Culver City?

Is Hollywood only large enough for one beautiful girl who employs restraint and whose screen personality is alive with the glamor that gives certain actresses of stage and screen their true greatness as public magnets?

I answer my own question. Certainly not.

And may I point out that the tricks, attitudes and methods of *la* Dietrich are less Garboesque than they are European? Let us, in this moment of armistice, remember that Garbo is the only European trouper to attain great Hollywood eminence since Negri's time, and that's long ago, as *tempus fugit*.

But there's no need of getting deep-dish about this war. We should get the boys and

girls out of the trenches by Lincoln's birthday—nay, they should be out now, cooling off their fevered typewriters and turning to the productive arts of peace.

Miss Dietrich's "Morocco" was a hit. The country's fans and critics gave her a nice send-off. They welcomed her as a distinct personality—a fresh gift to the American screen. Great Caesar's perambulating ghost, isn't the American motion picture big enough to support two foreign ladies who drip personality, even though one is a tweedish Swedish divinity named Garbo?

As soon as Marlene had finished "Morocco," she was set at "Dishonored" by the ardent Von Sternberg, this time with big Vic McLaglen opposite. This done, she set off for Germany to see her little daughter, for whom she had been pining. She left behind her the dawn of a first-rate American reputation, born amid the thunders and alarms of a one-sided war.

God willing, she'll be back—back, I hope, in peace. She's a fine actress, this lush Teuton with the slumbrous eyes. We need her. Even the Garbo-maniacs need her, as they'll realize as soon as they cool off and discover that Marlene is no copy-cat trying to steal thrones at night. Garbo's Garbo and Dietrich's Dietrich, and thank Heaven for both. That's the attitude, and that is what will happen.

You are cordially invited to attend a big shenanigan I am promoting for the spring drinking season.

It is to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York City—a banquet seating as many as can be herded in. At one end of the table will be a throne for Greta Garbo—at the other a throne for Marlene Dietrich. Each will be exactly the same size, and contain as many diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires.

A HUNDRED flappers, dressed in white and carrying olive branches and autographed photographs, will attend each monarch. In between will be Mr. and Mrs. John H. Fan and the little Fans. Each will have one eye on Marlene and one on Greta, who will both be smiling, whatever the cost.

Paramount will furnish a band to play at one end of the hall—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will hire one to tootle at the other.

At the proper moment, I shall rise with a glass of pop in each hand. Bowing simultaneously to both thrones (a very good trick if I can do it) I shall propose the toast, "The Queens, God bless them!" and will then drink from both tumblers at once. (Another good trick. I learned it in India from a Swami.)

And you all will drink it too—even the wildest of you Garbo-maniacs.

Hush now—nobody's trying to steal your baby's throne!



Plains, Mont.

When you are only eighteen—eighteen with its dreams and its belief in happy endings—and you are so hideously deformed and scarred that people shudder when they pass you by on the street—is life a dreary prison, a cruel trap from which you cannot escape?

Ah, no, for there are the movies!

You slip into a theater and there in the friendly darkness you forget your ugly face and twisted body and through the art of Mary Pickford, Ruth Chatterton and all the lovely army of exquisite, gifted women, you find love and laughter and adventure.

Peggy Baker



**"A HOLLYWOOD  
THEME SONG"**

with

Harry Gribbon

Yola D'Avril

Patsy O'Leary

Mack Sennett is famous for his satires on the movies themselves. And this one, kidding the theme song, is one of his greatest. The critics call it "great fun", "one long howl", "a riot."



*America  
is safe  
as long as it  
can laugh*



**"ROUGH IDEA OF LOVE"**

with

Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman Mildred Van Dorn

If you want a rough idea of love as Frankie and Johnny demonstrate it—and a very clear idea of how funny an "action comedy" can be—don't miss this one.

America's collective sense of humor is one of the principal reasons for its greatness; one of the surest guarantees of its future.

Among its most honored sons and daughters have always been those who made its millions chuckle. For they do more for public morale than most of its statesmen.

While you can laugh you'll never be licked. And if you'll get your film entertainment where they show *EDUCATIONAL'S COMEDIES* (and that includes most of the better theatres of the land) you'll always be sure of your share of laughs.

# MAC K SENNETT COMEDIES



**"NO, NO, LADY"**

with

Andy Clyde

Frank Eastman Dorothy Christy Cyril Chadwick

A new and funnier slant on the amateur "drawn"; a comedy done in the best modern manner, with plenty of the kind of laughs that will shake your ribs.



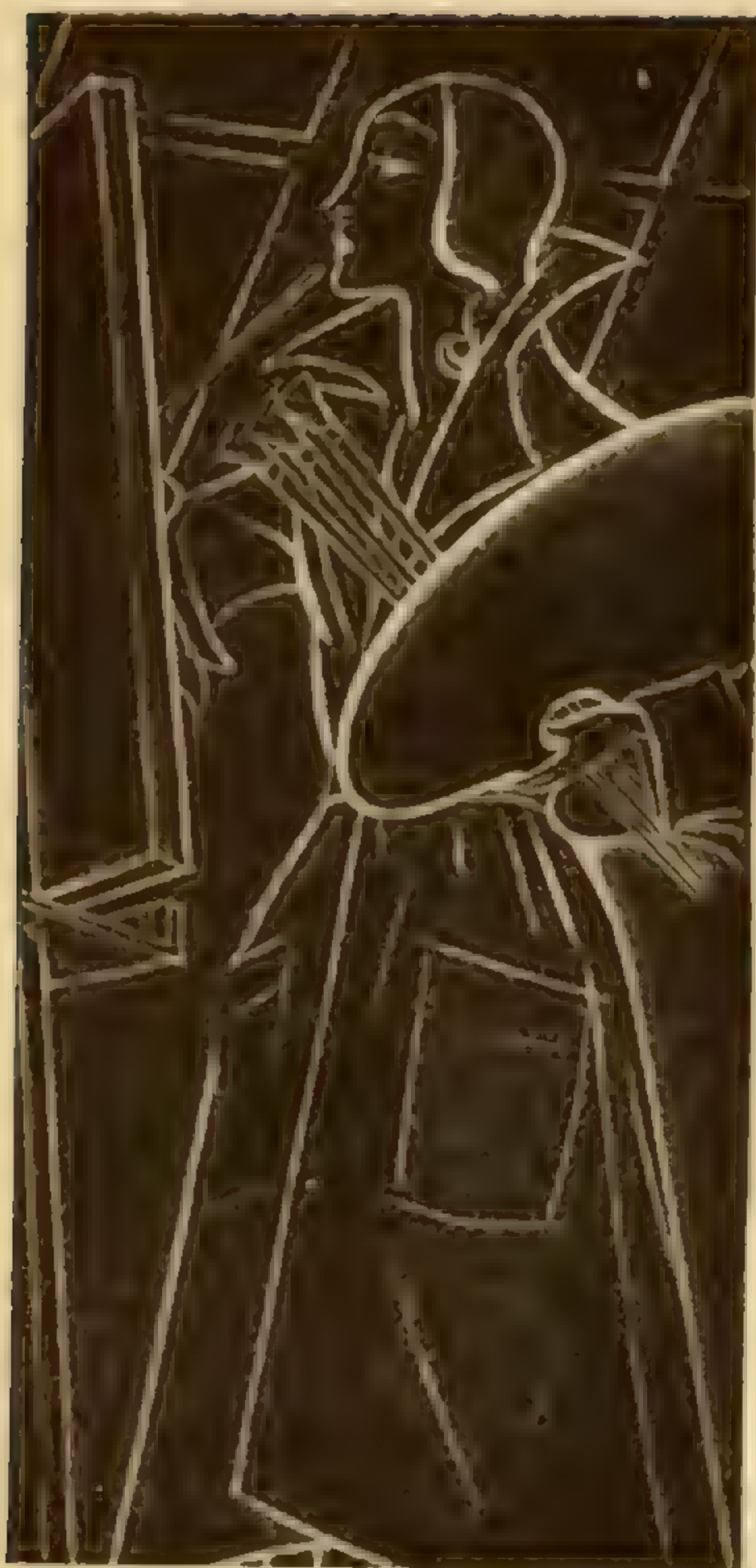
**"DANCE HALL MARGE"** with

Harry Gribbon Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman

A taxi dancer tries to put on the ritz for her wealthy new boy friend. Does she get by with it? Oh, boy, how you'll howl while you're finding out. There are a lot of laugh gags here that nobody ever dreamed of before Marge had her nightmare.







## modern girls make money in Art....

As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Manufacturers of wall paper, furniture, draperies, dress fabrics, jewelry, kitchenware — base their success today on color and design. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

Through the Federal School of Illustrating you can learn the principles of modern design at home. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons to the Federal Course in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing, etc. Many Federal students are now earning from \$2500 to \$6000 a year—others even more.

### Test Your Talent Free

Our Free Art Test finds out your talent. From it our artists will judge your drawing ability. Send today for this Test Chart and our Free Book, "A Road To Bigger Things."

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Please send me free book,  
"A Road To Bigger Things," and  
Standard Art Test.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## The Prima Donna and "the Old Man"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

Lubitsch saw something in the singing, talking shadow of the beautiful girl with the red-gold hair. His smart showman's sense told him he could add to it—oh, gayety, *finesse*, and most important of all, glamour! Perhaps he saw here perfect, malleable clay for his master-potter's hand. Maybe he didn't.

At any rate, Ernst Lubitsch played a perfect *Pygmalion* to Jeanette MacDonald's *Galatea*.

THE pretty, conventional statue came alive at the command of his intelligence and will. Her dormant humor, her sense of fun that had lain in the bud while she trilled "I Love You," burst into bloom.

To me, the rebirth of Jeanette MacDonald at the touch and under the training of Lubitsch is one of the little miracles of the talkie times.

For born again she was—more beautiful, more glamorous as a woman, and as an entirely new and fascinating artist in the matter of alluring and sexy comedy.

Some things he taught her. Other talents which had lain in her unused, he brought out. Her promise in "The Love Parade" came to full flower in "Monte Carlo," that charming bit of fluff that became something hugely delightful at the magic touch of The Old Man.

How did the little miracle happen? I had a long talk with Jeanette over a tomato omelette and a smidgin of toast. And I think I know.

For one thing, they found, early in their professional association, that their senses of humor jibe. They, a little like *Mike* and *Ike*, laugh alike. If Lubitsch thought of a laugh plum to stick in the picture, Jeanette giggled, and it wasn't just politeness.

The Old *Meister*, sensing that he had pliable material and fertile ground, suggested, taught, instructed and hinted. MacDonald, being a smart girl and a good trouper, picked up every Lubitsch cue.

In a sense, they were teammates. As a matter of fact, Jeanette remarks that the studio always said that she and Lubitsch "did an act." That is to say, The Old Man and the Prima Donna had a pretty elaborate ritual of daily jokes, politenesses and comments. It made for ease and it made for good work.

And daily The Old Man saw *Galatea* begin to breathe—then act, with grace and charm.

What is more important than mere liking, MacDonald had, and has, tremendous respect

for the talents of Herr Ernst. She knew that *he* knew, and no fooling! She was anxious to learn from an acknowledged master of his trade—which was three-fourths of the battle. And learn she did!

In all their association through two long and tricky pictures, they had but one serious scrap.

"I had come late three days hand-running," says Jeanette. "The last time I was just five minutes behind time. But Mr. Lubitsch had finally lost all patience and more temper.

"He was in a rage. 'Who do you think you are?' he roared. 'Do you know who I am? You aren't big enough to do this to me!'

"The upshot was that I had hysterics and he stormed into the front office—while a company waited an hour instead of five minutes. But before noon we had made it up, and our friendship and professional understanding were stronger than ever."

And so the team of Lubitsch and MacDonald laughed and toiled successfully through two of the finest sophisticated comedies ever made for the screen. At this writing, her Paramount term over, Jeanette MacDonald is on the Fox lot. But she isn't the conventional prima donna any more. She's a trained and tricky comedienne, taught by a master.

JEANETTE'S a smart girl. She won't forget what teacher taught. She admires and respects him as a master, likes him as a friend. If the Fox directors are smart, they will cash in on this beautiful girl, and all get rich and famous together.

Her first, under the new contract, is to be "All Women Are Bad," with Eddie Lowe opposite and the able William K. Howard holding the reins. And we will see what we shall see—and hear. Boy, there's true romance in the story of The Old Man and The red-haired Prima Donna! It's a little miracle-play, done under the Hollywood arc lights.

Lucky Jeanette, a pretty Broadway girl, whom fortune favored with months of association with a real master! Lucky Paramount, who had her beauty and developed talents in two first-rate comedies! Lucky Fox, crafty enough to sign her for more! Yes, and lucky Lubitsch, too! What greater fortune—or satisfaction—can come to a great moulder of human talents than to see a still, white statue come alive at the touch of his genius?



George Bernard Shaw, greatest living man of letters, gives in at last to the talkies! Here the whiskered Irish playwright is shown on the set at the British International Studios, near London. About him are some of the players who are filming his comedy, "How He Lied to Her Husband"





# CHARLEY'S AUNT

Featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

You'll **LAUGH** as you  
never **LAUGHED** before



FROM BRAZIL-  
WHERE THE  
NUTS COME  
FROM!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN



## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]



# 1,403,021

### TIMES A YEAR: FLOWERS

*sent by wire the*

#### F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY

WHEN "she" is a thousand miles away . . . and the calendar tells you it's February 14, St. Valentine's Day . . .

Just say *it with flowers* by wire the F. T. D. "MERCURY" way.

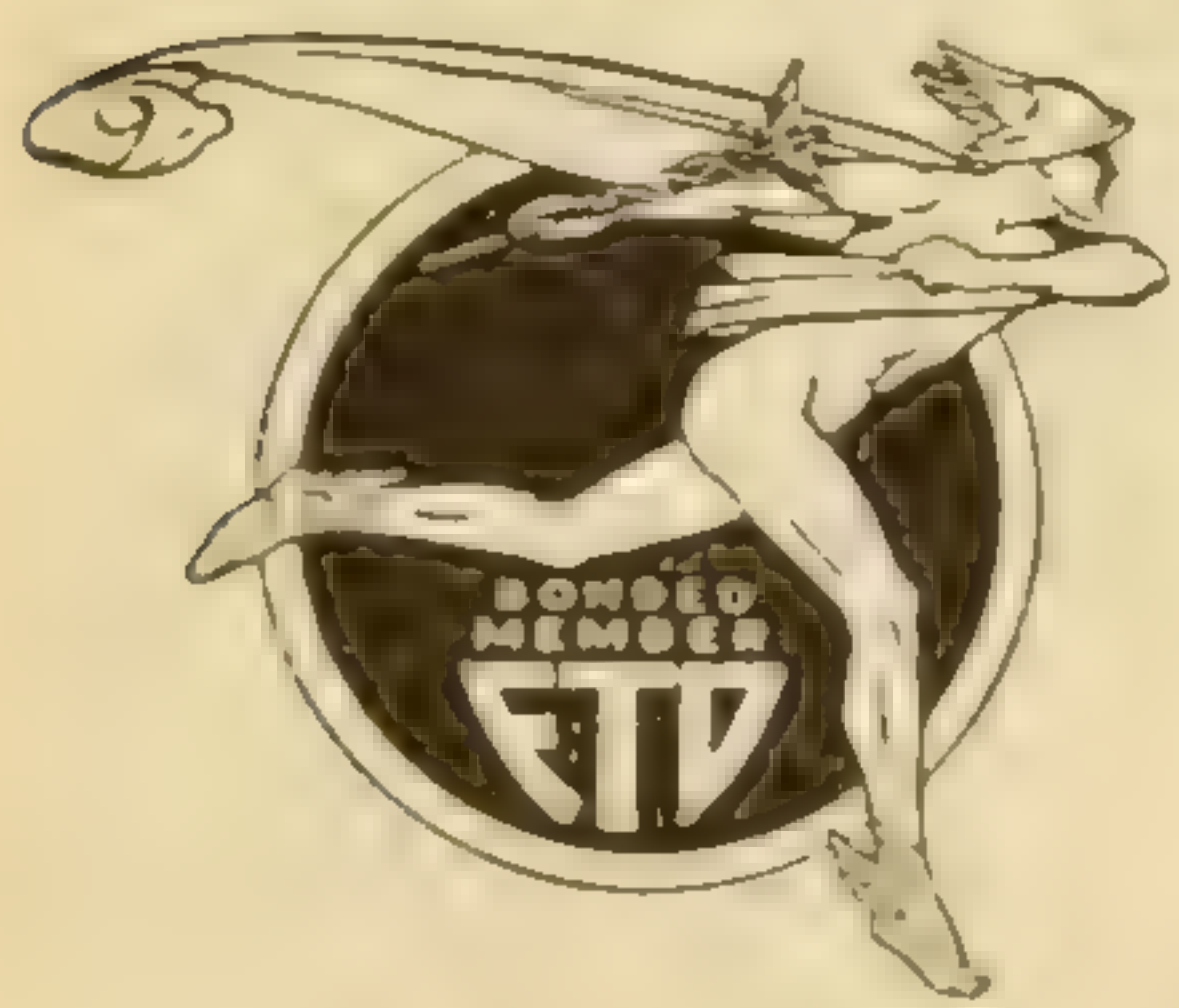
The Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association has bonded members everywhere. 1,403,021 orders were sent by wire through this organization last year.

On St. Valentine's Day . . . on your anniversary . . . on every important occasion when distance separates you from your loved ones . . . patronize a flower shop displaying the MERCURY emblem.



*For Distant Flower Deliveries*

**THE F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY  
IS GUARANTEED**



Connie Bennett, Adolph Zukor and Winfield Sheehan.

Sentiment was divided. The Fox lot was reported betting the works on Notre Dame, while United Artists shot the wad on Southern California. Hollywood was 120 per cent agog the day of the game.

Then the great Notre Dame eleven smeared Southern California's pets 27-0. I hear the Fox lot bought!

AND so they were married!

Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd (the blond one of Pathe) stepped off the deep end in Las Vegas one December day. They'd been keeping company for quite a while.

"Little Alabam" and Director Clarence Brown were engaged for a long time, with Dot wearing a huge diamond on the significant finger. But that ultimately blew up. Now Dorothy is Mrs. Bill Boyd, and Brown is seen both hither and thither in Hollywood with Sally Blane.

AND there's the very grand actress who makes her maid put on her parlor cap every time she answers the phone.

BEING an opera and concert star, as well as a screen star, has its drawbacks. One of them is that sometimes you can't see the Hollywood premiere of your latest picture.

That's what happened to Grace Moore. Wires from New York called her back East to fulfil concert engagements, so she missed the thrill of attending her own opening on the screen.

But after all, four figures with dollar marks in front of them do make up for things!

CHARLES "CARROT TOP" BICKFORD, the bad boy of M-G-M, was asked to play a rôle in Jack Gilbert's new picture, "Gentleman's Fate." Mr. Bickford didn't want to play the part. And he said so loudly and in no uncertain terms as is Mr. Bickford's wont. The studio insisted.

Bickford said if they didn't like it they could give him a release from his contract. So the studio got Louis Wolheim to play the part. They didn't like Mr. Bickford's attitude so they gave him his release.

Then there's Kay Johnson. M-G-M wanted to loan her out to an independent studio. Kay didn't want to go. So she said, too, if they didn't like it they could give her her release. And again they didn't like it. They gave her her release.

RUMOR has it that Vivian Duncan will be crooning those haunting ditties over a cradle in a few months. Vivian is now in New York, where she has confided the Great News to intimate friends. Nils Asther remained in Hollywood for a spell, but he will join her shortly. This couple remain as devoted as ever.

And little Ruth (Gentlemen Prefer Blondes) Taylor became the mamma of a son not long ago. She lives on New York's Park Avenue with her broker-husband, Paul Zuckerman.

HOLLYWOOD is a village of rackets. Not the noisy kind but strange businesses. One of the most unusual rackets is a concern that ferrets out the private telephone numbers of the stars. These numbers, in turn, are sold to tradespeople, real estate men, bond salesmen and laundries.

John Gilbert's phone rings, and a voice drifts over the wire.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilbert, wouldn't you like to visit beautiful Jungle Manor?"

Consequently, the stars change their private telephone listings three or four times a year. In fact, sometimes they don't even know the number themselves, so deeply is it shrouded in secrecy. There is no more tragic story than that of the star who forgot his own number, and no one would tell him—not even the telephone company.

THEY tell the story about the Hollywood new-rich couple who, instead of cocktails, present each guest with a large bottle of champagne.

When dinner is announced the host cries, "Bring your bottle right to the table with you—this is just old liberty hall."

GARY COOPER escaped arrest because—Well, Gary had parked his swell car in a non-parking zone while he went into an auto-display room to look at some models.

Outside, a policeman started to write a ticket. The salesman with Cooper saw him, and rushed out.

"Hey, you can't do that!" he told the cop.

"I'm doing it," the cop pointed out.

The salesman became so persistent that the policeman got mad and took him to jail.

And forgot to finish writing the ticket for Cooper.

ANew singing team headlined at New York's famous Palace not so long ago.

The billing read, "Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray."

Big shots in Hollywood singies less than a year ago. Then the producers thumbed down the musical stuff. Bernice and Alex sing their songs for the two a day, and doing all right, thanks.

Heigho! Build 'em up—knock 'em down.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH tried to make a come-back on the screen. But he cannot, you know, speak above a whisper. Yet how effective he was as the dying French soldier in "All Quiet." He did not, you remember, speak a word.

Now he's just been signed by Warners as a member of their writing staff.

BILL POWELL just about has things his own way in the studio café on the Paramount lot.

He autographed one of his best looking pictures for each of the girls in the café, and maybe you don't think he gets service! Your toast and mine might be cold when it arrives, but Bill gets his hot as blazes!

EASIEST rôle of 1930: Extra Girl Ruth Mayhew in "Dishonored" had to lie motionless on a stretcher and be carried across the screen.

WE have been telling you the stork was working overtime in Hollywood. We understand now that he will be visiting little Alice Day before many months.

Besides that we hear that her sister, Marcelline Day, is feeling lonely since Alice married and it is not unlikely that she will soon say "yes" to Arthur Kline's continued proffer of marriage.

BEWARE these "exclusive models" in Hollywood. I mean clothes, not ladies who pose for the brush and paint men!

The other day at the Embassy Club you'd have thought Carmel Myers and Ruby Keeler Jolson were doing a sister act. They were

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]





## New De Luxe Edition of the Stars of the Photoplay

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The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?

The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?

How much Loretta Young weighs?

Where Chevalier was during the World War?

That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?

What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?

That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?

Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?

The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?

Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?

The real name of Lew Cody?

What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?

How many times Alma Rubens has been married?

How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?

Where Bebe Daniels was born?

How old is Marie Dressler?

Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?

How Jack Oakie got his start?

Gilbert Roland's nationality?

Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?

That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

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## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 ]

dressed identically from head to foot. But the girls got together and found that each had been told that the gowns were absolutely exclusive.

**C**AN'T keep this pair out, down, or apart! George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, having finished a series of Darmour short comedies, went on a five-weeks' tour of the Publix theaters.

Just the old inseparables. Together they mean do-re-mi. Apart, who knows?

**T**HEY must be troupers all in Hollywood. Lester Vail, that very nice kid, who gets a best performance in "The Devil's Battalion" this month, and who is playing Joan Crawford's leading man in "Dance, Fools, Dance," worked one entire afternoon, doing gay, sprightly scenes just after he had received word that his wife had been rushed to the hospital for a serious operation.

Not a word of complaint was heard from him, but every member of that cast was on his mettle.

There was not a mistake made in a single line, and the company finished work two hours ahead of time.

**T**HE German censors finally permitted "All Quiet on the Western Front" to be shown in the Fatherland.

Then the trouble started. Riots broke out around the Mozartstahl Theater, Berlin, where the picture was being screened. Fights started. Police herded the scrapping crowd into the street.

Several combatants were hurt. Then the government took a hand and forbade its being shown.

Nothing was quiet about THAT front. Dynamite in Germany, that masterpiece!

**P**EGGY JOYCE—diamonds, sables, face and figger—is in Hollywood.

She wants to make a talkie out of "The Lady of the Orchids," in which she appeared on the stage.

Peggy is rumored to be going platinum blonde, *a la* Jean Harlow of "Hell's Angels."

Well, it must be all right. In case of need, hock the hair!

**T**HERE'S been an awful lot of news-print fussing about Clara Bow firing her secretary, Daisy Devoe. Just a lot of Bow-Bow-De-Voe...

**T**HEY may be a burst of cheers on our side, but in England *Amos 'n' Andy* are just a burst of dead silence.

"Check and Double Check," shown to the trade and press in London, was received with polite, but dire silence. It is said that not a newspaperman in the London Press Club had ever heard of the boys.

They are, of course, absolutely unknown in England.

Poor dear old Mother Country! How it misses out on American culture!

**E**VEN six months after Lon Chaney's death, the M-G-M fan mail department is still receiving loads of fan letters addressed to him.

**B**ROOKLINE, MASS., one of the wealthiest and most exclusive towns in America, has seen the light.

The law forbade the showing of motion pictures in the hoity-toity community. Enlightened voters recently changed the statute

by the ballot. Brookline became the most sought-after theater location in the United States.

Seven applications were made for permission to erect theaters, headed by Publix and Warners.

Two permits will be granted.

Soon Brookline will begin to *LIVE!*

**T**HE studios have a neat little habit of putting young actors and actresses under contract at very small salaries and then giving them important rôles. At the time the signing takes place the kids are thrilled simply at getting a break.

Later they discover themselves important featured players and find that the small part actors get more money than they.

A certain boy who was given the lead in one of the biggest pictures of the year and has been shoved into several other vehicles right away is earning just \$75 a week.

**I**T seems that a bit of his own medicine was handed Doug Fairbanks by the stickup men who robbed him in his own home not so long ago. They were arrested recently and confessed the holdup.

But the funny part is that they told of how they clambered up Doug's roof, just as he does in pictures, and watched gleefully while Doug ran around spreading the alarm and hunting them in vain. Ha! Ha!

**T**HEY keep on saying it and printing it—that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are married.

But Lupe and Gary keep on denying it. And your guess is as good as mine.

**T**HE highest of high brown society were all at the train to greet Mrs. Stepin Fetchit, wife of the temperamental comedian, and their seven-weeks old son.

The welcome home was gay and noisy but suddenly Mrs. Fetchit said, "Where's Stepin?"

Nobody had noticed that he wasn't there. Then, just at that moment, he arrived. "Heah I is, honey," he said. "You oughta know you shouldn't take a mornin' train. I jes' overslep' myself."

**A**LL you fans who have wondered what happened to that charming little actress, Laura La Plante, take heart. You'll see that sprightly, animated face again soon.

She comes back not as a star but as one of the three feminine leads in "Lonely Wives." And more power to her.

**W**HO should pop up in New York's outlying theaters but our old Perfect Lover pal, Eugene O'Brien!

Gene revived his own Chicago comedy success, "Steve," and took it on a whirl of the Subway Circuit.

O'Brien was around New York all fall, hankering for the grease paint and spangles. Tough to have been such a great star in the old days, and then to feel sort of out of it!

**A**LL the unmarried girls in Hollywood will be wanting parts in "Big Brothers."

Reason? The director will be Richard Dix. Uh-huh, I said director. He'll act in it, too.

**A**N interviewer called upon Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis, and announced immediately, "I'm here to talk to you about



your work at the studio. I'm not going to ask you a thing about your affairs of the heart."

The poor Marquis fell on her neck and wept for joy. What's more he talked, and interestingly, too, for hours.

**M**ORE stork news. Kay Hammond, who did such a grand piece of work in "Abraham Lincoln," is blessed eventing in February.

She's the wife of Henry Weatherby, a millionaire shoe man.

**"O**FF ag'in, on ag'in"—Hollywood version: Character Actor J. M. Kerrigan was promised a part in "Young Sinners."

"But you'll have to take off about twelve pounds," said Director Frank Borzage.

Steam rooms; massage; diet. Kerrigan lost 'em.

But the picture was postponed.

"There'll be a part for you in 'Seas Beneath,' if you'll put the poundage back on," reassured Director John Ford.

Malted milks, indolence, heavy meals; Kerrigan put 'em on again.

But Walter C. Kelly was given the part.

And then Director Frank Lloyd told Kerrigan he could have a part in "East Lynne" if he'd take off about ten pounds.

Did Kerrigan shoot him?

No.

He made a contract with a Turkish bath.

**A**RTHUR (THE GREAT) SHIRES, exhibitionistic ball player, says he is going to drop "The Great" from his handle while he's in Hollywood working in pictures.

"Out here it sounds so ordinary," says Art, according to *Variety*.

**H**ERE'S my present pet story. Don't stop me—you haven't heard it.

A Broadway playwright, new to Hollywood and talking very large, got snagged in a big time poker game and lost \$5,000 in no time at



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And—first of all its advantages—Kotex is disposable! In that fact, alone, lies one of its greatest contributions to woman's sanitary comfort. Next time you buy sanitary pads, specify Kotex.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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## HEART THROBS

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I have heard the roar of jungle beasts, seen them pounce upon and devour their unwary prey. I have seen and heard the smash of mighty waves on the decks of some helpless ship. I have seen the life and death struggles of men and women in every walk of life, until they are as familiar to me as my own.

I have even felt that I was standing aside, watching myself, free from the control of its ego, working out its own destiny in a blundering way. And somehow, I have come to see that for all the apparent purposelessness of life, the results always follow a greater plan.

Yet, I am no seer, nor wizard, nor yet a great traveler. I have seen these things and felt these experiences as my own through the medium of the talking pictures. I feel that my life is but one of many that have been enriched through feeling these sensations and meeting these new experiences.

Therefore, I say that talking pictures are the greatest civilizing influence of all modern times.

Joseph Millard



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all. He grandly wrote a check for the five grand on a New York bank, and that was that.

But in due time the paper bounced back, marked "not sufficient funds."

And was the author sore! "By jove," he thundered, "I'm going to wire them right away and cancel my safety deposit box!"

**T**HE director came to the costume designer. "Now I want you to be very careful about how you dress the star for this picture," he said.

"I'll tell you about her characterization. She is very charming, very modern, very sophisticated and at the same time quite effeminate."

**W**HEN Director Roy Pomeroy first came to pictures as an artist, he was asked by one of those unit managers whether he had any intention of ever acting.

"Hardly," said Pomeroy. "You see, I've no histrionic knowledge at all."

"Aw, hell, you don't got to know anything about history to be an actor!" was the assurance.

**A** VERY arty director was talking to a very business-like actor.

"Let me see," said the director, "what mood do I want here? Ah, I've got it. Do you know that gorgeous picture in the east wing of the Louvre?"

"No," said the actor.

"That's it," said the director. "That's it. I want the feel and pity and despair of that picture in this scene."

**T**HE other day in Hollywood the newsboys were screaming something about Garbo.

Buried on one of the sports pages was a headline that read, "Garbo Scores Touchdown." But it was only a kid football player of Los Angeles named Santos Garbo.

**W**HAT? Still "another Garbo"?

Insiders say that Universal has a dead ringer for the Swedish wonder under contract. Her name is Tala Birell, an actress well known in Germany.

The day of mystery is with us.

**D**ORIS KENYON, widow of Milton Sills, sent a \$50 check to the Los Angeles Fire Department pension fund for widows and orphans.

An inhalator squad from the department worked hard and long, but in vain, in an effort to save Milton's life the day he collapsed.

**S**CREECHERS are still coming to light from Clara Bow's location trip to New York last fall. Here's the latest, retailed by Harrison Carroll.

Clara was about to drive out of a garage in a big car. A property man on the sidewalk held up one of these circular sun deflectors about five feet in diameter.

One of the onlookers shook his head. "She'll never do it!" he said, with plenty conviction.

"Do what?" said another.

"Jump that big car through that little hoop!"

**S**INCE Jack Dempsey has taken over the big hotel at Ensenada, a new and grand resort in Mexico, all of the local Hollywood scribes are begging to be allowed to do stories on Estelle Taylor.

**W**HEN you see a certain heavy drama, featuring one of the most exotic of stars, you will notice the star running up the stairs while her leading man follows her in hot pursuit.

Originally the script demanded that the hero carry the heroine up the steps. But the lady was no featherweight and the actor no giant of strength. Great minds banded together and



Most of us thought she was great in the old serial days, when she and Francis Ford came to the town movie house each week in a new slice of rip-snorting serials. This is Grace Cunard today—out at Universal, her old stamping ground, playing small parts in "Resurrection" and "Heroes of the Flames." Like all old troupers, Grace is miserable away from the Kliegs



the decision on the change in action was made within two hours.

CLARA BOW'S getting rid of pooches again. You know, she has owned more dogs than any other person in Hollywood—except maybe the people who run the M-G-M barkies.

Anyway, Clara's last dispossession of superfluous canines reduced her Great Dane holdings from four to two. That cut her food bill from more than \$100 to somewhere about \$50. And besides, one of them got sick and cost her nearly \$200 for veterinarying—so as soon as it was well, she gave it away.

A STORY has been going around the country that "Disraeli" lost money for Warner Brothers.

It isn't true. The PHOTOPLAY Medal winner did excellent business in the larger cities and drew fair to middling crowds in the smaller towns, and the earnings of the film were entirely satisfactory.

What is more important, "Disraeli" did more to build prestige for Warner Brothers than any picture the company has ever made. In short, everyone is happy about "Disraeli"—Warners, Mr. George Arliss, and all the true fans of the country who saw it and enjoyed it.

WALTER WINCHELL, chatter-writer, says that Molly O'Day is going to marry George Raft, dancer, as soon as his present matrimonial ties are snipped.

Ask Walter, not me.

A DIAMOND gave Rita La Roy's secret away.

Rita is the Radio Pictures' vamp who's grown famous for socking mashers on the button.

"I hate men," she used to say.

Then what? Why, one day not so long ago, Rita appeared on the lot wearing a huge diamond on that finger.

At first she refused to discuss it. "Uh huh," she admitted, "I'm engaged, but it's no business who he is. Besides, he only just got his divorce."

But she admitted at last that it's one Ben Hershfield, actors' agent. They can't marry until his decree is final, next November.

EVER since the playground of Hollywood—Malibu Beach—was swept by fire late in December, the actors have been working to protect their favorite fun colony from fire hazards.

Up to now there has been no fire protection at all. When flames broke out and swept nineteen beach houses away early one chill winter morning, firemen were helpless. They drew water from the ocean by suction, only to find the hose lines clogged with sand. And \$800,000 worth of happy little beach homes went up in smoke and cinders.

Among those whose homes were lost were Marie Prevost, Frank Fay, Director David Butler, Song-Writer Buddy de Sylva, Louise Fazenda, Producer Al Rockett and Directors Allan Dwan and Leo McCarey. It was a sad night, mates! Only eight of the nineteen houses were occupied when the fire started from a gasoline explosion, but the occupants of those were driven to the beach in their nighties.

LEW "ALL QUIET" AYRES was having breakfast one recent Sunday morning at the Brown Derby. He ordered poached eggs on toast. When they were served the toast had been cut round, the shape of the egg.

Lew took one look at it and exclaimed, "For goodness sake, don't serve me that sissy toast any more. I want mine without the corners cut." And it had to be served that way! What a war picture will do for a nice boy.

# COLDS

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For these authoritative tests prove conclusively that washing fails to kill the organisms associated with colds. This means your handkerchief may be a source of danger. Even after washing, it may hold the organisms Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

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You'll value the greater comfort of Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely fine and soft. They are marvelously absorbent—seeming actually to soothe the tender, inflamed skin. There's no chance

of irritation, as from the damp, soiled handkerchief. Kleenex is an economy, too—the cost is less than that of laundering.

#### The beauty use for Kleenex

These absorbent tissues are said by beauty experts to be the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. They lift every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream and save your towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . or send the coupon for a generous sample free.

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—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

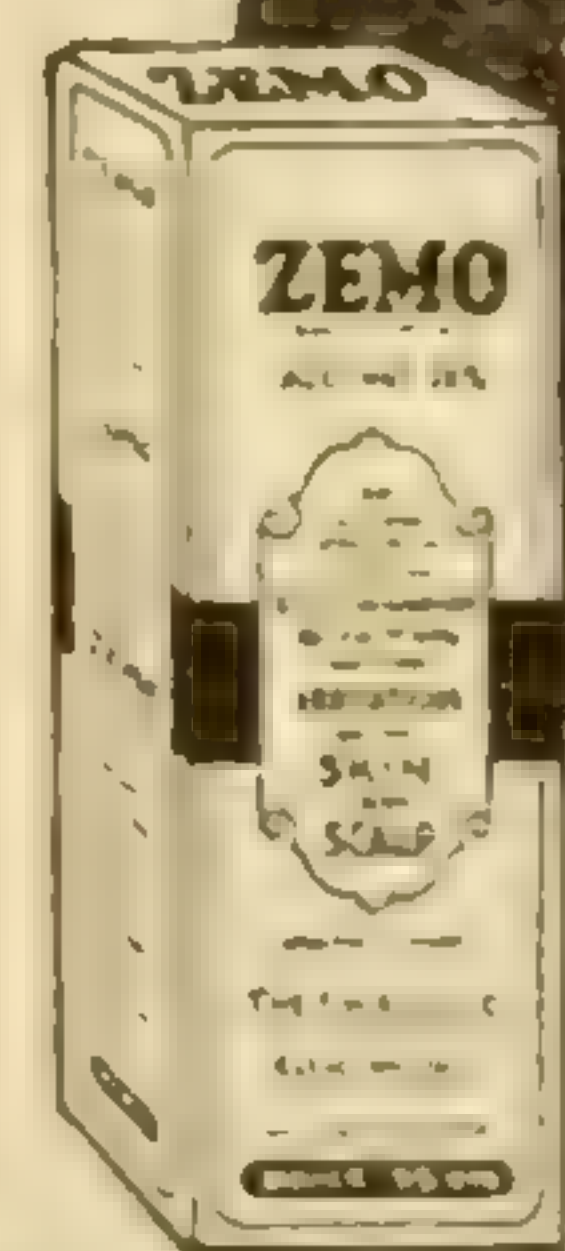
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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

FOX has made another discovery.

You will remember they made an actor out of John Wayne, who used to be a property boy. Now they have picked another property boy for an acting job. His name is Carter Gibson, who started as an extra in "Girls Demand Excitement," and was given a larger part when he showed possibilities. Young Wayne is the picture's leading man.

There is a third ex-property boy in the picture, Eddie Nugent, who, also featured, used to carry stuff around the Metro Studio before he got his acting opportunity. Three ex-property men in one picture is practically a perfect score.

HOLLYWOOD was plunged into a lot of gloom when the Bank of Hollywood closed its doors a few weeks ago.

Many players, producers and *attachés* of the cinema found their funds suddenly tied up in a knot.

One of the hardest hit was John Halliday, that excellent player from the stage who has scored in many pictures recently. He had \$17,000 on deposit, and was about ready to start a European holiday.

The trip was off.

THE late unpleasantness between Director Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly brought forth the usual abundance of smart cracks.

Harrison Carroll says he knows what is meant by "the Lubitsch touch." It is a left hook. And Jim Mitchell observes that Hans Kraly had no business dancing with jeers in his eyes.

ONE of the most astonishing sights of all is George Hurrell, the head guy photographically on the M-G-M lot, taking portraits.

He has a rickety camera. He uses only a couple of lights. His equipment falls to pieces as he works and he keeps up a running line of nonsensical chatter. The trick is that he sneaks up on the stars and nobody yet has known exactly what moment the picture is made.

It breaks the hearts of those little girls with thirty-four expressions for the camera.

MAYBE you think impressionable fans are the only people who collect screen stars' signatures. You're wrong! Consider, for instance, William Collier, Sr., veteran of years of stage and screen. In the den of his home, Collier has a huge buff-colored settee.

And scrawled all over it are the signatures of hundreds of celebrities. It's a rite they have to go through when they visit him—sign on the settee.

THERE'S another Marx brother in New York who doesn't care anything about the stage. He's in the cloak and suit business, and doing well.

LUPE VELEZ has just discovered the gastronomic delights of that famous old Southern dish, hominy. She wants it served at every meal. But she can't remember how to pronounce it. The other day she went into a restaurant and insisted that she be given some "mahogany."

Her secretary has discovered a way to make her remember. She told her to say "How many." When Lupe says this quickly it makes "hominy."

HOBART BOSWORTH was working on location in "The Third Alarm." Between shots, he'd stroll to the sidelines to chat with youngsters who crowded to watch the film shooting. He was resplendent in a fireman's uniform.

During one rest, a red-headed kid asked:

"Say, mister; are you a real fireman?"

Hobart winked at some fellow players as he replied:

"No, my child, I'm just another motion picture actor and not a very good one at that."

The kid grinned.

"That's just what I thought," she cackled.

THERE'S an assistant director on the M-G-M lot named Eddie Brophy.

One day they needed a man to play a hard boiled bit and Eddie stepped in and did the part. He did it so well that they wanted to make an actor out of him right away. "No sir," said Eddie. "I know this racket. I'd rather be an assistant director and eat three square meals a day."



A happy pair. Newlyweds in the person of Natalie Moorhead, well-known screen siren, and Director Alan Crosland, under contract to Warner Brothers



So they have to trick him into acting. They hire him as an assistant and then give him a part to play.

He is one of the leading characters in Buster Keaton's "Forward March."

But the example has been a bad one. Now all the prop men and assistants and even the carpenters are begging for a chance to act

**A**NN HARDING was looking over her press clippings. Among them was a most unfair newspaper interview in which the writer said that she wore a shabby, shiny blue serge coat.

Ann sighed—"Well," she said, "I guess that will teach me a lesson. That 'shabby' coat was an original French model, the only one I ever owned. It cost \$750."

**N**O wonder the stars refuse to help unknown writers who pour out their grief through Uncle Sam's mails!

Louise Fazenda received a pathetic letter from a man not so long ago.

The writer said that he must come to California for his health, and gave the name of his doctor as reference.

Louise wrote the doctor, and then sent him the \$100 for which he asked. Back came another letter asking for transportation for his wife and child. That was a bit too much for Louise, and she declined to increase her original offer.

The answer was a letter of bitter denunciation.

No thanks for the original \$100

**I**TEMS entitled Who Cares?—

I . . . Mitchell Lewis owns nine pairs of golfing pants . . . he doesn't play golf . . . 17,500 extras are listed at the Central Casting office in Hollywood . . . and some of them get a job now and then . . . Charlie Chaplin



Tampa, Fla.

This past year, when so much trouble stalked abroad, my husband became very ill and lost his position, and in trying to take care of him I lost my job; then the largest local bank failed, and nearly all of our savings were swept away. What disaster—and I only a bride of a few months.

Sometimes I felt as if the bitterest dregs in the cup of life were my portion, and then it was that I would steal off to a movie for a few hours. And lo! from the theater I would tread with a lightened step, my heart more glad, stars in my eyes—and the troubles of the day lessened. It's inexplicable—the effect that a few short hours in a motion picture house will have on a burdened mind and heart.

Somehow you are lifted right out of yourself, and all of those wearying cares are forgotten.

I once read that the American people would do without bread in order to see and hear talkies. And the writer asked, "Why?" Oh! foolish question! Because the talkies are as essential as bread. They are our moral stimulus, and how often we need it!

V. L.



## AGE STEALS INTO A LOVELY FACE BY THREE UNGUARDED PATHS

**E**XACTLY what has happened when a woman begins to "look old"? Dorothy Gray discovered that this tragic transformation can arise from any one of three causes—from three significant conditions too often overlooked. These are:

A faint drooping of the underchin—a crêpiness of the throat texture—a deepening of the little lines around the eyes and mouth.

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You can easily give yourself these successful treatments at home, using the same preparations which have been tried and tested in the Dorothy Gray salons. You will find these Dorothy Gray preparations at leading shops everywhere. Write or ask for the Dorothy Gray booklet on home care of the skin.

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subscribes to three clipping bureaus and gets an average of 5,000 cuttings a month . . . for which he has to pay from two to five cents each. . . . Will Hays can dictate to two stenographers at the same time . . . Joseph Schenck used to be a drug clerk on New York's Bowery just around the corner from where Irving Berlin was a singing waiter . . . Elinor Glyn has a dimple in her chin and a warmly autographed photo of her hangs in a Hollywood plastic surgeon's reception room . . . William S. Hart was once a mail clerk.

**M**AYBE you don't care, and maybe you won't agree, but anyway, here's Douglas Fairbanks' idea of the three greatest things in talkies—

Edmund Goulding as director.  
Will Rogers as actor-humorist.  
Mickey Mouse cartoons.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### FREE LOVE—Universal

**I**F your wife spends her time and your money with a psycho-analyst and if you've wanted to give her a good sock on the chin because of it, you'll love this picture. Anyhow, that's the punch in the story. And Conrad Nagel accomplishes it with gusto. Genevieve Tobin, of the modern school of acting, is pretty affected. Not a great film, but amusing in spots.

### REDUCING—M-G-M

**M**ARIE DRESSLER and POLLY MORAN aided and abetted by a perfectly grand cast, work like fiends to make another picture as funny as "Caught Short." They have *such* fun in a reducing parlor! Oh, you'll laugh, all right. But all the same, there *have* been funnier pictures. Lucien Littlefield, Anita Page, Sally Eilers, Buster Collier and stuttering Rosco Ates—they all work hard, too.

### THE DANCERS—Fox

**A**SOPHISTICATED talkie of the rambling type that isn't at its best on the screen. Made from a stage play by Sir Gerald Du Maurier, the picture lacks pace enough to be good entertainment. The players seem to slow up in time with the story. Lois Moran goes to the mat with an unsympathetic rôle—that of a dance hall girl. Phillips Holmes is miscast as a nobleman playing lumberjack.

### FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount

**P**ARAMOUNT climbs on the band-wagon a bit late by remaking "The Covered Wagon." Gary Cooper plays a young scout with the animation of a potato. Lily Damita does all she can with a weak part. Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, as two drunken old Indian-Scouts, steal the picture, as they did originally. The Indians are gorgeous and the snow scenes and photography in general are beautiful.

### ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia

**A**REAL-LIFE picture that misses by a hair. A taxi-dancer in a dime dance hall rejects a philandering wealthy admirer to marry a virtuous clerk. He turns out to be a cheap fake, and she marries the rich man. Ricardo Cortez really looks and acts like a gentleman; Barbara Stanwyck's performance rings true. A praiseworthy effort in realism.

### CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Prod.

**I**T'S first rate entertainment, with hokum, humor and heart interest well proportioned. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, steals the

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major honors as one of the three damsels, but Sheila Mannors and Rita LaRoy give her a run for it. Good old Edmund Breese is superb. This is grand movie for all the family.

**JUST LIKE HEAVEN—**  
*Tiffany Productions*

A SIMPLE romance between a balloon seller and a toe dancer. The featured player is fifteen year old Anita Louise. In some scenes she manages to appear particularly beautiful and appealing. In others, amateurish. David Newell is the leading man. Gaston Glass, Yola D'Avril, Thomas Jefferson and others in support. A Paris locale increases the interest.

**THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE—**  
*Tiffany-Cruze Productions*

LOAD up with chuckles when you go to see this one. It's one of those never-for-a-moment-serious affairs between those mythical minnie-golf-sized kingdoms. Neil Hamilton as the impostor prince who woos the princess is superb; Una Merkel as the girl is lovely; Albert Gran as the king is priceless! Walter Lang's direction is exquisite, particularly when he's naughty.

**WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate**

"WAL, wal, wal—thar's gold in them thar movies," sez Buffalo Bill, Jr., whoever he is, and forthwith buckles on his six-shooters, jumps on a horse and a script, and gallops up to a microphone and camera. He does a lot of riding and shooting, and so do the other people in the picture. And when it's all over, what of it?

**MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia**

MAYBE you and I aren't seeing the little Westerns that are being shown just around the corner, but certainly Columbia is making money off Buck Jones' pictures or they wouldn't be turning them out so fast. Carmelita Geraghty is the beautiful leading woman in this and never looked so lovely in her life. The story is varied by Spanish locale and holds interest throughout.

**MADONNA OF THE STREETS—**  
*Columbia*

EVELYN BRENT triumphs over an old yarn in this picture. She plays the girl friend of a wealthy man and decides that he owes her at least a million. So she comes to New York, joins an evangelistic society—and promptly falls in love with the head man at the

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### RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will offer prizes for a particular kind of letter. For February they will award prizes in the Emily Post "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest as follows: first prize, \$150; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; five fourth prizes, \$15 each; five fifth prizes, \$10 each; ten sixth prizes, \$5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of \$850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win \$1000.00!

All letters in the "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest must be

in the mails by midnight of February 28, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. You may enter every contest. There will be three consecutive monthly contests in all.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., humorist and artist.



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Utica Institute, Miss.

It is very hard to endure the loss of the greatest opportunity of your life. That is just what happened to me last spring.

I was about to graduate from high school with honors after four years of hard struggling and like a bolt out of the clear blue my father's continued sickness called me home to the farm to make a living for the family.

Life was very dull to me for a while, but thanks to the motion picture industry, life was made worth living and my aching and longing heart forever cured.

Alderwin Jordan

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They're hazel and belong to a beautiful First National Pictures star who once adorned Ziegfeld's stage shows. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall, weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair. Name below\*

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\*Dorothy Mackaill

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mission! Robert Ames, Josephine Dunn and Richard Tucker head the support. Just a nice little talkie.

### TWO WORLDS—British International

PROBABLY the best of the recent English pictures to be seen on this side—an earnest, honest dramatic story in inter-racial clashes in a border village in the early days of the Great War. It was directed by A. E. Du Pont, creator of the famous "Variety," and he knows his cinema. The story is good, the direction heady. Its names mean nothing to us yet. Norah Baring, John Longden, and others.

### FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount

MADE from an Avery Hopgood play, "The Best People," this is a pleasant little comedy. The fable goes that the little rich girl falls in love with the working man. It all goes to show that the best people aren't always the best people, if you follow us. Miriam Hopkins, pretty Georgia blonde from the stage, debuts successfully as the girl. Carole Lombard, Charles Starrett, Frank Morgan help out well.

### FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia

NAUGHTY in a very nice way, this comedy from the Liberty Magazine cover story. A rich young man continually butts into the married life of a nice young couple—and there's trouble, spiced with plenty laughs. Jack Mullah is excellent as the interfering young sport, and in the cast are Elliott Nugent, Sally Starr, Margaret Livingston and others. An amusing, if unimportant, little picture.

### THE HATESHIP—British International

THE British have made a fairly gripping melodrama of the old school here—a mystery thriller on board a yacht. It maintains its suspense well, and moves at a leisurely, well-bred pace right through to the finish. Technically, it doesn't stand up—Britain must still go to grade school in Hollywood, in the matter of sound. Jameson Thomas, now in America, is in the cast.

### THE DAWN TRAIL—Columbia

BUCK JONES is the star of this little Western and his leading lady is none other than our beautiful Miriam Seegar. There is considerable suspense built up in a fight between the sheep herders and the cattlemen. Charles Morton is the villain. Buck's riding is worth the price of admission, any day, but there is enough to please all who like Westerns.

### PHANTOM OF THE DESERT— Syndicate

JACK PERRIN and his beautiful horse "Starlight" do another true-to-type Western. Perrin is the handsome hero. Eva Novak is a perfect heroine, and everything comes out well in the end. There's a dastardly villain of course, who gets his just deserts just before the hero gets the girl. Plenty of good riding and noisy cartridges.

### UNDER MONTANA SKIES— Tiffany Productions

PRETTY much of a total debit, except for some amusing work by Slim Summerville, now cashing in after many slim (no pun) years. It's all about a stranded show girl—and the talkies have stranded 'em for three years. Others in the cast are Kenneth Harlan, Dorothy Gulliver and Ethel Wales. But Slim is really good. Happy times, Slim old boy!

### WILD MEN OF KALIHARI— Travel Film

MILDLY interesting African exploration picture, without faking. Wild men aren't very wild, though. In addition to the customary animal and native-life shots, there's one sure-fire laugh in the film. It comes when the camera catches a group of Kalihari pickaninnies learning to use bow and arrow. The littlest one—can't be more'n fifteen months old!—is destined to be another Stepin Fetchit!

### THE YELLOW MASK— British International

AN attempt, by our British cousins, to mix music, comedy and melodrama. It doesn't come off. Edgar Wallace, the word-mill, wrote the story—and even though the burlesque note is obvious throughout, the whole matter is forced. Not even that sterling little trouper, Lupino Lane, can do much with his comedy. Some pleasant singing, but let's forget "The Yellow Mask."

### SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS— Tobis

EVEN if your French is limited, you'll enjoy this, because it relies more upon pantomime than dialogue, which is in French. Director Clair has caught the picturesque Parisian slum atmosphere. Albert Prejean, reminding one of Chevalier, and Pola Illery, who manages to say a lot with a look, get acting honors. Inconsequential, slow story, but you'll be humming two of the songs.

## Goofy Genius

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

the inventor stated that plain film could be run through his machine and it would appear on the screen in life-like colors.

"See," he said, pointing to a pair of ordinary compound filters, "those do the trick."

AND all he had was a green lens in one and a red lens in the other. He would shut off the red lens and the picture would show green, and he would shut off the green and the picture would show red.

The very same effect could be produced by holding a piece of colored gelatin in front of any white lens.

Another inventor showed up at the same plant with what he said was a complete solution of all the problems of motion picture color photography.

"You take your black and white print," he said, "and draw lines on it—twelve hundred to

the inch. Then you take an unexposed film and draw twelve hundred lines to the inch," etc., etc. There were just a few things wrong with this invention. First it would be impossible to paste one film on another; second, third, and fourth, the inventor had never made one of these films, or attempted to make one, and couldn't be convinced that it wasn't a grand idea.

A MORE naïve soul, with a reverence for the hallowed names of the past, walked into the Technicolor plant in Hollywood one day and offered three very fine paint brushes which he alleged once belonged to Van Dyck, the celebrated Flemish painter of the seventeenth century.

He thought these would solve all the problems of tinting color pictures!

One inventor received a patent on what is



described in the Patent Office letter as "an apparatus whereby motion pictures may be filmed and reproduced in such a way as to furnish a prompting film coordinated with the picture so that an orator may repeat the words coordinate with the picture reproduction."

All of which means that a man, or several men and women, were to be concealed behind the screen and read off the dialogue on the "prompting film."

The uninterrupted action of the talkies, where subtitles and captions no longer break into the continuity of the story, was also a much sought after idea, and there were numerous patents granted for schemes to do away with subtitles and introduce dialogue.

**PRACTICALLY** all of these were for the silent films, and take the form of words printed right on the film, so that when the soft-eyed hero looked down sweetly on the Only Girl and whispered "I love you," it suddenly appeared beside him, neatly confined in one of those "balloons" cartoonists use when their characters speak.

There was even a device patented that strapped onto the side of the actor's head—the side turned away from the camera. It contained a strip of transparent material on which was printed the sentiment to be expressed, coiled up like those steel tape measures surveyors use. When the time came to say "I love you," the actor pressed a bulb concealed in his pocket, the sentiment shot out on a line with his mouth, and was photographed along with the action. The actor then released the bulb and the sentiment recoiled into its casing.

One fellow was so anxious to get realistic effects that he even suggested printing on the film words denoting the sound made by falling objects. Consequently, when a vase fell down and went boom, "Boom!" tidily printed beside the broken vase, graphically denoted it. Likewise "ting-a-ling" meant the telephone or door bell was ringing.

Innumerable attempts have been made to capture the "third dimension" in moving pictures—the depth and true perspective that objects and persons in real life actually have, and one of these ideas involved the use of spectacles made of gelatin and cardboard. One lens was green and the other red, and the film was also produced in red and green.

The use of these spectacles in looking at the picture produced something of the effect desired, but it was so hard on the eyes of the audience, and so complicated a procedure to keep equipping movie-goers with spectacles that the idea was abandoned and relegated to the limbo of goofy ideas.

Another inventor had a great idea for cooling theaters—use a screen made of ice! Another producer had an idea that a complete story could be told with hands only, and made a film showing nothing but hands. He did the same thing with feet. The films were novel, but unsuccessful.

And while talking of feet, think of poor Ed Wynn's. In one of the Perfect Fool's pictures, his director wanted to capture the illusion of Wynn running so fast that his feet smoked, and put acid on Wynn's shoes.

**THEY** smoked all right. But too realistically. The acid practically burned the soles off Wynn's smoldering extremities!

And Von Stroheim, to realistically portray a hailstorm, once bought up all the pearl tapioca in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Denver, but when the scene was filmed it looked just like rain.

Goofy ideas—all of 'em—and almost all of them impractical. Yet, there are just as many successful goofy ideas to balance the ledger.

Sound, a super-eugenic baby, in that it has no mama, but more daddies than the entire Follies chorus, crackled, yowled and hissed its way into attention after many years of scornful skepticism. It was looked upon as the goofy child of a goofy parent—or rather a flock of goofy parents.



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Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

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Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps.

The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.



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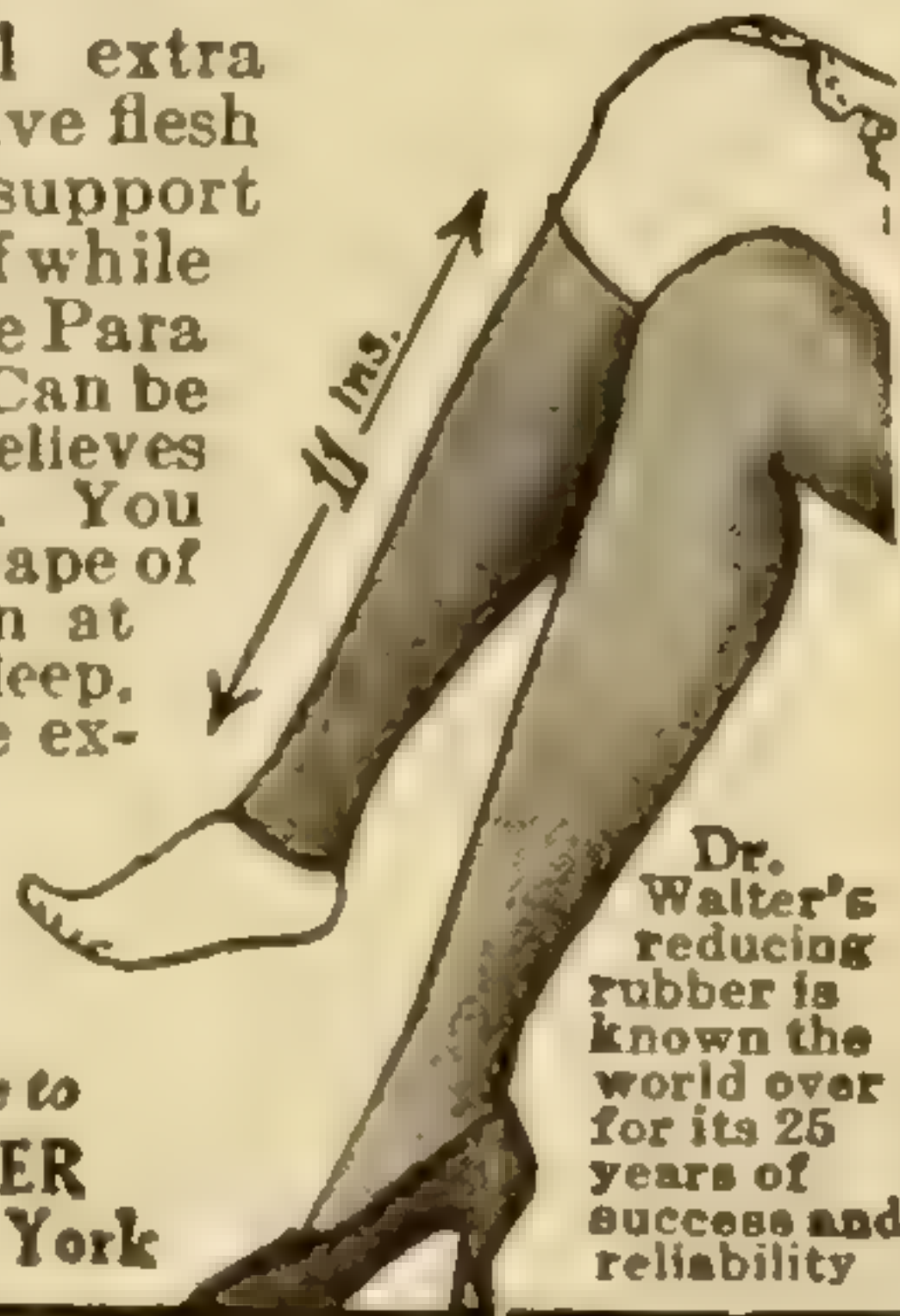


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Eugene A. Lauste, who was among the early sound pioneers and today is recognized for his work in connection with talking pictures, was turned away from a number of motion picture executive offices without ever getting near the producers.

**H**E got as far as an appointment with Carl Laemmle, but when Laemmle found out what he wanted, dismissed him with the curt advice to fit up his own theater and demonstrate his device himself.

Still, one critic says Lauste's device of 1916 got results as good as the sound pictures in 1925!

Then various scenic and lighting effects, laughed down at the time, have become established successes.

D. W. Griffith holds patents on a trick stage which permits the use of miniature sets, thereby cutting down some of the tremendous cost of production.

Similar stunts making use of miniature and painted backgrounds are widely employed in Hollywood today.

One is called the Ullman process, and another the Dunning process. All, including Mr. Griffith's, require the use of deceptive trick photography.

Some of moviedom's most eminent and respected directors were once regarded with humorous skepticism as goofs and nuts.

**BOB FLOREY** is a notable example. One of his first ventures cost only \$97 to produce, and involved the use of scenery painted on cardboard and cigar boxes. He was after the elusive "third dimension" effect, but achieved only a weirdness and exaggeration that doomed the picture to failure.

Quite as freakish was Von Sternberg, hailed today as one of the industry's directorial geniuses.

With his "Salvation Hunters," he shocked and jarred Hollywood into thinking him an out and out nut.

Even PHOTOPLAY's review in 1925 said it was just an experiment and that "Von Stern-

berg goes too far in taking the motion out of motion pictures."

Yet, he brought a vivid type of realism to the screen, and is writing his name as a goofy genius in still bolder strokes with "Morocco," his most recent work.

Murnau's "Sunrise," a picture employing startling camera and lighting tricks, is another example of genius gone mad, or what conventionally-minded folk considered mad.

It left its imprint, nevertheless, on movie-making.

Rouben Mamoulian, the Armenian, now directing Clara Bow, is obsessed with getting rhythm into his pictures, and goes so far as to beat time with a baton during the action of a scene, after the manner of an orchestra leader.

D. W. Griffith, employing an orchestra to make Blanche Sweet emotional while directing "Judith of Bethulia" back in 1914, was laughed at and scorned by his contemporaries. Yet, Leonardo da Vinci, four centuries before, employed musicians to play for Mona Lisa while she posed as his model.

**EISENSTEIN**, the Russian, wanted to cut out dialogue in filming "An American Tragedy," and subordinate the players to the general theme.

Hollywood didn't let him—he was too revolutionary, too goofy.

There are countless others—Leigh Jason, for example, using dummy figures with the heads of well known actors, and calling them "Humanettes." Benny Rubin has appeared in a number of them, and the idea seems to be going over.

**SO**, peering at these goofy geniuses and their queer sounding ideas and inventions, one has a feeling of just having concluded a tour of a mad house, peopled by the weird characters of some exotic author's fantastic mind.

But they're real—every one of them—and with all the stubbornness of us humans, these goofs of today have a way of riding out of the storms of ridicule and disappointment and coming back as the geniuses of tomorrow.



Columnist turns actor. Walter Winchell, widely known Broadway reporter and gossip, as he appears in his Vitaphone comedy short, "The Bard of Broadway." With him, as leading lady, is Madge Evans. Remember her as one of the most beautiful child actresses some years back?



## Hollywood's Hundred Million Dollar Kid

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

"It's a lot of hooley!" Hughes said in his direct manner. "It wasn't our fault Jones died. I don't know why Al Wilson bailed out of that plane, and nobody else does. That plane could have been spun. That was proved. Of course, I don't blame Al."

"What about the other men who died?"

"Only two other pilots died—I don't know why it's been charged that four were killed. And the other two didn't die during the making of the picture at all! They died while transporting planes—their regular job."

"You can't hire seventy-five pilots for two years without expecting to have some of 'em injured or bumped off. Even air transport lines can't expect that!"

The fourth man whose death has been attributed to "Hell's Angels," incidentally, was Burton Skeene, a photographer with a weak heart. He might have died filming a love scene in "Daddy Long Legs" or anything else, is Hughes' contention.

AS for the four millions he spent on "Hell's Angels," Hughes is delighted that it's coming back to him.

"We'll make millions on it," he said.

"Why was it advertised as a sex picture?" he was asked. He got a bit peeved again.

"It wasn't," he said. "It doesn't have to depend on sex to put it over. It will get over on its air sequences."

"What about the Jean Harlow scenes?"

"I didn't try to make it sexy," he said. "I tried to make it realistic!" He rang for his secretary and got some reports on "sexy" advertising of other films by other companies. "We're not advertising like that," he said.

But in Los Angeles and Hollywood papers there did appear ads for "Hell's Angels" that showed Jean Harlow in her most Harlowish poses from the picture—and words of sex-appeal in the ad. "What about them?" Hughes was asked.

"Oh, in Hollywood, that was," he sneered. "Yes, in Hollywood they did use some sexy advertising. But that was just for Hollywood appeal. Hollywood is the sexiest community in America, everybody knows. But no place else!"

"All right—what about 'Queer People'?"

"Well, what about it?" he wanted to know. "You going to make it?"

"I didn't buy it for fun," he said.

"You going to stick to the book?" The interviewer remembered about one famous personality who, after reading "Queer People," cried all night because she recognized herself in one of the characters. She's a friend of Hughes. Other acquaintances of Hughes and Billie Dove appear, thinly disguised, in the book.

"I didn't buy it to be offensive," Hughes finally said, after thinking it all over. "I bought it because it was a good story, not because of what it said about my friends in Hollywood. The picture I make of it won't offend people. I'm going to make it the story of a news reporter who comes to Hollywood. I'll use some of the stuff in the book, naturally."

"I DIDN'T buy it because of any reference in it to anybody I know. And in the picture, I won't present any character unfavorably in such a manner that they can be recognized in real life."

"However"—he laughed here—"I'll have to be careful if I let Lewis Milestone direct it. Milestone dislikes so many people in Hollywood that I'll have to watch him."

Milestone, who achieved undying fame with "All Quiet," is under contract to Hughes. He will direct "The Front Page," which will be made before "Queer People." After that,

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In *February Cosmopolitan*, Louis Bromfield, brilliant novelist, will grip you with his complete story of a man's life which developed into "Tabloid News." You will be enthralled too by W. Somerset Maugham's story of thwarted love, "Virtue." Also there are Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, P. G. Wodehouse, and many other writers as brilliant.

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Hughes said, he will decide whether or not he will let Milestone make "Queer People."

"Will you yourself ever direct again?"

"No siree," he laughed. "'Hell's Angels' was enough!"

**H**IS a queer lad, this Hughes. Tall like a telegraph post—some six feet, two, and thin!

With all his big financial deals, he still looks, talks and acts like a bashful schoolboy.

And yet, he's the lad about whom the wildest million-dollar rumors fly. He was reported buying control of United Artists. But he changed his mind. He was also reported to be buying Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood. "That's hokey," he said. But he does tell you, very frankly, that he's got big deals pending that will probably raise quite a bit of fuss in moviedom. With a hundred million, one can buy a lot of things besides aeroplanes and automobiles.

How did this lad ever get into movies?

"Well—I don't know whether you can understand—" he begins. He gropes for words.

"You see—my father founded that oil tool business."

It's the biggest of its kind. Its return is several millions a year in profits.

Hughes has no hand whatsoever in running it, although he's sole owner, by his father's will!

"That's my father's business. If I'd take over its management, no matter what I'd do, it'd still be my father's. I wanted to do something myself—on my own."

**S**O he left the running of the tool works in the hands of men who have been doing it so well for years. A few years ago, not knowing just what he wanted "to do for himself, on his own," he came out to Hollywood on a pleasure trip. He encountered Marshall Neilan, a friend of his father's.

"Neilan was having some trouble on a deal he was in," said Hughes, "and he asked me why I didn't come in on it."

So Hughes did—Hughes and some of his millions of dollars. They made a picture. It made money. "This," thought the young millionaire, "is a cinch and it's fun. I'll make a picture, too, myself."

So he did.

And the strangest part of it all is that he's making money at it!



You remember Theda Bara, first of the great vamps of motion pictures, and the ace in her field in her day. Well, this isn't Theda. It's her sister Lori, who has made good with a bang as a member of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writing staff. Lori was in pictures, too, some time back



## A Million Dollars

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

So that night Jimmy Macalister rented a Ford and took little Jessie Randolph to Redondo, and they had supper at Marley's for a dollar, danced at the Pavilion for a dime, and watched the ocean for nothing.

Jessie hated Redondo. She hated Marley's dollar dinners. She hated the hot, cheap crowd in the dime dance pavilion. But worse than Redondo or the dinner or the dance, she hated the consciousness of every dime and every dollar! It was like poison. And panic for fear the sand was spoiling her shoes! Having to be conscious not only that they were sitting on the beach because Jimmy didn't have money enough to do anything else, but that if her one pair of shoes was spoiled—she was done for!

**B**UT the ocean rolling away—wide and far, was wonderful! She had never really watched it before, plunging against the breakwater; racing up over the satin sand, and the magnet of its own depth drawing it mysteriously back again!

They sat in a cool little cove. Jimmy pulled her head down against his shoulder. The stars were so bright and low, they seemed to belong to the ocean instead of the sky! Scarlet buoy lights rode on the dark. The little foolish shadows of long-legged sand-pipers scurried along the shore running feverishly away from every wave rolling in, then following after it, just as feverishly to snatch the lost crabs left in the trail of the tide.

Jessie laughed at them, and sang a nursery song she'd forgotten all about—"Called out a bird upon the sand who thought he owned the sea, 'Oh serve me up the little fish, who all belong to me!'"

Jimmy said maybe they could go to The Blue Spot for supper the next night and get one of the Hollywood hamburgers trimmed with piccalilli and served in an oiled-paper petticoat. She meant to say no, and she meant to add that because he simply mustn't!

But as a matter of fact she looked way down the beach at the winking red and green lights of the toboggans at Venice and said nothing at all.

The next night he rented the Ford again, and they went to The Blue Spot and sat at the counter and had aristocratic hamburgers and cherry pie, and then rode for hours through the starry purple foot-hills and looked down at the scattered lights of Los Angeles, and picked out white candles of yucca blossoms on the hills, and breathed themselves full of the fragrance of orange groves. And Jimmy kissed her.

"You're wonderful!" he said.

**A**ND she knew she mustn't see him again. Simply must *not* let him kiss her again! And so, the next night, he kissed her twice instead of once, and she didn't know what to do, because she knew it was too late now to tell him he mustn't fall in love. And so every night for two weeks, she let him take her somewhere so she would have a chance to say good-bye forever!

And the moving-picture elect yawned behind its hand and said—"A gasp for Hollywood! Jessie Randolph was going to get a picture magnate and she's picked out a stage driver!"

And then, like a meteor flashing across the sky, came Alec Haskell!

One day nobody had ever heard about him. The next day nobody heard about anything *else*! With foreign cars and London clothes and the activities of hastily assembled gardeners, cooks, and various other household servants getting ready the most imposing estate on the most exclusive drive of Beverly Hills; there, suddenly, was Alec Haskell!

He had put several of his millions, it seemed, into a company to manufacture pictures. He

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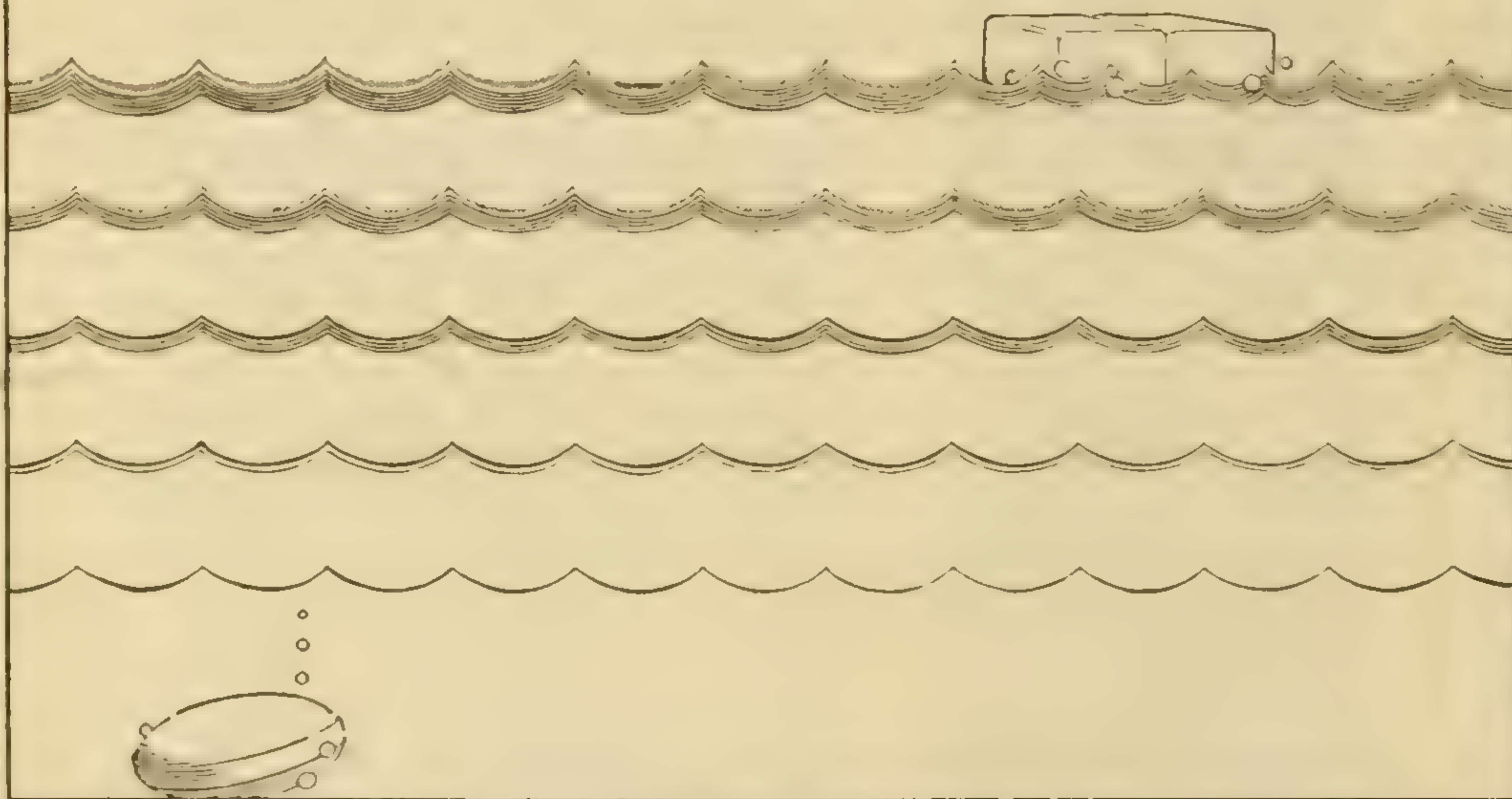
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

had arrived, it seemed, to establish a picture company to startle the world! He was thirty-five or forty, good-looking enough to be interesting, wore a little waxed mustache and a gardenia, knew exactly the right thing to do at exactly the right time, laughed charmingly, talked smoothly, danced divinely; was a little too boastful, perhaps, but that was conceded pardonable, since he was altogether the most spectacular figure Hollywood had yet entertained!

AND when he had been there less than one week, Mr. Cecil De Mille introduced him to little Jessie Randolph. And, as fast as it is possible for human senses to record the message of human sight, Alec Haskel knew she was something he wanted.

He promptly arranged a supper party for two. Jessie with a flood of pink rushing into her cheeks said it would be delightful, and hurried home to put a new satin lining in her evening coat and to dip her white chiffon dress and white slippers in pink, and to let Jimmy know she wouldn't be able to see him that night.

Mr. Haskel was surprised and quietly amused at Jessie's quaint idea about declining to use a million unless she married it. He fastened a diamond and emerald bracelet on her arm and lifted her fingers to his lips.

"You could make me very happy," he told her, watching her steadily, "and I could do a lot for you."

He was very attentive, very generous.

They sat at the fountain table, the most expensive table in the room. They were served the most expensive food in the room. Everyone watched them. The waiters, bending over their places like dolls that had been wound up to do just so, concerned themselves extravagantly with details that ordinarily would have been too insignificant to notice!

And little Jessie Randolph knew she had caught her million!

The next day she spent the lunch hour on location with Jimmy. They sat on the deck of an ocean liner in the shade of a eucalyptus tree and she tried to be a little distant, as though those nights in the starlight had never been. She tried to tell him about Alec Haskel, tried to make him know what she meant! It was ridiculous that she couldn't state exactly how things were—but she couldn't!

In fact the best she could seem to do in the way of never seeing him again was to tell him she'd meet him for supper at The Blue Spot at seven.

"This is the *last* time," she told herself that night, as they danced for a dime with the cheap crowd at Redondo!

"The *last* time!" she told herself when, at midnight, they crossed the flagstones of Canary Court to the tiny house that was her parlor, bedroom and bath. He brushed her hair back from her forehead awkwardly, and looked down at her there on the little doorstep.

"You're wonderful!" he said, his eyes full of love for her.

SHE hadn't intended it should be this way at all; she hadn't intended it should be hard to tell him that this would be their last time together, but it *was* hard to tell him. In fact she *didn't*! She just let him go away without knowing it—

And Hollywood's little furor became Jessie Randolph and Alec Haskel. And the moving picture elect lifted its eyebrows and said "Another gasp! Jessie Randolph got her million."

Alec sent her sensational gowns and jewels. Wherever he took her, he made her the envy of every other woman, and made *himself* the envy of every other man! She had been beautiful before, but against the background made for her by Alec Haskel she was a dream! Brilliant! Captivating!

From twelve till seven every day he talked the Wall Street language of stock and finance with the business figures of pictures. From seven till twelve he devoted himself to Jessie. For one month. And then—he asked her to



marry him. Riding down the beautiful miles from Palos Verdes one night, he drew her close to him and asked her if she would be his wife.

"Of course," she said. She slipped her arms up around his shoulders. "You've been very sweet to me, Alec."

"Plan a wedding as large as you like, dear," he said. "We must invite everyone of importance. Spend as much as you wish. Money is no consideration. You are marrying the most influential man in the film business, my dear!"

And that night he wrote his lawyer in New York that he had managed an angle for the best publicity of all!

"Selling yourself here," he wrote, "is a business. It must be built on one sensation after another. The wedding will get everybody's attention. It is the best investment I could possibly make. And by good luck, the bride is pretty!"

JESSIE hadn't seen Jimmy Macalister since the last night they had danced at Redondo. She had intended *that*, of course, to be their last time together. And it might have been. She need not have seen him again. But what she did, the day after she became engaged to Alec Haskel, was to get a part on Lasky location. Fifteen hours straining work under staring lights,—for the chance to find Jimmy.

"Gee," he said, "I'm glad to see you, honey!"

He didn't say anything about Alec Haskel. Nor the ways in which Alec Haskel had made Jessie sensational. He only said—"Do you want to have supper with me tonight at 'The Magnificent'?"

They had nicknamed a little restaurant "The Magnificent" because it wasn't.

They had supper on a red checkered tablecloth across the aisle from a man who filled his soup with crackers and left his spoon in his coffee cup.

Jessie laughed, a little too gaily. Jimmy was a little too conscious of his hands, stained with grease that wouldn't scrub out. They walked back to Canary Court, down Sunset Boulevard. He went in with her, across the flagstones; all the little houses dark; the court hushed and empty. A mocking bird sang somewhere; a harsh, single strident note. The air was sweet with damp tiger lilies. Jimmy brought a key out of his pocket.

"Here's something I got for you," he said. "It belongs to a bungalow. I was going to ask if you wanted it—I was going to say couldn't we get married. But I guess I didn't have any business thinking about it. I know you ought to have the kind of things I couldn't give you. I don't blame you, honey. I think I'll have some money some day myself, but maybe I won't. Anyway, I couldn't ask you to wait for it. But I'll always wish I could have had you!" His voice caught in his throat—"I'll always love you!"

Suddenly she was in his arms.

"I LOVE you, too, Jimmy," she was saying, in a little panic like the sand-pipers running from the tide sweeping toward them—"I've been so happy with you—playing like a couple of kids—and we could go on and *pretend* we were happy, but we'd be skimping and struggling and you'd be doing without things for me, and I'd be doing without things for you, and we'd have to count and scheme till we'd hate each other!"

She clung to him, her cheeks wet with quick hot tears.

"Alec wants me to marry him. He'll give me everything I always wanted. It's like I had a fever I couldn't help—the fever of *wanting* everything! I'd only make you miserable, Jimmy."

"Don't cry, honey," he said. "I know what you mean."

She clung to him.

"But I want you to love me, Jimmy."

"Yes. I love you," he said. "I hope you'll be happy, sweetheart."

"I love you too," she whispered—"I hope you'll be happy, too—"

She went into her little house. In the circle



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of amber light, on the table, was an open box; a nest of fern leaves in which lay the great, double violets Alec sent every night for "Good-night."

She heard Jimmy going away—his footsteps on the flagstones. She ran to the door and watched his shadow down the street, past the light on the corner—

\* \* \*

**I**F ever there have been the fantastic impossible yesterdays and tomorrows of Arabian Nights, they are in Hollywood! The sun goes down on one extravaganza, never knows on what other one it will rise!

But *everywhere*, five years pass, and ten and fifteen, faster than our realization can travel with them! We all are only sand-pipers racing frantically after the last track of a receding tide!

So the time passed in which young Jimmy Macalister had gambled on the movies making something of Hollywood. And that little patch of miles between the mountains and sea of California awoke one day to find itself one of the great and glamorous cities of the world! A little patch of miles where had come into being what was probably the most amazing industry time had ever known! Colored villas hanging on the hills! Palaces such as *King's* had never seen! Wide white roads taking the mountains to the sea! Mansions! Sky-scrapers! A riot of progress!

And on the dumping ground once owned by Mr. James Macalister, the buildings of a billion dollar studio!

And, like an artist's painting, on a high hill where the yuccas bloomed, were the drives, mansion and gardens of Mr. James Macalister's estate. Blue lake and drifting swans. Scarlet roses and white magnolias. Galleries shaded from the sun. Servants moving quietly.

Mr. James Macalister was not a bachelor. Young Mr. and Mrs. Macalister were exceed-

ingly popular. Not vulgarly rich. Just enviably happy. Always together. The motion picture *élite* lifted supercilious shoulders. Another gasp for Hollywood! A husband and wife in love!

"Jimmy dear," said Mrs. Macalister one sunny January morning of nineteen hundred and thirty-one, "don't you think it would be fun to have a fireplace built in the garden for chilly evenings—a great big, old fireplace where we could cook beefsteak?"

She kissed him on the top of his head, a little spot growing suspiciously near to bald.

"All right" he said. "Let's go down town to Duffins and ask about it." Duffins was the landscape gardener who took care of their estate. "Let's take the roadster. I feel like driving a car myself this morning!"

**B**EVERLY BOULEVARD into town. Blue sky. A load of sunshine!

"Darling," she said, "whom do you think I saw yesterday? Alec Haskel and the girl he married. You remember the girl Alec Haskel married, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," Jimmy Macalister said. "Where did you see them?"

"At Estelle Taylor's tea," she told him. "Estelle invites everybody she's sorry for. I could have cried for Alec Haskel and his little wife. She was so pretty when he married her. And so thrilled! And she's so drab now—and so kind of wistful! And Alec, so shabby, and his everlasting pretense so pitiful! She's plodding around trying to get work at the studios. It's all they have to live on. And it must be so hard for her to find it, because everybody's forgotten her. And Alec is still talking Wall Street, with nobody listening. Jimmy, I asked them to dinner. I hope you won't mind. Her eyes were so tragic—and so beaten!"

"No, I don't mind, sweet," Jimmy Mac-



What, another Garbo? This is Tala Birrell, a Roumanian beauty who played *Mona* in the German version of "The Boudoir Diplomat." She doesn't speak much English, and unless we see her in foreign versions we aren't apt to get a look at the girl for quite a while.



alister said. "I'm glad you asked them. When I think of little wives who haven't very much, I always think of when we didn't have very much and you had to hunt for the places to buy cheap vegetables. And you washed the clothes and scrubbed the floors and turned my cuffs and stood on a table and painted the kitchen! Those were tough days for you, sweetheart. You were wonderful!"

She looked at him adoringly.

"They weren't tough," she said, "because we loved each other." Her left hand with its diamond-circled finger closed around his arm.

"But *darling*," she said, "just think if I hadn't called you back that night in—what was the name of it—Canary Court!"

## Seven Boys "On the Western Front"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

He sniffed huge Barrymore sniffs and "Alas, poor Yoricked" all over the trenches. Then one day they placed a large bundle of dynamite in the ground. "You are to run, Walter," they told him, "and fall just a few short feet to the side. Turn your face away. You can do it?" they asked. "I'll do it," he said. He took his place. The others watched tensely. The signal was given.

He ran and fell. Just a few feet to the right the earth tore and thundered.

He lay still a terrific minute and then went through his scene.

Walter has lost his complex. He jokes about it now.

OWEN DAVIS, JR. (*Peter*), was a jolly, easy-going kind of kid.

The boy with the "smiling pan" they called him. Life was something to smile through with Owen.

They watched it go, that smile. A little at a time.

Lew Ayres, the never-to-be-forgotten *Paul* of the picture, sat across the table and looked into space. "I never could say what I felt about things very well," he finally said, "but since I finished that picture everything seems locked up tighter than ever.

"I can't seem glad, or sad, or anything. Wonderful things happen, lucky breaks, and I just can't even seem glad.

"Can you beat that? I am glad—don't misunderstand. Glad and grateful, but I just can't show it. I felt that thing so keenly. We went into that picture a group of average, wisecracking fellows. We didn't come out that way, I can tell you.

"After all, I was another fellow for six months. I wore *Paul's* uniform. I lived with his friends. I just *became* him somehow. Lew Ayres was someone I'd known back in the past. I was *Paul*.

"We'd work all day. Often all night. Dog-tired, we'd creep back to the little hotel to snatch a wink of sleep between scenes.

"Often we were too fagged out to drag down to eat.

"Seven fellows of us lived like this together. Tired, scared sometimes, and hungry. That's what made it so real. That's why everyone of us felt we were actually living the thing. We were those German fellows back there in the war.

"We were often soul sick and heart sick for them. No wonder you think we're a bit different."

AT the very end, those seven boys marched by in spirit with one long backward glance. Could they have been looking back at the care-free youth lost back there on a location battlefield?

Hollywood thinks so.



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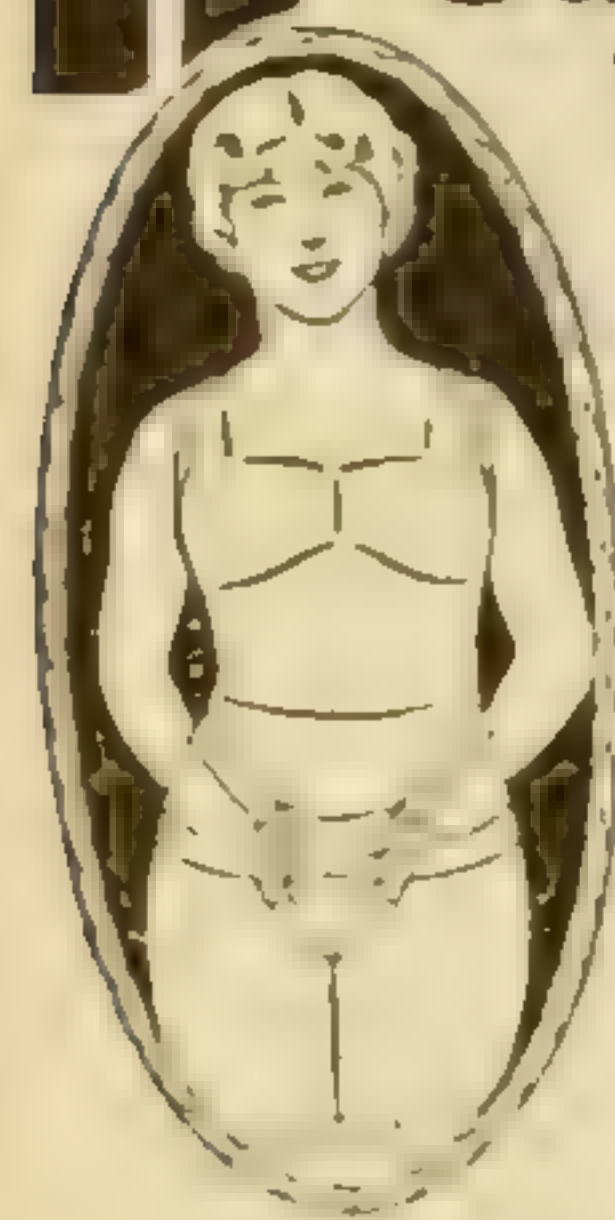
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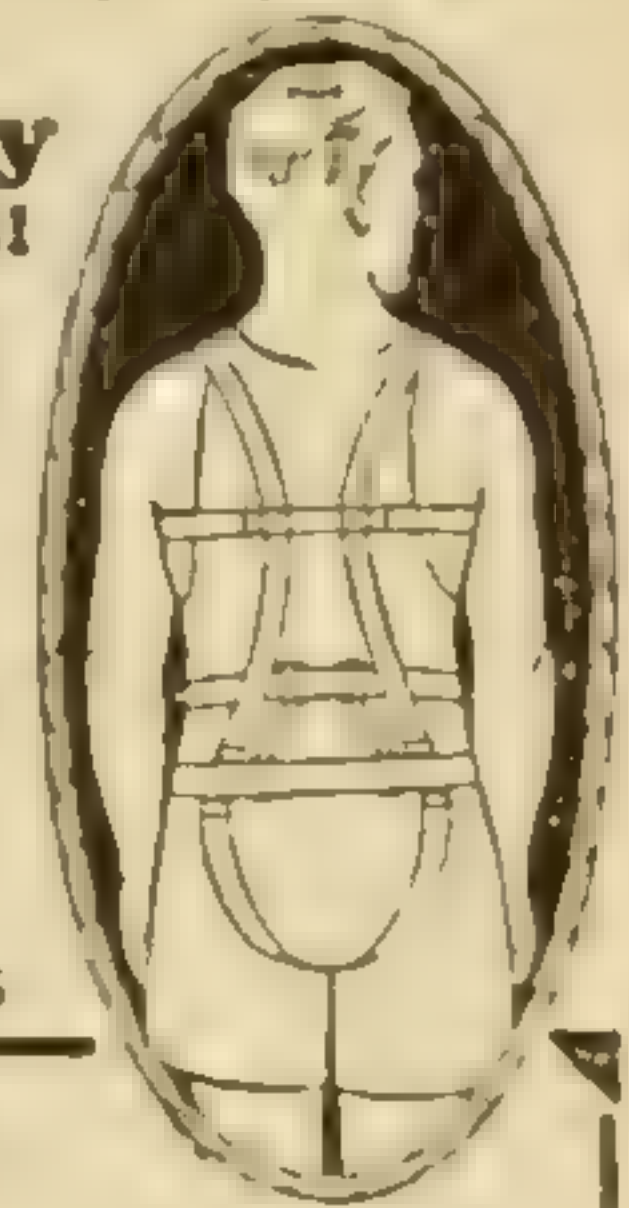
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## Does Wickedness Pay?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

Lowell adroitly seduced the *spirituelle* Lillian Gish. In subsequent films he has been (1) a charming drunkard, (2) a dissipated prince, (3) a decadent adventurer, (4) a bestial king, (5) a besotted king, (6) a frivolous king, (7) a superior gigolo, (8) a philandering author, (9) a wise-cracking master crook, (10) *et cetera*.

He flirts with every pretty girl in sight, wanders boredly in and out of boudoirs, breaks up homes, steals wives, and makes a general disgrace of himself. An idler, a dissolute rounder, a cad, a male butterfly, a tailor's dummy, a cheap blackguard, he stands for everything we profess to find revolting in a man.

And he gets four times as much fan mail as do the virtuous heroes of the pictures in which he is the despicable villain!

IS this, then, the kind of man American women secretly admire? But—and this is a strange thing indeed—even more men write to him than women! So our tired business men all wish, way down deep inside, that they might loll and philander their way through life? So every stern captain of industry secretly wants to spend his days choosing shirts and socks and his evenings being pursued by beautiful women who offer their hearts for him to break with a yawn? (But, oh, how graceful a yawn!) Strange are the revelations of fan mail!

Lowell has been called the wittiest man in Hollywood. What he has is not so much a sense of humor as a sense of the ridiculous. Once a producer gave a company on the set a sharp scolding for being uneconomical, and two seconds later Lowell was doing a burlesque of it—pacing the floor, tearing his hair, threatening to quit his job instantly because the property boy was using full-strength insecticide to kill flies instead of thriftily diluting it.

Lowell literally cannot give you a straight answer to a question. Everything he says, he gives an original twist. When he was directing a picture for the first time, something went wrong with a scene, and it had to be re-taken half a dozen times. Constance Bennett was watching from the sidelines, with her friend the Marquis, Gloria's Ex.

Lowell came over to them, mopping his fore-

head and rolling his eyes towards the roof of the sound-stage. Anyone else would have said simply, "If we do it right this time I'll be thankful," or "If we do it right this time I'll be tickled to death." Lowell didn't. He said: "If we do it right this time I'll say three *ave Marias* in Yiddish!"

His humor ranges from rank slapstick to the most delicate exaggeration. A magazine writer ran into him once on the Boulevard on a sweltering summer day, when he was wearing a golf sweater.

"You must be simply roasting in that sweater!" she exclaimed. Lowell sighed, and replied in a voice barely more than a whisper, "Oh, no, it's quite porous!"

But, to use a trite phrase, it isn't what he says but the way he says it. Early one morning, a few days ago, a factory in downtown Los Angeles blew up.

That noon at lunch in Radio Pictures restaurant the waitress asked Lowell if he had heard the explosion.

"What time was it?" he asked.

"Seven o'clock."

"Oh, no," said Lowell. "I was eating toast then."

IN "The Royal Bed," the picture he has most lately directed, he again plays the part of a king. The kingdom is in danger of revolution, with thousands massing on the streets under the red flag. The army has been called out, the queen is in hysterics, the diplomats are racking their brains, the throne is in danger. Lowell saunters aimlessly into the castle.

"I've been down to the royal zoo looking at the penguins," he announces. "I love to watch them walk. They walk just like human beings!"

Try to tell where Lowell Sherman, man, leaves off, and Lowell Sherman, actor, begins!

As a director he is all-fired clever. He is one of the best actors in Hollywood. He is deft, breezy, gay, easy. He is probably the one real sophisticate of the screen. His steadily increasing popularity lies not so much in the rôles he plays, but in the consummate charm with which he plays them.

Charm?

Charm and double charm!

## The Tomboy of the Talkies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

performance has already begun. Yet her evening wrap of white ermine, seldom worn but often patted with loving fingers, is the equal of any in Hollywood, and sets off the flaming hair to perfection.

Once found her storming and half in tears because the scales registered the gain of an extra pound, and diffidently hazarded an opinion that in consideration of the type of rôles she plays anyway, her fans might find her even the funnier with a figure a little less slender. Her answer was significant, and heartfelt.

"The heck with pictures!" she flamed. "I want to look good on the street."

Three husbands swore to love, cherish and protect her, and failed. She doesn't speak of them often. In fact, it was only by reading an interview in a foreign magazine that her closest friends learned that the last venture, too, had ended. "Put them all in a gunny sack, shake 'em together, and you couldn't make one real man out of the three," she once said, and was sorry immediately afterward, after her fashion of saying things and then regretting it.

She doesn't think she'll try again . . . but

she's warm-hearted, sympathetic, and lonely. A dangerous combination.

Her home, in Beverly Hills, is another surprise to the person who thinks he already has Winnie Lightner catalogued. Done in the Spanish style, and furnished lavishly in dark reds, it is nevertheless a tasteful place, and endowed with a heavenly quiet.

Like another red-head who is so much in the public eye, Winnie's intimates are few, and almost never chosen from those of her own fame. A director, perhaps, a few song writers and musicians, and the rest of the guests at one of her parties may all be extras, friends made while at work with them on a picture.

WORLDLY goods don't count with Winnie, nor fame—but true understanding, disinterested sympathy, somestreak of wild gaiety that they have in common—these are the bonds that admit one to friendship with Winnie Lightner. If she likes you, the world is yours. If not, she stays out of your way.

Sometimes she emerges from weeks of seclusion, especially the order while working, and gives a party. That over, Winnie Lightner



again becomes the restless soul, always seeking something she cannot find.

"I want to go somewhere. I want to go somewhere. Honolulu? Yes! No, New York!"

Over and over, she paces the floor in luxurious pajamas, like a caged tawny cat. And then, "Nana, bring me a towel!" And Winnie may be found standing knee deep, regardless of pajamas, in the baby's miniature swimming pool in the back yard, kicking the water, laughing, pushing feebly at the giant St. Bernard, Bim, who lumbers over to join the fun. The blues are forgotten, for the moment.

THE softest spot in Winnie Lightner's heart is for crippled children, and in that is wrapped up her great ambition. Years ago, in the poverty-stricken days she now hates to recall, a little niece became the victim of infantile paralysis.

"I held her in my arms. Almost before my very eyes I watched her become a cripple," Winnie will tell you. "There was so little we could do. We had no money, and charity doctors are so undependable. That's why," her eyes kindle, "some day, I'm going to have a children's hospital of my very own. Yes, as soon as I get the money, I'm going to build a hospital with room for fifty children and as many doctors as they need to care for them properly."

That hospital, still nothing more than a dream, is Winnie's life just now. Her baby, safe in the care of his nurse and the colored cook who bakes such luscious-smelling cookies every day that the entire neighborhood envies, is too small yet to be a satisfactory companion.

HER work, into which she puts her whole heart at the time, is not a thing that she can take home with her. In fact, each picture usually brings several more weeks of vacation, since Winnie is one of the fortunates who make but a specified number each year.

And so, each day, Winnie Lightner goes on, a very gallant lady, making whoopee for the enjoyment of millions who may never see her in person.

Sometimes it's forced, sometimes it's real—but the real bravery of the comedienne lies in the fact that no one is allowed to know which is which!



William J. Burns, the noted investigator, who is now devising and appearing in a series of shorts for Educational. They illustrate intricate criminal cases and their solutions from his long career

# CHOOSE

your ROUGE SHADES

this new, fascinating way. Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume.

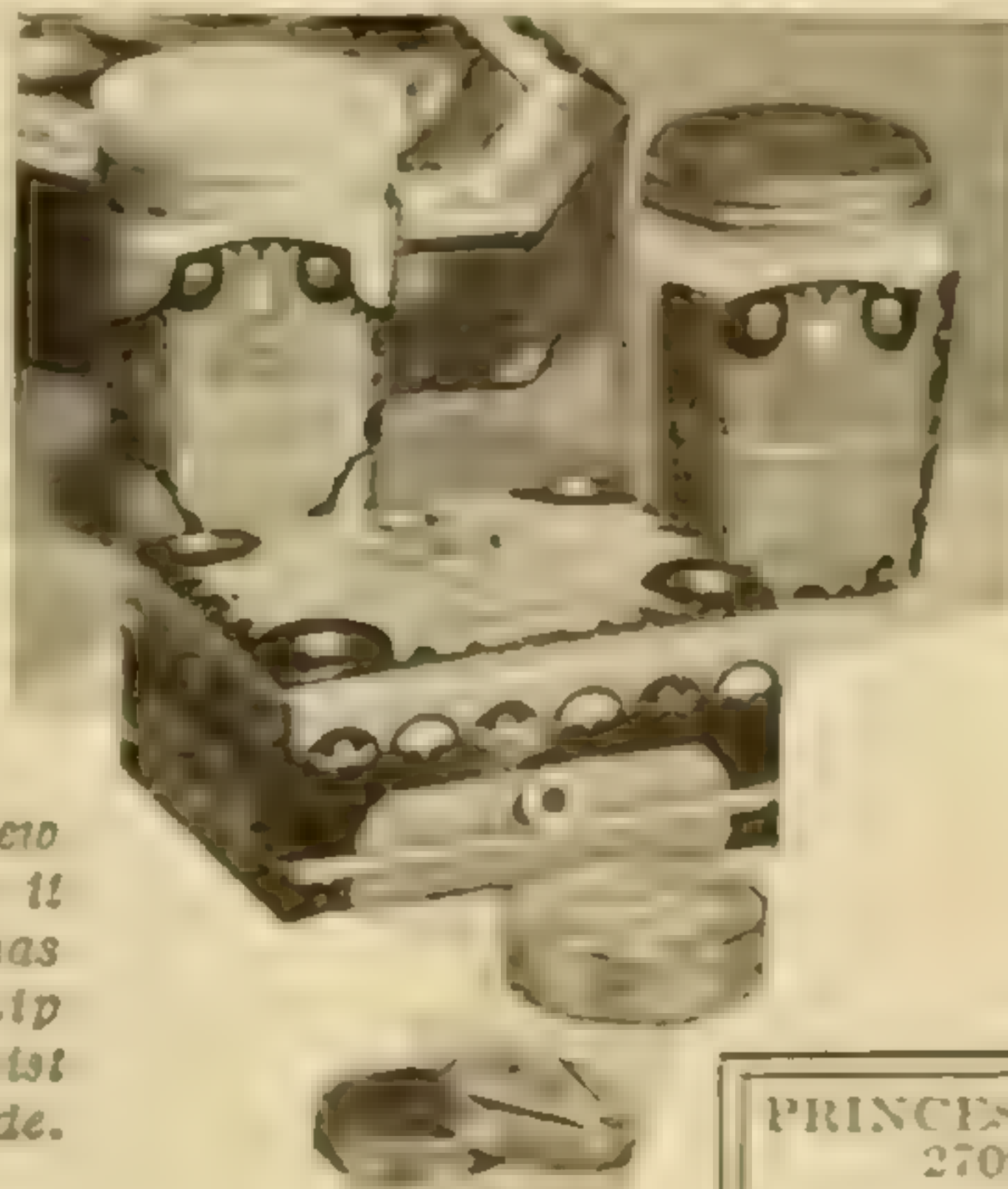
Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

## WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You



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# Princess Pat

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The camera caught Loretta Young—star of First National pictures—choosing Princess Pat English Tint to harmonize with a girlish frock of light yellow.

couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

## Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summertime. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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## Painting Paris Pink

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

in Paris talking about weight lifting! Imagine. Paris to right and left of you, cock-eyed and thundering—and a large man sits and talks an evening away all about weight lifting!

The Neils enjoyed Paris. They took the touring business seriously.

Guide book, diary, pencil and camera—they didn't miss a thing.

They saw Fontainebleau, the Louvre, Gobelins, the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's coffin, the tomb of the unknown soldier, and each learned six words of French, including Rue de la Paix.

"It was wonderful," gasped Neil. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world. But I am glad the whole trip is over. All the time I kept going back to my house, and thinking of it, especially my garden."

considered indestructible—the Bancroftian appetite.

Then there was the episode of the nickel punching machine.

You dropped your *pfennigs* and you took a sock.

A local cauliflower dared George swing on it. But Von Sternberg (yes he was there) forbade it.

What a night!

Double disappointment. First food, then fisticuffs.

IT'S the men who get lonely in Paris. The women love it all. However late they may have retired they are up and out when the clock pings ten.

Paris is a girl's own home.

It's heartbreak house without sous, but with a beaded bag full of tokens, oh Emily! Even if they remain at home, they can buy. Little women who spik English razzer well tap lightly on hotel doors and open cases full of the handmade, the home-spun and the fizzly-dazzling glories of what underwear can become in the hands of a gyp artist.

BANCROFT'S visit to Berlin was full of chagrin. It was there he took his now famous tour of the underworld. Sitting around, watching all the cheap German crooks eating frankfurters and drinking beer, gave George a big appetite and he ordered as a starter pickles. It was a bad guess. The sight of those things that once were cucumbers destroyed what had been

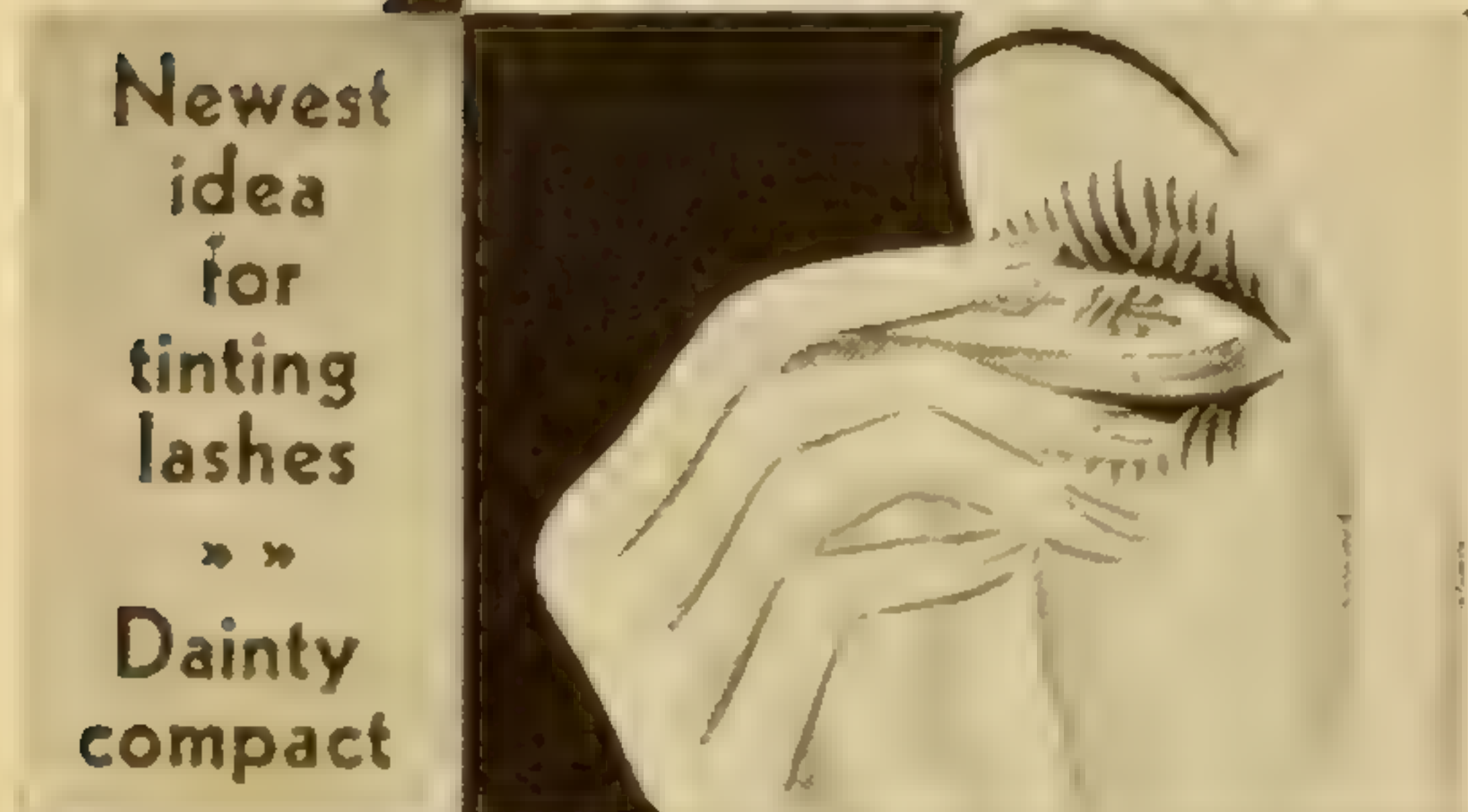


The talkies' latest thingumbob, or gadget. Radio Pictures are using this camera tower on "Cimarron." It carries directors, cameramen, yes-men, and for all we know, a hot dog stand and orange juice bar



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Newest idea for tinting lashes  
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Dainty compact



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KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

There are about twenty of these peddlers of magic nighties, stepins and the rest. Norma Talmadge has one and whispers her name to Natalie on condition that she doesn't tell any body else. Marion Davies has three, not to mention a fairy cobbler and a man who makes beaded bags. Corinne Griffith has another. Phyllis Haver had one. But do they swap secrets? They don't. Still, one is about the equal of the next. And often, if they but knew it, one woman is supplying them all.

Sleepy husbands grumble as their light goes out for the big clothes fair. And no wonder. Such excursions mean never anything less than a couple of grand. At the doors of the dress shops they are greeted by everything except a brass band.

Said the owl at Jean Patou: Mary Pickford looks like a little girl, no matter what she puts on. And charming.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT likes her things simple, straight. That is, her afternoon and morning frocks. But for evening anything—practically anything to achieve an effect. Red fire bells, anything!

Dolores del Rio prefers Patou, too. She is such a sparkling creature, her good taste will not permit her to wear anything but the simplest.

Marion Davies knows her Paris—she goes around like a whirlwind. She knows what she wants. Her sports things she gets at Madame Schiaparelli's. Her evening gowns at Patou. And then a little thing or two at Vionnet. You have to have a certain figure to wear Vionnet. But when she got home Marion said French clothes are not so hot. Said she did better in England.

Corinne Griffith used to like the Lanvin models but her friend who was head saleswoman there went over to Chanel—so what could a poor girl do? Corinne moved her trade to Chanel.

Pola Negri clings to glitter. Her clothes are all snaky. The *couturiers* don't like her. She has lived in Paris too long. She has learned the Frenchwoman's ways of insisting on perfection. Also adopted her privilege of rejecting all but hundred per cent jobs. Pola has sold her *chateau* and lives between her hotel apartment and Neuilly.

At Deauville Dorothy Mackaill cut a deadly swath with her bathing suits. The Keatons ran into her on the beach. She met everybody on the beach. She must have got them in Hollywood because no one remembers seeing her in Paris—for there she would have been obliged to wear street clothes.

**W**HILE the women shop, the men hang around bored, at their wits' ends for an occupation. When the girls aren't shopping, they go to Antoinette's for a hundred dollars' worth of hairdressing. Or to those magic beauty parlors. How the French can give a Swedish massage is something to cable about! The ambitious ones try to kill time—the early days—by studying French. In most cases this spurt of energy disappears after one verbal clinch with a bellhop. Then they try sight-seeing.

Finally, they settle down to café sitting or bar browsing. Having nothing to do is, for a time, and in a town like Paris, the best education in the world. It's boring but it gives the not too cocky individual a happy outlook and tumbles him into a good-natured love for the whole world. The men shop, too. They stock up with neckties the first week in Paris. And shirts, socks, and gadgets.

Buster Keaton, for example, yearned all his life to see a real bull fight. Last summer he had his wish. He told Charlie King all about it the day he found him in Paris. The pair are great pals anywhere; in France they were inseparable. Buster had been back in Paris only a few days when he learned that Charlie had checked in at the same hotel after a series of personal appearances in Holland.

Charlie was due to make another that night at the Madeleine Theater. He did not know Buster was in town. He had been travelling

the generous host  
spent . . . \$28

she ruined her  
GOWN . . . \$69



He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely!

But during the evening she perspired under the arms . . . and her best gown was ruined—stained and faded by the acids of perspiration . . . to say nothing of the offense that this perspiration odor gave to her escort.

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with his wife, his sister-in-law, two children and a nurse. He was rehearsing for the song he was to sing at the theater when someone tapped on the door and a bellhop announced that there was a reporter to see him.

"Not now," said Mr. King, "later maybe." The bellhop persisted. A fifty franc note helps a lot to make a bellhop persistent.

"Any time, later on, not today," waved Charlie.

Still the bellhop determined to earn his money. It was very important.

"No, no! Oh, all right."

And in walked Buster.

Whee!

**R**HEARSAL be damned. Where's my hat? Out the door, down the stairs, across the street, into Claridge's bar!

Soon they were joined by wife Natalie, Mrs. King and her sister, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge. It was quite a party.

Natalie and Norma and he had gone first to Biarritz. They ran into the Torrences, Powell and Colman at the Casino. Menjou too. And Billie Dove. Harry Pilcer was knocking them cold as headliner. They liked the swimming on the big beach. But too much dog. And didn't those hotels take you for a ride? One week in Biarritz—bill two thousand of Uncle Sam's bucks. Believe it or not.

Then down a way. San Sebastian, Spain. Fine beach there, too. Great swimming. You could play baseball on the beach. Buster loves baseball. He would much rather have been a major league ball player than a star. He would have too, had not fate . . .

Al Jolson didn't make the effort. This fellow with the big bertha personality is scared albino of new audiences. He had a hundred offers to appear in London and refused them all because he was scared.

Irv Marks, the Selwyn man in Paris, took Al to London in an airplane the last time he was there. It was Jolson's first flight and he was appropriately nervous. But this wore off after a while and at length his nerve came back altogether.

"What's this all about—is this all there is to it?" he shouted, bouncing in his seat. "Why don't they do some tricks, loop the loop, or make a nose dive?"

"The Singing Fool" was being shown at one of the theaters. Al and Irv sat in the back shadows *incognito* watching the audience. They were knocked cold. Al clutched the arm of his companion.

"They're nice people," he whispered. "I like them. I think I could play here."

So Irv slipped back and came with the manager. And Al impromptu gave the astonished and delighted audience a song—in person.

Marie Dressler lingered only a few days in Paris. She took in a few galleries and bought some clothes, teaed and dined with some old acquaintances and then went on to Vienna where the Fritz Kreislers were expecting her.

The town of *schnitzels*, waltzes and dreams is home to her. That's where her old friends live. But her best ones are the Kreislers and Princess Windischgraetz, niece of the former Emperor Franz Josef. They knocked around together a lot, the four of them.

**E**VERY once in a while Marie wakes up and pinches herself hard. She doesn't believe her good luck yet—this rocket-rise of hers from the ashes of her silent film career to this rosy phoenix present.

Eric Von Stroheim, born and bred in Austria, revisited his native country for the first time since the war—and was miserable. He went there to see relatives. He had expected naturally to behold a change but not quite the thing that met his eyes.

The change in the city almost broke his heart. A high stepper among towns, a delicious captivating rogue among the capitals of the world—now a down at the heel crone living in turmoil and decrepitude.

Eric didn't stay long.

While the stars find it a little hard to collect a



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great deal of continental polish in a couple of months, still, what they do get helps a lot and serves as a beginning to further investigation and voyages.

The biggest thing they get from Europe is deflation of the ego and the realization that being a great big celluloid hero isn't the only thing in life.

## Why Leslie Fenton Came Back

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

"I had to have some money," was his unhesitating answer.

"But that was just what you said you didn't want. That's why you left in the first place."

"But I was flat broke. I'm just back to make enough money to go away again."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"You see," he went on, "every minute of that trip was grand. I went everywhere I wanted to go when I wanted to go. Then, suddenly, I found that I was broke. I wired an editor in London (I'd been doing some stories for him) and a friend of mine in Germany.

"Both of them came through in fine style and I had enough for four more months of freedom and a ticket home.

"Then I caught my boat and came back. Hollywood, you see, is like a bank to me. It is a place to go and get money. I'll stay here not a minute more than two years—perhaps less.

"Then I'm gone again. For, you see, I don't want any of the things that actors have.

"I want none of their elaborate households, none of their worries, none of the social system that has sprung up in Hollywood, none of their ambitions.

"And because I know that I'm here for such a little time I can be happy while I'm here. I can even be happy in the studios, for I'm an actor by trade. No matter how bad a part is, I do it with everything I have. If it is a good part, something in which I really believe, then I give till it hurts.

"I know what Hollywood does to people. I've watched it too often. It is, therefore, a place for me to make enough money to live in the only way I can live. I'll play my rôles as well as I know how. But I won't live the life of the average Hollywood actor."

**H**IS is the face of an idealist. His eyes are the eyes of a man who knows life. Shams don't fool Les. He not only knows himself, he knows others as well.

Although he feels himself a part of the acting profession, I think of him as a writer instead. He has had several articles and stories published in popular magazines.

I feel better since I've talked to Leslie Fenton. I'm glad he's not back forever. I'm glad he's putting out to sea when he gets enough money. "I'm going the other way 'round the world this time," he says.

Of course you might say that he is just using Hollywood. Yet that's what all of them are doing in one way or another. And while he uses the town as a bank, a place to go and draw out enough money upon which to live gloriously, he is yet giving value received. He plays his parts upon the screen to the very best of his ability. You remember him in "Paris Bound," "The Office Scandal," "The Dangerous Woman," "Broadway" and others. You remember him as a fine actor.

Well, you'll be seeing him again on the screen—for two years—maybe. And after that, no doubt, he'll sail away again.

Leslie Fenton is back. But he is still the romantically mad Leslie Fenton who thumbed his nose at producers who offered him a sane and prosperous life.

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

**ROUGH WATERS**—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

**SCARLET PAGES**—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie debut, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA BAT, THE**—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

**SEA GOD, THE**—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

**SEA LEGS**—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST**—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SHE'S MY WEAKNESS**—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

**SHOOTING STRAIGHT**—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

**SINNERS' HOLIDAY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

**SIN SHIP, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

**SISTERS**—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

**SLUMS OF TOKYO**—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

**SOLDIERS AND WOMEN**—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A**—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

**SON OF THE SADDLE**—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

**SO THIS IS LONDON**—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

**SOUP TO NUTS**—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

**SPURS**—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

**SQUEALER, THE**—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

**STEEL HIGHWAY, THE**—Warners.—Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

**STORM, THE**—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

**STORM OVER ASIA**—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent*. (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUSPENSE**—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES**—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE**—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

**SWEET MAMA**—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

**TEMPTATION**—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

**THIRD ALARM, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**THOROUGHbred, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS**—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

**THOSE WHO DANCE**—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

**THREE FACES EAST**—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

**TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE**—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)



★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

**TOO YOUNG TO MARRY**—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

**TOP SPEED**—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

**TRIGGER TRICKS**—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (Aug.)

**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH**—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

**WAR NURSE**—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WAY OF ALL MEN, THE**—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

**WAY OUT WEST**—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

**WHAT A WIDOW!**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

**WHAT MEN WANT**—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

**WILD COMPANY**—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)



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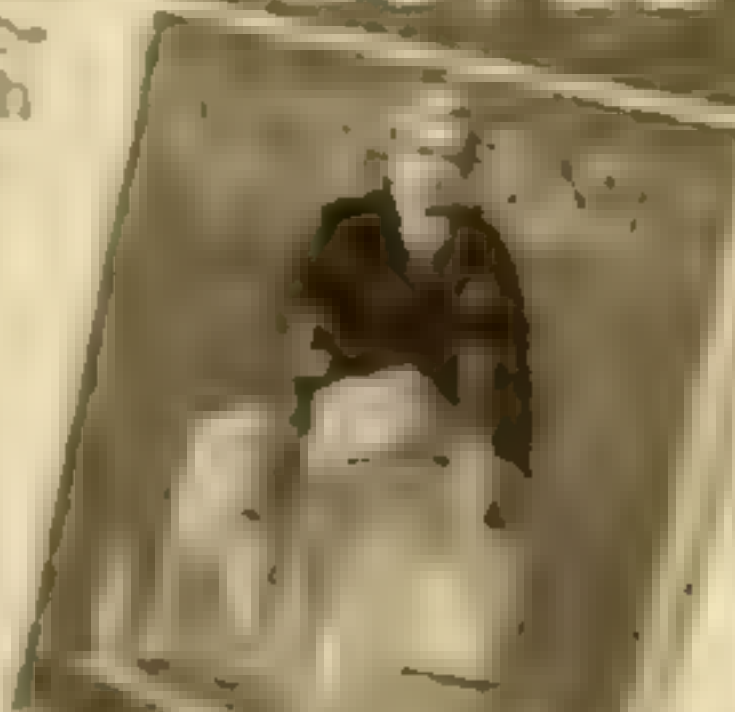
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ANYBODY'S GIRL"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Continuity by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: Barbara Stanwyck; Eddie, Monroe Owsley; Carlton, Ricardo Cortez; Mrs. Blanchard, Blanche Friderici; Molly, Sally Blane; Eunice, Phyllis Crane; Mrs. Carlton, Olive Tell; Smith, Victor Potel; Jones, Al Hill; Leo, Jack Byron; Casey, Pat Harmon; Nancy, Martha Sleeper; Ralph Clark, David Newell; Wilson, Sidney Bracey; Mrs. Crane, Aggie Herring; Mr. Crane, Harry Todd; Yvonne, Peggy Doner.

**"BACHELOR FATHER, THE"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Childs Carpenter. Scenario by Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Tony Flagg, Marion Davies; John Ashley, Ralph Forbes; Sir Basil Winton, C. Aubrey Smith; Geoffrey Trent, Ray Milland; Dick Berney, Guinn Williams; Doctor MacDonald, David Torrence; Mrs. Webb, Doris Lloyd; Bolton, Edgar Norton; Maria Credaro, Nena Quartaro; Larkin, Halliwell Hobbes; Mrs. Berney, Elizabeth Murray; Mr. Creswell, James Gordon.

**"BLUE ANGEL, THE"**—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—From a novel by Heinrich Mann. Adapted by Robert Liebmann. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Prof. Immanuel Rath, Emil Jannings; Lola Frohlich, Marlene Dietrich; Kiepert, Kurt Gerron; Guste, Rosa Valetti; Mazeppa, Hans Albers; Director of the School, Eduard V. Winterstein; The Clown, Reinhold Bernt; The Beadle, Hans Roth; Angst, Rolf Muller; Lohmann, Rolant Varno; Ertzum, Karl Balhaus; Goldstaub, Robert Klein-Lork; The Publican, Karl Huszar-Puffy; The Captain, Wilhelm Diegelmann; The Policeman, Gerhard Bienert; Publican's Wife, Ilse Furstenberg.

**"CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD"**—WILLIS KENT PRODUCTION.—Screen play by Ida May Park. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: Roxanne King, Phyllis Barrington; Virginia King, Rita LaRoy; Miles Gaynor, Edmund Breese; Beth King, Sheila Manners; Barry Gaynor, Donald Reed; Deputy, Charles Delaney.

**"CIMARRON"**—Radio Pictures.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Yancey Cravat, Richard Dix; Sabra Cravat, Irene Dunne; Dixie Lee, Estelle Taylor; Felice Venable, Nance O'Neil; The Kid, William Collier, Jr.; Jess Rickey, Roscoe Ates; Sol Levy, George E. Stone; Lon Yountis, Stanley Fields; Louie Heffner, Robert McWade; Mrs. Tracy Wyatt, Edna Mae Oliver; Mr. Bixby, Frank Darien; Isaiah, Eugene Jackson; Ruby Big Elk (eldest), Dolores Brown; Ruby Big Elk (younger), Gloria Vonic; Murch Rankin, Otto Hoffman; Gral Golch, William Orlamond; Louis Venable, Frank Beal; Donna Cravat (eldest), Nancy Dover; Donna Cravat (young), Helen Parrish; "Cim" (eldest), Donald Dilloway; "Cim" (younger), Junior Johnson; "Cim" (youngest), Douglas Scott; Yancey Junior, Reginald Streeter; Felice Junior, Lois Jane Campbell; Aunt Cassandra, Ann Lee; Dabney Venable, Tyrone Brereton; Cousin Bella, Lillian Lane; Jouett Goforth, Henry Recque-more; Arminia Greenwood, Nell Craig; Pat Leary, Robert MacKenzie.

**"COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE"**—TIFFANY-CRUZE PRODUCTIONS.—From the play by C. Stafford Dickens. Screen play by Gordon Rigby and Maude Fulton. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Prince Alexis, Neil Hamilton; Peter Fedor, Neil Hamilton; Princess Katerina, Una Merkel; Queen Elinor of Serblant, Helen Ware; Queen Elizabeth, Vera Lewis; King Nicholas, Albert Gran; Vollenberg, Lawrence Grant; Lydia, Thelma Todd; Masoch, Burr McIntosh; Blondel, Murdock MacQuarrie; Boyer, William von Brincken.

**"CRIMINAL CODE, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Warden Brady, Walter Huston; Robert Graham, Phillips Holmes; Mary Brady, Constance Cummings; Gertrude Williams, Mary Doran; Gleason, DeWitt Jennings; McManus, John Sheehan; Galloway, Boris Karloff; Fales, Otto Hoffman; Runch, Clark Marshall; Nettleford, Arthur Hoyt; Katie, Ethel Wales; Dr. Rinevulf, Nicholas Soussanin; Spelvin, Paul Porcasi; Detective Doran, James Guilfoyle; Detective Doherty, Lee Phelps; Lew, Hugh Walker; Reporter, Jack Vance.

**"DANCERS, THE"**—FOX.—From the play by Gerald Du Maurier and Viola Tree. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Chandler Sprague. The cast: Diana, Lois Moran; Berwin, Walter Byron; Tony, Phillips Holmes; Maxine, Mae Clarke; Archie, Tyrrell Davis; Aunt Emily, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

**"DAWN TRAIL, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Forest Sheldon. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Larry, Buck Jones; June, Miriam Seegar; Mari,

Charles Morton; Denton, Erville Alderson; Amos, Ed Le Saint; Skeets, Charles King; Cock Eye, Hank Mann; Mac, Vester Pegg; Steve, Slim Whittaker; Nestor, Charles Brinley; Maria, Inez Gomez; Settler, Bob Burns; Henchman, Robert Fleming; Melly, Violet Axzelle; Jim Anderson, Buck Conner; Hank, Jack Curtis.

**"DEVIL TO PAY, THE"**—UNITED ARTISTS—SAM GOLDWYN.—From the story by Frederick Lonsdale. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Willie Leeland, Ronald Colman; Dorothy Hope, Loretta Young; Susan Leeland, Florence Britton; Lord Leeland, Frederick Kerr; Mr. Hope, David Torrence; Mrs. Hope, Mary Forbes; Grand Duke Paul, Paul Cavanagh; Arthur Leeland, Crawford Kent.

**"DEVIL'S BATTALION, THE"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Percival C. Wren. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Otis Madison, Lester Vail; John Geste, Ralph Forbes; Ramon, Don Alvarado; Jacob, Otto Matiesen; Isobal Brandon, Loretta Young; Mrs. Brandon, Irene Rich; Sergeant Frederick, Paul McAllister; The Emir, George Rigas; The Angel of Death, Leni Stengel; Col. LeBaudy, Hale Hamilton.

**"EX-MISTRESS"**—WARNERS.—From the scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Rol Del Ruth. The cast: Doree Macy, Bebe Daniels; Robert Byrne, Ben Lyon; John Thornley, Lewis Stone; Marian Moore, Joan Blondell; Consuelo Byrne, Natalie Moorhead; Lionel Reich, Albert Gran; Miss Tasi, Virginia Sale; Mrs. Bennett, Daisy Belmore.

**"FAST AND LOOSE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by David Gray and Avery Hopwood. Scenario by Preston Sturges and Doris Anderson. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: Marion Lenox, Miriam Hopkins; Henry Morgan, Charles Starrett; Alice O'Neil, Carole Lombard; Bertie Lenox, Henry Wadsworth; Bronson Lenox, Frank Morgan; Carrie Lenox, Winifred Harris; George Grafton, Herbert Yost; Lord Rockingham, David Hutcheson; Millie Montgomery, Ilka Chase; Judge Summers, Herschel Mayall.

**"FIGHTING CARAVANS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Edward E. Paramore, Jr., Keene Thompson and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton. The cast: Clint Belmont, Gary Cooper; Felice, Lily Damita; Bill Jackson, Ernest Torrence; Lee Murdock, Fred Kohler; Jim Bridger, Tully Marshall; Seth, Eugene Pallette; Couch, Roy Stewart; Jane, May Boley; Amos, James Farley; Blacksmith, James Marcus; Faith, Eve Southern; Gus, Donald MacKenzie; Charlie, Sid Saylor; Barlow, E. Allyn Warren; Jeff Moffitt, Frank Campeau; Marshall, Charles Winninger; Renegade, Frank Hagney.

**"FOR THE LOVE O' LIL"**—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Dorothy Howell. Adapted by Bella Cohen. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Wyn Hunley, Jack Mulhall; Sandy Jenkins, Elliott Nugent; Lil, Sally Starr; Eleanor Cartwright, Margaret Livingston; Mr. Walker, Charles Sellon; Mrs. Walker, Julia Swayne Gordon; Edward O. Brooks, Billy Bevan; Mrs. Gardner, Claire Du Brey; Chambermaid, Joan Standing.

**"FREE LOVE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Half Gods" by Sidney Howard. Adapted by Edwin Knopf. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Hope Ferrier, Genevieve Tobin; Stephen Ferrier, Conrad Nagel; Rush Bigelow, Monroe Owsley; Helena, Bertha Mann; Paulene, Ilka Chase; Judge Sturgis, George Irving; Dr. Wolheim, Reginald Pasch; Ada, ZaSu Pitts; Dennis, Slim Summerville; Butler, Sidney Bracey.

**"GREAT MEADOW, THE"**—M-G-M.—From the novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Adapted by Charles Brabin and Edith Ellis. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Berk Jarvis, John Mack Brown; Diony Hall, Eleanor Boardman; Elvira Jarvis, Lucille La Verne; Betty Hall, Anita Louise; Evan Muir, Gavin Gordon; Reuben Hall, Guinn Williams; Thomas Hall, Russell Simpson; Mistress Hall, Sarah Padden; Sally Tolliver, Helen Jerome Eddy.

**"HATE SHIP, THE"**—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Bruce Graeme. Scenario by Eliot Stannard. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: Vernon Wolfe, Jameson Thomas; Sylvia Paget, Jean Colin; Count Boris Ivanoff, Henry Victor; Roger Peel, Jack Raine; Captain MacDonnell, Randle Ayrton; Lisette, Edna Davies; Colonel Paget, Ivo Dawson; Countess Olga Karova, Maria Minetti; Arthur Wardell, Carl Harbord; Doctor Saunders, Allen Jeayes; Nigel Menzies, Charles Dormer; Rigby, Syd Crossley; Bullock, Charlie Emerald.

**"HOOK, LINE AND SINKER"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Adapted by Tim Whelan and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: Wilbur Boswell, Bert Wheeler; Addington Ganzy, Robert Woolsey; Mary Marsh, Dorothy Lee; Mrs. Marsh, Jobyna Howland; John Blackwell, Ralf Harold; The Duke of Winchester, Bill Davidson; Duchess Bessie Vanessie, Natalie Moorhead; Bell Boy, George Marion, Sr.; House Detective, Hugh Herbert; McKay, Stanley Fields.

**"INSPIRATION"**—M-G-M.—Dialogue by Gene Markey. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Yvonne, Greta Garbo; Andre, Robert Montgomery; Delval, Lewis Stone; Lulu, Marjorie Rambeau; Odette, Judith Vosselli; Marthe, Beryl Mercer; Coutant, John Miljan; Julian Montell, Edwin Maxwell; Vignaud, Oscar Apfel; Madeline, Joan Marsh;



*Pauline, Zella Sears; Liane, Karen Morley; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Jovet, Paul McAllister; Gavarni, Arthur Hoyt; Huland, Richard Tucker.*

"JUST LIKE HEAVEN"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story and screen play by Adele Buttington. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Mimi, Anita Louise; Tobey, David Newell; Eva, Yola D'Avril; Jean, Gaston Glass; Michael, Thomas Jefferson; Mme. Fogharde, Mathilde Comont; M. Fogharde, Albert Roccardi; Pierre, Torben Meyer; Dulac, Emil Chautard.*

"MADONNA OF THE STREETS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "The Ragged Messenger" by W. B. Maxwell. Continuity by Jo Swerling. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *May, Evelyn Brent; Morton, Robert Ames; Slumgullion, Ivan Linow; Marion, Josephine Dunn; Clark, J. Edwards Davis; Blink, Zack Williams; Ramsey, Ed Brody; Kingsley, Richard Tucker.*

"MEN WITHOUT LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lew Seiler. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Buck Healy, Buck Jones; Tom Healy, Tommy Carr; Murdoch, Harry Woods; Sherry Jim, Fred Burns; Deputy Sheriff, Sid Saylor; Juanita, Carmelita Geraghty; Mrs. Healy, Lydia Knott; Senor Del Rey, Hector Sarno.*

"ONLY SAPS WORK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Percy Heath, Sam Mintz and Joseph Mankiewicz. Directed by Cyril Gardner and Edwin Knopf. The cast: *James Wilson, Leon Errol; Larry Payne, Richard Arlen; Barbara Fanner, Mary Brian; Oscar, Stuart Erwin; Horace Baldwin, Anderson Lawler; Simeon Tanner, Charlie Grapewin.*

"PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Harry Webb and Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *The Phantom, Starlight; Jack Saunders, Jack Perrin; Mary Van Horn, Eva Novak; Colonel Van Horn, Josef Swickard; Dan Denton, Edward Earle; Nora, Lila Eccles; Benny, Benny Corbett; Steve, Robert Walker.*

"PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Charlie Peters, Charles Farrell; Princess Louise, Maureen O'Sullivan; Prince Conrad XXI of Daritzia, H. B. Warner; Merkl, Joseph Cawthorne; Albert Bowers, Bert Roach; Baron Von Kemper, Lucien Prival; Lord Worthing, Murray Kinnell; Miss Eden, Louise Closser Hale; Potzi, Arnold Lucy.*

"REACHING FOR THE MOON"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Additional dialogue by Elsie Janis. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Larry Day, Douglas Fairbanks; Virian Benton, Bebe Daniels; Rogers, Edward Everett Horton; Jim Carrington, Jack Mulhall; Sir Horace Partington Chelmsford, Claud Allister; James Benton, Walter Walker; Kitty, June MacCloy; Secretary, Helen Jerome Eddy.*

"REDUCING"—M-G-M.—From the story by Willard Mack and Beatrice Banyard. Continuity by Robert E. Hopkins and Zella Sears. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Truffle, Marie Dressler; Polly Rochay, Polly Moran; Virian Truffle, Anita Page; Johnnie Beasley, Buster Collier, Jr.; Elmer Truffle, Lucien Littlefield; Joyce Rochay, Sally Eilers; Tommy Haverly, William Bakewell; Jerry Truffle, Billy Saylor; Marty Truffle, Jay Ward.*

"RIGHT TO LOVE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—

From the story "BROOK EVANS" by Susan Glasell. Scenario by Zoe Akins. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Naomi Kellogg, Ruth Chatterton; Brook Evans, Ruth Chatterton; Eric, Paul Lukas; Joe Copeland, David Manners; Tony, George Baxter; Caleb Evans, Irving Pichel; Mrs. Kellogg, Veda Buckland; William Kellogg, Oscar Apfel.*

"ROYAL BED, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood. Adapted by J. Walter Rubin. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *The King, Lowell Sherman; The Queen, Nance O'Neil; Princess Anne, Mary Astor; Granton, Anthony Bonelli; Premier Northrup, Robert Warwick; Ambassador Birten, Alan Roscoe; Crown Prince, Hugh Trevor; Phipps, Gilbert Emery; Pellman, Frederick Burt; Laker, Carroll Nais; Major Blent, Desmond Roberts; Ladies in Waiting, Lita Chevre, Nancy Lee Blaine.*

"ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Herman Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Julie Cavendish, Ina Claire; Tony Cavendish, Fredric March; Green Cavendish, Mary Brian; Fanny Cavendish, Henrietta Crosman; Perry Stewart, Charles Starrett; Oscar Wolfe, Arnold Korff; Gilbert Marshall, Frank Conway; Joe, Royal G. Stout; Della, Elsie Edmond; McDermott, Murray Alper; Hall Boy, Wesley Stark; Doctor, Herschel Mayall.*

"SCANDAL SHEET"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Mark Flint, George Bancroft; Noel Adams, Clive Brook; Mrs. Flint, Kay Francis; Franklin, the Publisher, Gilbert Emery; McCloske, the City Editor, Lucien Littlefield; Regan, a Reporter, Regis Toomey.*

"SOUSLESTOITS DE PARIS" ("UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS")—TOMIS.—From the story by M. Clair. Directed by M. Clair. The cast: *Albert, Albert Prejean; Pola, Pola Illery; Louis, Edmund Greville; Fred, Gaston Modot; Bill, Bill Bockett; A Customer, Paul Ollivier.*

"TWO WORLDS"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Directed by Ewald Andre Dupont. The cast: *Ether, Norah Baring; The Lieutenant, John Longdon; Simon Goldschneider, Randle Ayrton; The Colonel, C. M. Hallard; Mizzi, Constance Carpenter; Mendel, Conald Calthrop; The Singer, Mirjam Elias.*

"UNDER MONTANA SKIES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by James K. Aubrey. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Clay Conning, Kenneth Harlan; Sunshine, Slim Summerville; Mary, Dorothy Gulliver; Blondie, Nita Martin; Abner Jenkins, Harry Todd; Mrs. Jenkins, Ethel Wales; Pinky, Lafe McKee; Blake, Christian J. Frank.*

"WESTWARD BOUND"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *Bob Lansing, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; Marge Holt, Allene Ray; Frank, Buddy Roosevelt; Ben Coleman, Ben Corbett; Emma, Fern Emmett; Jim, Yakima Canutt; Steve, Robert Walker; Dick, Tom London; Al, Pete Morrison.*

"YELLOW MASK, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story "The Traitor's Gate" by Edgar Wallace. Scenario by Val Valentine. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Mary Trayne, Dorothy Seacombe; Le-San, Warwick Ward; John Carn, Wilfred Temple; Molly, Winnie Collins; Ralph Carn, Haddon Mason; Ah-Song, Frank Cochrane; Sunshine, William Shine; Steward, Wallace Lupino; Sam Slipper, Lupino Lane.*



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## What Is This "Box-Office"?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

no money. "The Taming of the Shrew" was that much heralded joint production of Mary and Doug. That combination in anything should have been worth millions. It turned out to be worth little. Maybe it was Shakespeare's fault.

Maybe it was Mary's playing a shrewish wife when the public seems to perpetually adore her as a child. Only one thing is certain. Even though both stars were delightful, it wasn't box-office. Maybe "Kiki," Mary's new picture, will be.

**N**OT that you can say a picture is made or fails because of stars. Fox made a submarine picture, one of the finest things it has ever done. It was virile, dramatic, heroic. A year or so previous Mr. Ernest Hemingway, a very popular writer, had written a most successful book called, "Men Without Women." Fox figured that as a knockout title. It suited their picture.

The picture did have some women in it, but the main scenes were under sea in a submarine, a place where girls rarely go.

So Fox paid Hemingway five hundred dollars to use his title on their picture. And it stopped the picture cold.

In vain was the film advertised as studded with femininity.

In vain did the lobbies of the theaters playing it use stills showing the correct he-and-she love scenes.

Said John K. Public, "Men Without Women? Let's go see Clara Bow."

The most successful picture Warner Brothers made last year was "Gold Diggers of Broadway," full of wine, women, song and Technicolor. The hit of the proceedings was Winnie Lightner.

As PHOTOPLAY pointed out some months back, Winnie wowed 'em. But Warners put Winnie in some other pictures and she didn't noticeably wow 'em.

Teams sometimes mean a lot at the box-office. Fox's strongest box-office bets are Farrell and Gaynor in combination, and Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen playing opposite one another. Janet did two pictures without Charlie. They weren't so hot from the book-keeping standpoint. Neither were Farrell's solos. But, while Fox has no individual star it ranks high, save Will Rogers, it smiles happily over "Sunny Side Up," Janet's and Charlie's picture that is the studio's most successful product of last season. The year before it was McLaglen's and Lowe's "The Cock-Eyed World."

Warners doesn't believe much in stars. Al Jolson made talkies a hit with "The Jazz Singer" and made millions with "The Singing Fool."

None of his other pictures has done nearly so well.

So he's shifting studios.

**Y**ET, once again you can't dope it out. Into this starless outfit entered George Arliss. He made a picture called "Disraeli," which is not only a meaningless title to many people but a word difficult to say. Its story was about a peculiarly old, out-of-date English political situation. By all laws that picture should have died in the Warner Brothers' cutting room. Instead it has made money, and has won the PHOTOPLAY medal, an Academy prize, and other awards.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer believes in nothing else but stars. A star to Metro is like another wedding ring to Peggy Joyce. They can't get enough of them. Metro picks them young and trains them handsomely.

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It has four stars it can absolutely rely upon at the box-office—Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and Bill Haines. Novarro has come back tremendously since talkies. Gilbert remains in doubt.

Finally, what about the critics, those so powerful critics that you read so much about? Do they influence the box-office? They do not, for the critic who will proclaim Charles (Buddy) Rogers a great actor is yet to be found. Most of the critics think Charles terrible and say so. Most of them regard his pictures as tripe and say that.

And what is the answer? He is one of Paramount's best bets.

Paramount also has Jack Oakie under contract. If it were humanly possible for Jack to work in nine pictures at once, Paramount would have him do so. He is the real star talkies have made, and the demand for him is big.

How long the Oakie vogue will last, nobody knows, but it is going faster than a fire in an oil field now.

Paramount is a lover of stars, too, and has often been teased about its tendency to make "city" pictures with backgrounds of Paris, New York and London.

One of Paramount's biggest box-office hits last year was "The Virginian," a Western, with Gary Cooper.

ALL of which proves just one thing. It is the fans who make the pictures, who control the stars and who terrorize the producers. You spend your money and you take your choice. Right now Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Haines, Bow, Rogers, Oakie, Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels, Farrell and Gaynor, Dick Barthelmess, Lowe and McLaglen, are the stars you will go to see almost regardless. Swanson, Gilbert and Richard Dix you'll go to see in good pictures and stay away from in droves in bad pictures. You pay your money and you take your choice. And therein lies the whole box-office story.



Tenafly, N. J.

I am a foreigner, having received my education abroad. Upon my arrival here several years ago I came to work for what you may call "cheap, common people." Their words, "get the hell," "go to the devil," and "you dirty bum" didn't get me very far. I could not speak in public or in front of friends.

I couldn't learn the words in English very well and when I did talk, people laughed at me.

I was mostly alone and mostly in the kitchen as my work kept me inside. A person who works in a kitchen cannot get very far meeting only the ice man and delivery boys.

Since the past year I am no longer afraid to speak in public. Not long ago I went for a visit to my old neighborhood. My friends were amazed and gasped, and when they asked how it happened, I just said, "It's the talking pictures!" They laughed, but I let them laugh. I wasn't a bit hurt, for it's the truth.

The talking pictures have given me a new life. They have helped me in every way. They have taught me how to speak, how to pronounce the words and have given me a new education. In fact, they have been just like a school to me.

Marie Diller

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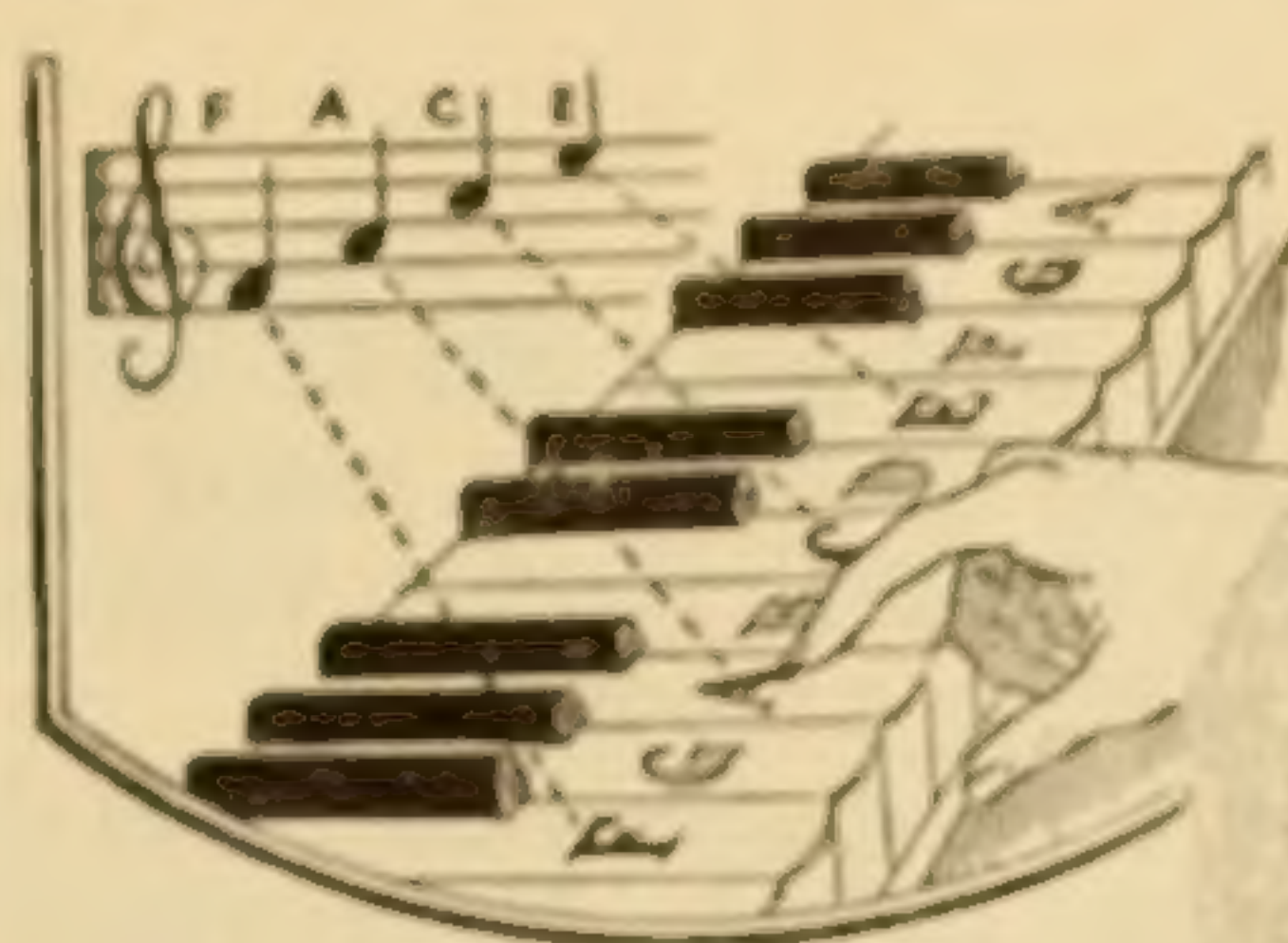
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# More Movie Heresy!

**J**UST when movie lovers had gone out of fashion and Mr. Whitehot Pash had bitten his last ear, along came a young man who could conjure the love illusion without the snortings of the hearty osculation school.

The lady fans relaxed in their seats—bought so dearly with a sinkful of luncheon dishes, and sighed. Here at last was a movie lover who could be articulate without being nonsensical.

Mr. Jesse Lasky heard the repercussion of those sighs. Standing before a convention of his salesmen not long ago, he said: "Gentlemen, Paramount won't let you down. Last year we brought you a new star, Nancy Carroll. Today we bring you Fredric March!"

And Mr. Fredric March wriggled in his seat and prayed that he hadn't heard aright.

He doesn't want to be a star.

He doesn't want to be a matinée idol.

He doesn't want to be the great lover.

But the fans have precipitated Paramount's decision. For months his popularity has been growing. With "Laughter" and "The Royal Family of Broadway" it matured. And Mr. March will be a star in spite of his fervent wish to duck it.

"Stardom is just an uneasy seat on the top of the tricky toboggan," lamented Mr. March. "Being a star is merely perching at the head of the down grade. A competent featured player can last a lifetime. A star, a year or two.

"There's all that agony of finding suitable stories, keeping in character, maintaining illusion. Then the undignified position of hanging on while your popularity is declining. No. I'd rather be an adequate support than the star of any picture!"

**F**REDDIE was wearing maroon pajamas and a dark brown outlook. He just had finished making "The Royal Family of Broadway," a story he enjoys.

He was really distressed to find himself endowed with a romantic appeal for the movie fans. And whether he was working at it or not, he certainly reacted with a good imitation of a man with slim romantic appeal. Brisk. Businesslike.

Very reluctantly, for he is sensitive about such things, I asked him how he accounted for his quick flowering into the talkies' great lover.

"I have a theory about screen love-making," he confessed. "Intensity on the stage or on the screen produces such a violent nervous reaction the audience must laugh. This is particularly strong when the hero must put his fervor into words.

"In silent pictures love scenes could be long drawn out—intimate and grave. But with talk—!

"What possible dialogue could lovers use which wouldn't sound absurd to a theaterful of people! They couldn't heave sighs and repeat 'I love you. I adore you,' indefinitely. An audience would be convulsed.

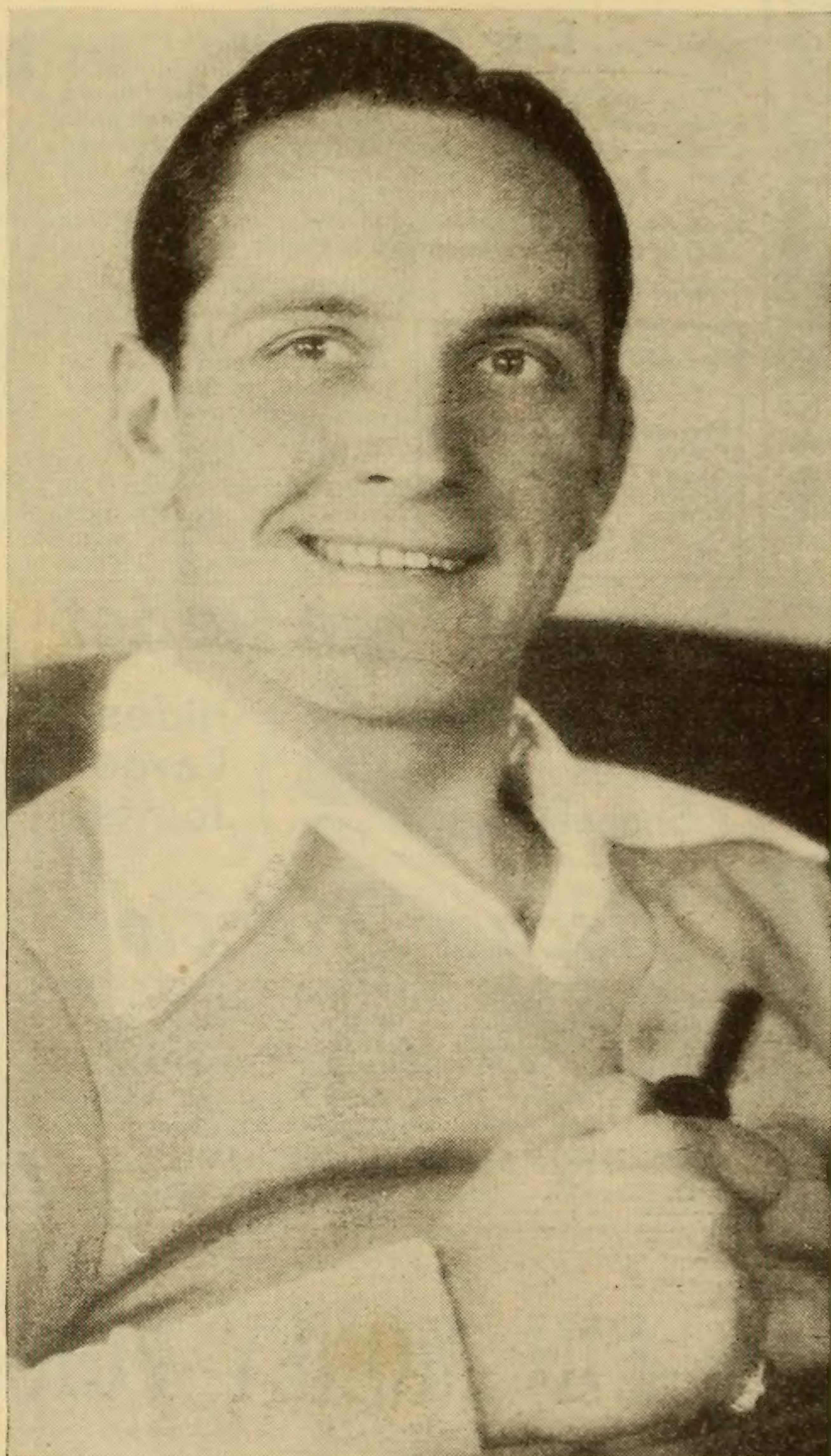
"You don't see tempestuous love scenes on the stage. You no longer see them in the movies.

"The play itself must tell the love story. A look exchanged between two characters can be more eloquent than any love

Horrors! Fredric March doesn't want to be a talkie star at all!

By

Paul Jarvis



Fredric March in a jolly mood. He's evidently forgotten that he's fated to give up the gay life of a leading man for the woes and burdens of stardom

scene. The writer and the director build the romance. The actors have very little to do with it.

"No actor can be better than his rôle. No actor can be better than his director. Or than the author of his lines."

This speech was heresy from an actor. But the new matinée idol blandly continued.

"**I** HAPPENED to have been fortunate in having some very good rôles. I had splendid ones in 'Laughter' and in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.' Any actor could have played them."

Possibly any actor could have played them, but the modest March played them so well his fan mail is taxing the Astoria post office and the exhibitors are squealing for more March.

And to think he might have been a banker!

He went into banking when he left college, didn't like it, decided to try the stage which fascinated him. His banking training opened the way, oddly. He posed as successful business men in ads. Finally he got a stock job. In stock he met Florence Eldridge. They married. Their work took them to the Coast, where Miss Eldridge

played in movies, March played in the stage production of "The Royal Family."

His cleverness in that smart comedy won him a trial at the films. He made a strong impression in his first film, Clara Bow's "The Wild Party." He was the college professor, whose ability to suggest that he was intelligent enough to be a college professor didn't affect his romantic appeal.

**H**E affects none of the folderols of movie heroism. He answers the telephone without putting on a Japanese accent to declare that Mr. March isn't at home. He apologizes for his maroon pajamas. His best friend is an insurance broker. He shares with Mrs. March the ambition to retire ultimately to a cozy Connecticut farm.

And he expresses the belief that movie actors are just like groceries—goods to be sold from the studio shelves. He doesn't want to be the big window display! Just a nice, comfortable, staple grocery for which there is consistent enough demand to some day materialize the March ambition.



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Helen Chase

## What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



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*August Heckscher*

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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.

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